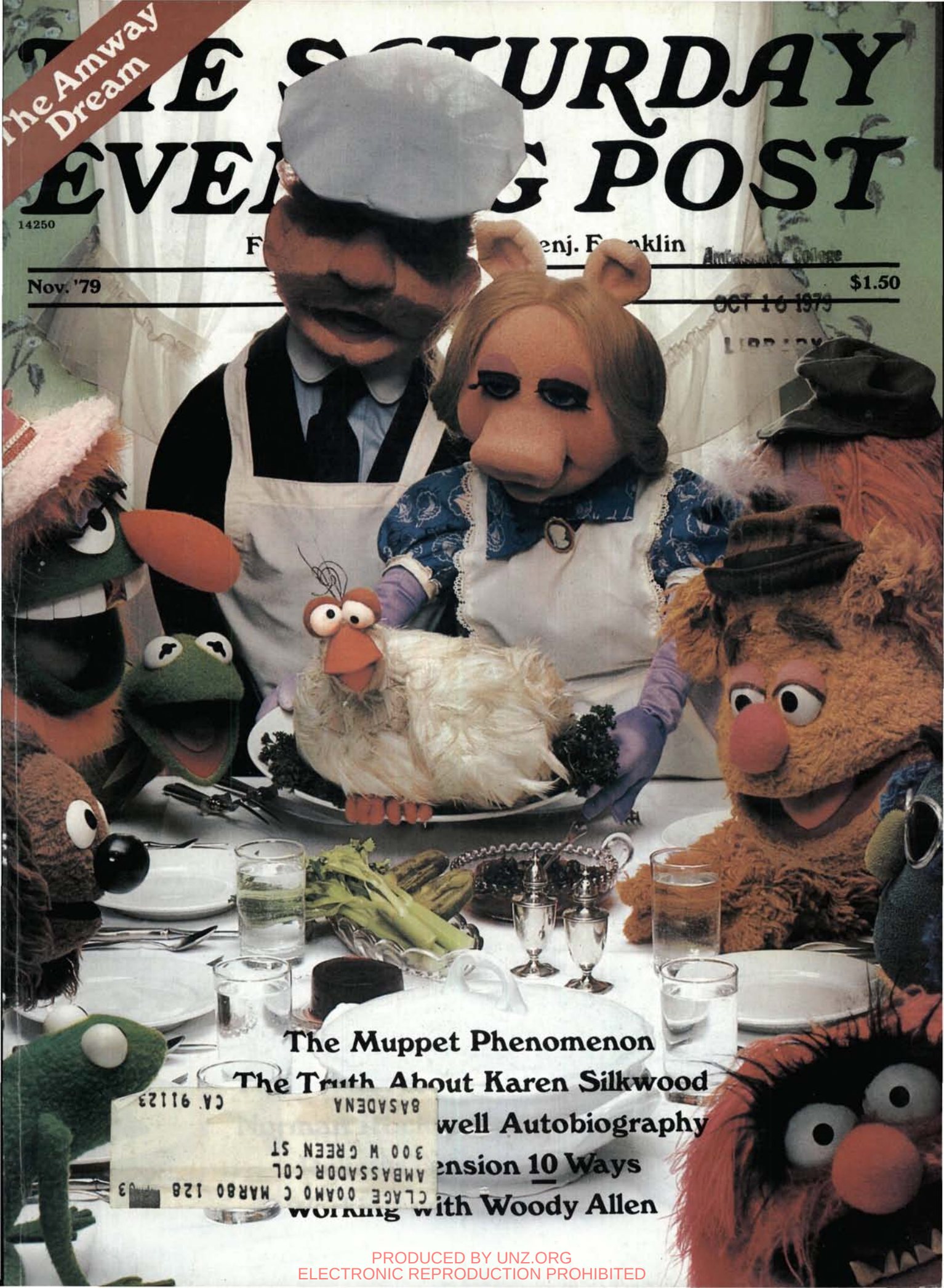


PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"I'm More satisfied."

"I get great, satisfying taste with More. And More is 120mm long, so the taste lasts longer. That's why I get an *extra* measure of satisfaction.

"More also has the style that could only come from a long, slim, brown cigarette. I'm much more satisfied with More."

More. For that extra measure of satisfaction.

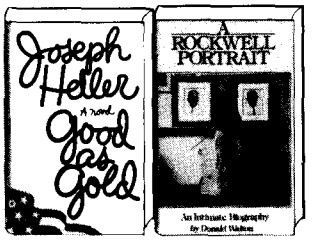
© 1979 R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.

21 mg. "tar", 1.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

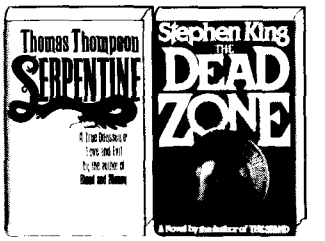
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

For the best buys in best sellers, The Literary Guild.

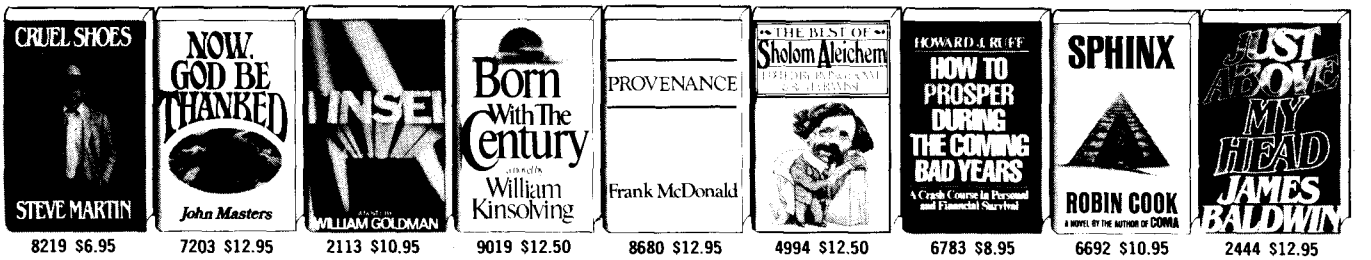


0976 $12.95 2840 $12.95



1164 $12.95 3996 $11.95

0414 $12.95 4382 $15.95 2469 $10.95 0190 $9.95 1610 $10.95 2550 $8.95 (Warning: Sexually Explicit) 7369 $10.95 4960 $12.95 0968 $12.95



8219 $6.95 7203 $12.95 2113 $10.95 9019 $12.50 8680 $12.95 4994 $12.50 6783 $8.95 6692 $10.95 2444 $12.95 (Warning: Sexually Explicit)

0570 $17.95 1024 $9.95 3848 $15.00 (2 vols. count as 1 choice) 4143 $19.95 0182 $19.85 Hemingway set (3 vols. count as 1 choice) 5363 $6.95 0554 $24.95 Steinbeck set (3 vols. count as 1 choice) 0406 $17.95

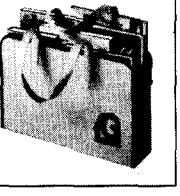
Any 4 for $1 when you join The Literary Guild.

Here's how The Literary Guild works: You choose from a wide range of top best sellers. After your membership's accepted, you get your 4 books or sets for only $1, plus shipping and handling. If you are not completely satisfied, return them within 10 days and we will cancel your membership and you owe nothing.

You never have to buy a minimum number of books a year. Only buy 4 more during your membership, after which you may cancel any time. About every 4 weeks (14 times a year), you'll be offered over 100 exciting best sellers through your free copy of The Literary Guild Magazine. In addition, up to 4 times a year, you may receive offers of special selections, always at discounts off publishers' prices. If you want the selection featured in the magazine, or the special selection, do nothing, it will be shipped to you automatically. If you want an alternate, or no book, return the order form marked with your preference by the date specified. You always will have at least 10 days to make a decision. If you get an unwanted selection because you had less than 10 days, return it at our expense. There is a shipping and handling charge on all books shipped. The Guild offers its own complete, hardbound editions, sometimes altered in size to fit special presses and save members even more.

With the purchase of every selection and alternate, you receive credits toward bonus books. Use them to acquire valuable books at substantial savings... coffee table volumes, reference works, children's stories, cookbooks, garden guides, and even classics.

FREE TOTE when you join.



The Literary Guild

Dept. XR 366, Garden City, N.Y. 11530

Please accept my application for membership in The Literary Guild and send me the 4 books or sets whose numbers I have printed in the boxes below. Bill me only $1, plus shipping and handling. Also, send my FREE tote bag, which is mine to keep, even if I don't remain a member.

I agree to the membership plan as described in this ad and understand that I need only buy 4 more books, at regular low Club prices, whenever I want them.

NOTE: All prices quoted are for publishers' editions. First number listed below each book or set is the order number.

Mr.
Mrs.
Miss (Please Print)

Address Apt.

City

State Zip

Members accepted in U.S.A. and Canada only. Canadian members will be serviced from Toronto. Offer slightly different in Canada. 69-G405

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED A.D. 1728

Published by THE SATURDAY EVENING POST CO.
a subsidiary of THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY.
BEURT SERVAAS, CHAIRMAN

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

A Movable Feast

The irrepressible madcap Muppets are the stars of this issue and posed in person for our cover portrait. Evoking the spirit of Norman Rockwell, a gentleman who in his time was ever fascinated by the whimsical, they experience the joys of their own Fifth Freedom.

50

The Tragedy of Karen Silkwood

Author Nick Thimmesch, in a classic of investigative reporting, turns to the tumult and mystery surrounding the highly emotional Silkwood v. Kerr-McGee trial. Fresh insights into the disputed $10.5 million settlement to Silkwood heirs, and the national controversy which still rages. More than Silkwood, the nuclear industry, indeed, all American business and industry, was put on trial for wrongs not clearly proved. The mythmakers succeeded for the moment, though myths can quickly be collapsed by the piercing rays of reason.

14

Working with Woody Allen

"My one regret in life is that I am not someone else," mourns Woody. According to authors Rosenblum and Karen, he might just *be* somebody else. Woody has a fade-into-the-woodwork manner that becomes more and more incongruous the more famous he becomes—"He is like an elephant who, secretly believing he's a cockroach, pretends not to be there."

66

10 Ways to Release Tension

The proper attitude is part of the secret, plus these ten illustrated exercises to help everyone fight the big bad T, and get happy. **42**

Copyright © 1979 The Saturday Evening Post Company, 1100 Waterway Blvd., Indianapolis, Indiana 46202. All rights reserved. Title reg. U.S. Patent Office and foreign countries. The Saturday Evening Post (ISSN 0048-9239) is published monthly in 1979, except bimonthly in Jan./Feb., May/June, and July/Aug. The Saturday Evening Post editorial, business and circulation offices are located at 1100 Waterway Blvd., Indianapolis, Indiana 46202. SUBSCRIPTION PRICES: U.S. and Possessions: One year, $12.00. Canada: $13.50. All other countries: $14.00. POSTMASTER: Send Form 3579 to Saturday Evening Post Subscription Offices, P.O. Box 1144, Indianapolis, Indiana 46202. CHANGE OF ADDRESS: With service adjustment requests send latest mailing labels, including those from duplicate copies, to Saturday Evening Post Subscription Offices, P.O. Box 1144, Indianapolis, Indiana 46202. Allow six weeks for change of address. Second-class postage paid at Indianapolis, Indiana, and at additional offices.

CONTENTS

November 1979
Vol. 251, No. 8

FICTION

True Grit, *Charles Portis* 38
Uncle Stavros' Surprise,
Tom Tolnay 56

ARTICLES

Karen Silkwood Without Tears,
Nick Thimmesch 14
Ten Ways to Release Tension,
Rachel Carr 42
Muppets on His Hands, *Don Freeman* 50
Station Identification,
Donald Bowie 54
The Amway Dream, *Frederic A. Birmingham* 58
Working with Woody Allen, *Ralph Rosenblum and Robert Karen* 66
Rolling Along with Tumbleweeds,
Paul Pinella 70
My Four Freedoms, *Norman Rockwell as told to Thomas Rockwell* 74

DEPARTMENTS

Letters to the Editor 4
Cartoons:
The Message is the Medium 8
Games People Play 10
Editorial: Small is Beautiful,
Beurt SerVaas 12
Book Review: In the Name of Justice,
Gerald E. Synhorst 36
Religion: Danny Thomas and St. Jude's,
Holly Miller 78
Post Scripts 84
Post People 89
Food: Unstuffing Thanksgiving,
Charlotte Turgeon 90
Name the Photo Contest 104
Travel: Cruising Colombia's Violent Eden, *Joyce Winslow* 106
Where in the World? 110
Medical Mailbox, *Cory SerVaas, M.D.* 114

Cover Photo: John Olson/ Henson Associates 1979.

Unsolicited manuscripts, art work, and photographs submitted to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST must be accompanied by an addressed return envelope and the necessary postage. The publisher assumes no responsibility for the return of unsolicited manuscripts, artwork, or photographs.

The names of characters used in all Post fiction and semifiction articles are fictitious. Any resemblance to a living person is a coincidence.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EDITORIAL
Cory SerVaas, M.D., Editor and Publisher
Frederic A. Birmingham, Associate Editor and Publisher
Ron McIntyre, Associate Publisher
Beurt SerVaas, Foreign Affairs Editor
Janet Kioski, Bruce Kinnaird, Senior Editors
Louise Fortson, Associate Editor
Charlotte Turgeon, Food Editor
Jean White, Ted Kreiter, Pat Perry, Editorial Assistants
Jenine Howard, Travel Editor
Vincent Miranda, Science Fiction Editor
John Burkhart, Dollie Cole, Editors at Large
Robert L. Silvers, Religion Editor
Donna Nason, Religion Feature Editor
Carol Brown, Archivist
ART
Don Moldroski, Art Director
Ron Ramsey, Art Manager
Steve Miller, Art Associate
Leane Wells, Art Assistant
Lucian Lupinski, Illustrator
PRODUCTION
David M. Price, Director of Production
Dwight E. Lamb, Production Manager
Greg Vanzo, Technical Director
CIRCULATION
Greg Joray, Circulation Manager
Rita Cole, Fulfillment Manager
Lory Lindgren, Customer Service
Robert Deck, Director Single Copy Sales
Anna May Ogle, Assistant Single Copy Sales
GENERAL OFFICES
1100 Waterway Boulevard
Indianapolis, Indiana 46202
(317) 634-1100, Telex 27-440
Donald Sutton, Marketing Director
Linn Layman, Advertising Administrator
Steven W. Frye,
Special Sections Art Director
William S. Gardiner, Director of Licensing and Royalties
Linda Stillabower, Director Special Projects
Helen A. Wernle, Permissions Editor
ADVERTISING OFFICES AND REPRESENTATIVES
James W. McEwen, Advertising Manager
Bill Croarkin, Andrea Wackerle
Waldorf-Astoria, 301 Park Avenue
New York, New York 10022, (212) 371-0400
Bob Bernbach,
15 E. 48th St., Rm. 901
New York, New York 10017
(212) 355-3760
ATLANTA
Miller & Tillman, Inc.
Corporate Commons
4651 Roswell Rd., N.E., Suite 201-C
Atlanta, GA 30342, (404) 252-9588
BOSTON
Lee Arpin Associates
P.O. Box 227
Weston, Massachusetts 02193
(617) 899-5613
George W. Watts III
4 Conifer Drive
Wilbraham, Massachusetts 01095
(413) 596-4747
CHICAGO
William Sullivan, Bob Greco
Sullivan & Greco
1030 N. State St., Suite 5-E
Chicago, Illinois 60610
(312) 664-2994
OHIO
Lawrence O. Dussault
741 Mt. Vernon Avenue
Marion, Ohio 43302
(641) 387-2480
DETROIT
Jack Sterling, Detroit Manager
The Clausen Building
1520 N. Woodward Ave., Suite 111
Bloomfield Hills, Michigan 48013
(313) 645-2620
LOS ANGELES
Jeri Johnson
The Advertising Dept., Inc.
1100 Glendon Ave., Suite 2036
Los Angeles, California 90024
(213) 477-4051
SAN FRANCISCO
Joe Diamond
Advertising Dept., Inc.
500 Sutter St./503
San Francisco, California 94102, (415) 781-7575
TEXAS, OKLAHOMA, ARKANSAS
Richard E. Hoierman & Associates
440 Northlake Center, Suite 203
Dallas, Texas 75238
(214) 341-4774
WASHINGTON, D.C.
Roger Zion
Resources Development, Inc.
900 17th Street, N.W., Suite 300
Washington, D.C. 20006
(202) 452-8211

A FAREWELL SALUTE

By: Michael D. Scovel

A limited edition of 3000 signed and numbered reproductions of the original art, with 100 artist's proof's.
Image Size: 16" x 24" • Print Size: 20" x 28"
$75.00

Lone Star Publishing

505 North Belt, Suite 350 Houston, Texas 77060
(713) 448-8095

Please send ___ Prints of "Farewell Salute" @ $75.00 Each

_____Prints @ $75.00 each $ _____
Shipping & Handling $5.00 each $ _____
Tax (see footnote) $_____
Total $_____

Name_____

Address _____

City_____State _____ Zip _____

☐ Payment Enclosed
Please charge above purchases to my:
☐ Visa Acct. No. _____
☐ Master Charge Acct. _____

Add 5% sales tax for all Texas residents

Signature _____

Sorry, no COD's. Please allow 2 weeks for delivery. *(All charge purchases require a signature)*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Letters to the Editor

Coveting the Carter Castle

Sincere praises and many thanks for your excellent editorial "Swarming to Camelot" (September *Post*). I see the never-ending Kennedy Propaganda Machine is off and running again, 15 months before the 1980 elections. Sorry, but I just don't see Ted as a sober-faced Boy Scout.

Jean Blackman
Albuquerque, New Mexico

Teddy's Black Night

Thank you for your article "Chappaquiddick Ten Years Later: The Torments of Teddy." I have always been amazed at how the whole ugly, dirty mess was held behind closed doors and neatly swept under the carpet.

How come there was never an autopsy, but instead the body was hurriedly shipped out of the state? Why was the book *Teddy Bare* by Zad Rust available for such a short time and then not available anywhere in the country? The powers of the Kennedys are frightening.

Joyce Gilbert
Mt. Pleasant, North Carolina

And in Kennedy's Court

If anything would get me to vote for Kennedy, it would be your silly, totally anti-Kennedy piece. All the author did was pull together everything nasty he could find about the Kennedys, together with every nasty cartoon and photograph.

Joan G. Wolfe
Vienna, Virginia

Crowning Praise

I compliment you on your *great* article on Ted Kennedy and Chappaquiddick ten years later (July/August). I've always been a Kennedy fan, especially Ted's, and I've never seen a better article. You covered every issue and angle.

Randy Neal
Massena, New York

Connally Kudos

My dad said I had to read the article on John Connally vs. Ted Kennedy (September *Post*) because it was so important and everybody in the family had to read it. He doesn't know I'm writing this but I thought it was terrific. It made me like John Connally very much and I hope that you have many more just as good.

Bobby Prohaskia
Everett, Pennsylvania

Duplicate Humor

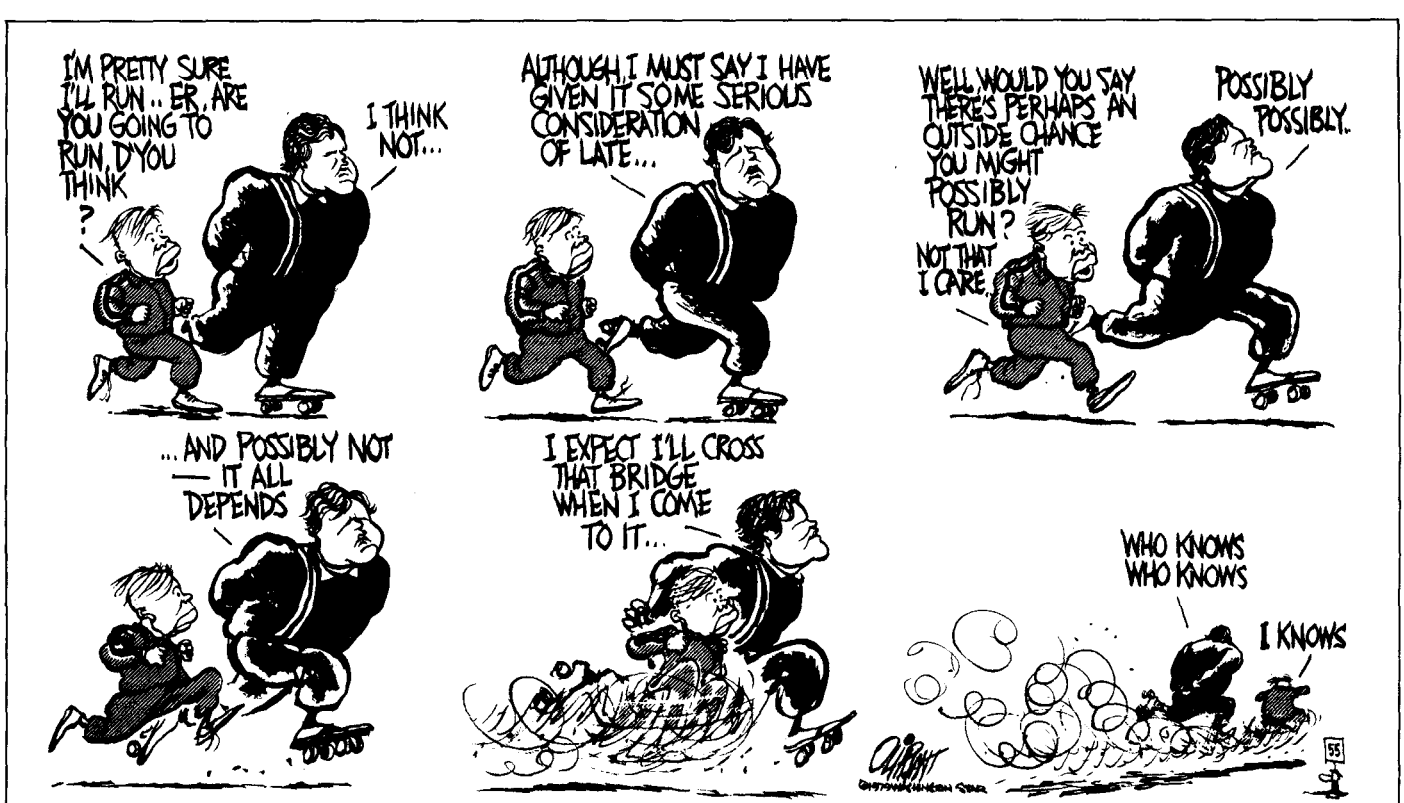
This letter is really a carbon copy of the one written by Adelyn Prosser of San Antonio, which was printed in the September issue. Her thoughts were exactly as mine. The minute the *Post* comes, I look for the Botts stories, also Don Tracy and Tugboat Annie.

Yes, Editor, please publish some Botts stories—old ones unless you can find a clever new writer to take over. Not easy!

And another "please"—could you reprint the Don Tracy stories, especially "The Pelican That Hated to Dive" and "The Duck That Flew Backwards." They were always good for a big laugh and smile.

Were these Tracy stories ever published in book form? I'd love to have them. The *Post* has been coming to this address for many years, and I hope it will continue.

H. Marden
Brockton, Massachusetts


I'M PRETTY SURE I'LL RUN.. ER, ARE YOU GOING TO RUN, D'YOU THINK?
I THINK NOT...
...AND POSSIBLY NOT — IT ALL DEPENDS
ALTHOUGH, I MUST SAY I HAVE GIVEN IT SOME SERIOUS CONSIDERATION OF LATE...
I EXPECT I'LL CROSS THAT BRIDGE WHEN I COME TO IT...
WELL, WOULD YOU SAY THERE'S PERHAPS AN OUTSIDE CHANCE YOU MIGHT POSSIBLY RUN?
NOT THAT I CARE.
POSSIBLY POSSIBLY.
WHO KNOWS WHO KNOWS
I KNOWS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ENERGY PERFORMANCE RATING

5 Climate Zones U.S.A.

nh National HOMES

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Announcing

The Bing & Grondahl

Twelve plates of Fine Danish Porcelain to be produced in an exclusive,

Limited edition deadline:
November 30, 1979

Flawless fine porcelain by Bing & Grondahl, bearing the coveted crown symbol of appointment by the Royal Danish Court, has enjoyed worldwide renown for over 125 years. It is among the premier names in collector plates, having issued one of the world's very first collector plates in 1895. Over the years, members of royalty have commissioned private editions ... and collectors have treasured Bing & Grondahl issues above all others. Now, the Danbury Mint has commissioned Bing & Grondahl to produce a magnificent private collection of Rose Plates — with original paintings by one of the world's great botanical artists. These plates will be available, for a brief time only, exclusively from the Danbury Mint.

A magnificent tribute to "the Queen of Flowers"

Of all the flowers, it is the rose, especially, that captures our fancy and awakens our fervor. More ancient than man, her origin one of nature's mysteries, the rose followed the conquering armies of Rome, became the emblem of the early Church, then the badge of kings. Down from the dawn of time, she has been cherished for her beauty and her fragrance. Today, her variety infinite, her beauty enhanced, the rose reigns "the Queen of Flowers."

Now she will be honored royally! The Bing & Grondahl Rose Plate Collection will consist of twelve flawlessly crafted fine porcelain plates — each possessing that remarkable translucence and whiteness that collectors recognize and connoisseurs treasure.

Original paintings of great beauty and importance

For this exclusive private edition, the Danbury Mint has commissioned Allianora Rosse, one of the world's great botanical artists, to create twelve original paintings expressly and exclusively for this collection. Ms. Rosse's paintings — well-known to flower lovers worldwide — have been exhibited by museums, galleries, and horticultural societies.

Now Ms. Rosse returns to her favorite subject — the rose — as she portrays twelve of her most favorite varieties. With her brilliant brush strokes, she creates graceful lines and blends of the most subtle coloration. The delicate hues of each blossom, the natural colors of the foliage and flowers — all are captured authentically and exquisitely.

Craftsmanship of the highest order, highlighted with precious 24 karat gold

Everything will be done to enhance the appearance of these plates and set them apart from the ordinary. Note, for instance, the distinctive "open-weave" design — a delicate porcelain latticework which is so difficult to achieve that few plate makers ever attempt it. Notice, too, that each plate will be decorated with two bands of precious 24 karat gold, individually applied by hand. And to bring each original rose painting to life, an unusually wide range of ceramic colors will be used on each plate.

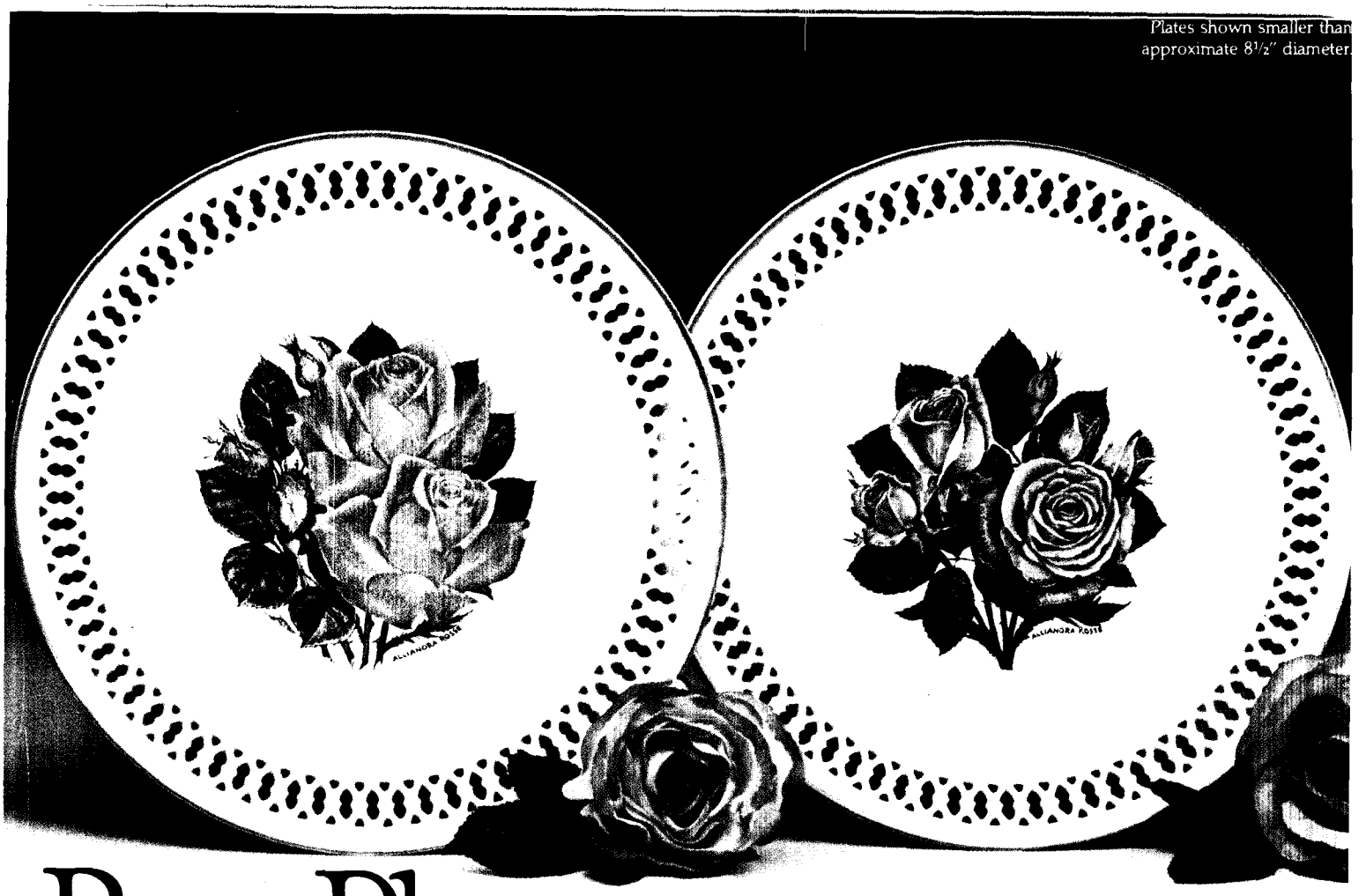
Bing & Grondahl's legendary reputation for quality is based on just such careful attention to detail by their master craftsmen. Significantly, the reverse of each rose plate will bear the proud Bing & Grondahl hallmark, the crown symbol of their appointment by the Royal Danish Court, and the hallmark of the Danbury Mint. Few collector plates have such impressive credentials!

Collect for beauty

The Wall Street Journal reports that one of the first Bing & Grondahl collector plates, sold in 1895 for 50 cents, today is worth $3,170. And a Bing & Grondahl plate made as recently as 1965, which originally cost $9.75, now sells for $470.

Will the Bing & Grondahl Rose Plates be worth more in the future? Possibly, but there also is a good chance this will not happen; accordingly, we do not in any way recommend them as an investment. We urge that you buy them only if you truly appreciate their *beauty* — as an heirloom to enjoy and cherish for future generations (and not

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Rose Plates

limited edition by one of the world's original creators of collector plates.

with resale in mind).

Too many people are buying collector plates, such as these, for possible profits on resale. These people may be wise, or they may be wrong; only time will tell. But we do know this — if you buy plates like these for their special *beauty*, then this will be a purchase you will never regret. For then you will experience the joy of owning beautiful objects, and they will enrich your life with their beauty.

A strictly limited edition

The Bing & Grondahl Rose Plates will be issued in a strictly limited edition available exclusively by advance subscription and only from the Danbury Mint. No plates will be sold separately and none will be made available in stores. The attached application is guaranteed acceptance only if postmarked by November 30, 1979. The size of the U.S. edition will be forever limited to the exact number of sets reserved by this final deadline.

Convenient acquisition plan

To reserve your collection of Bing & Grondahl Rose Plates, simply complete the attached reservation application. There is no need to send payment now. Your Rose Plates will be issued to you at the convenient rate of one every two months and the original issue price is guaranteed for each plate throughout the entire collection.

BY APPOINTMENT TO THE ROYAL DANISH COURT
COPENHAGEN PORCELAIN
B&G
BING & GRØNDAHL

Satisfaction guaranteed

Each plate, crafted to the exacting standards of both Bing & Grondahl and the Danbury Mint, will be subjected to a number of rigorous inspections to insure that only flawless plates are issued to collectors. However, in the unlikely event you receive any plate you are not completely satisfied with for any reason, you may return it for replacement or a refund.

Please act promptly

Remember, your reservation must be postmarked no later than November 30, 1979 in order to guarantee acceptance. So please act promptly. Because this private Bing & Grondahl commission is so unusual, it is your opportunity to acquire a special collection that will be admired by generations to come. Why not avoid disappointment and reserve your plates today!

The Bing & Grondahl Rose Plates J-1

The Danbury Mint
47 Richards Avenue
Norwalk, Conn. 06856

Guaranteed acceptance only if postmarked by November 30, 1979.

Please accept my reservation application to the Bing & Grondahl Rose Plates collection. I understand this is a collection of 12 fine Danish porcelain plates featuring original paintings by Allianora Rosse. The collection will be issued at the rate of one plate every two months at a cost of $39.00 per plate (plus $1.50 for postage and handling).

I understand I need send no money now. I will pay for each plate as billed at two-month intervals. I may cancel my subscription at any time, and any plate I am not completely satisfied with may be returned for replacement or refund.

Name _____

Address _____

City, State _____ Zip _____

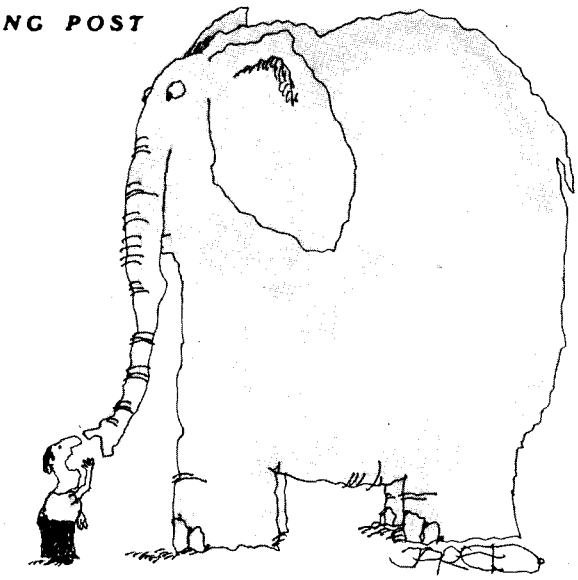
Signature _____

☐ Check if you want each plate charged, as it is shipped, to your
☐ Master Charge ☐ VISA

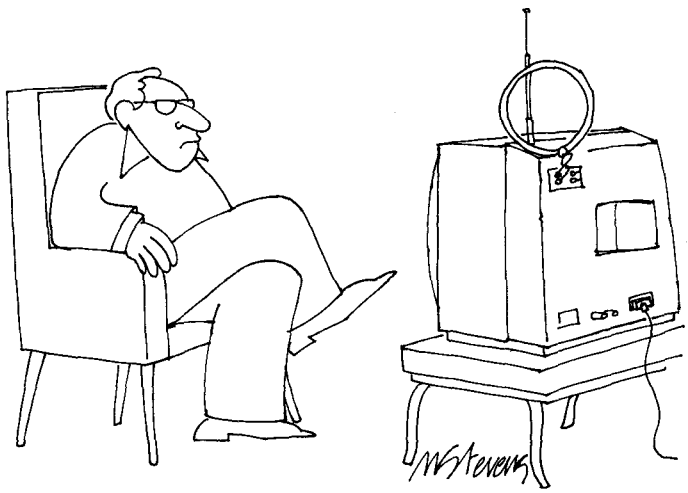
_____
Credit Card No. Expiration Date

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

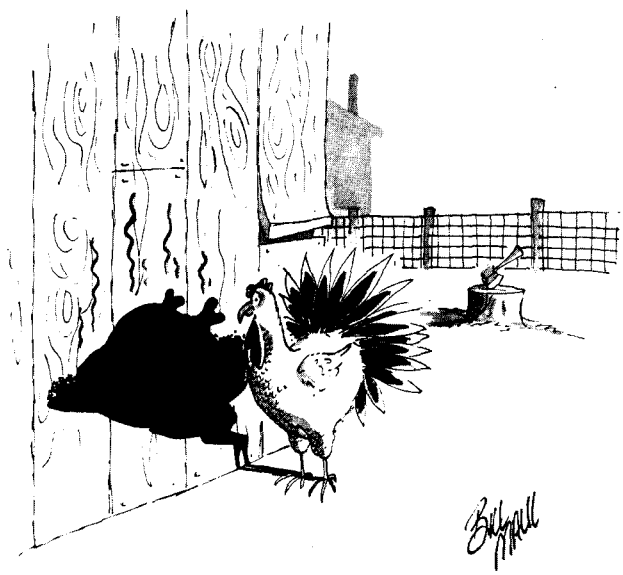
THE MESSAGE IS THE MEDIUM

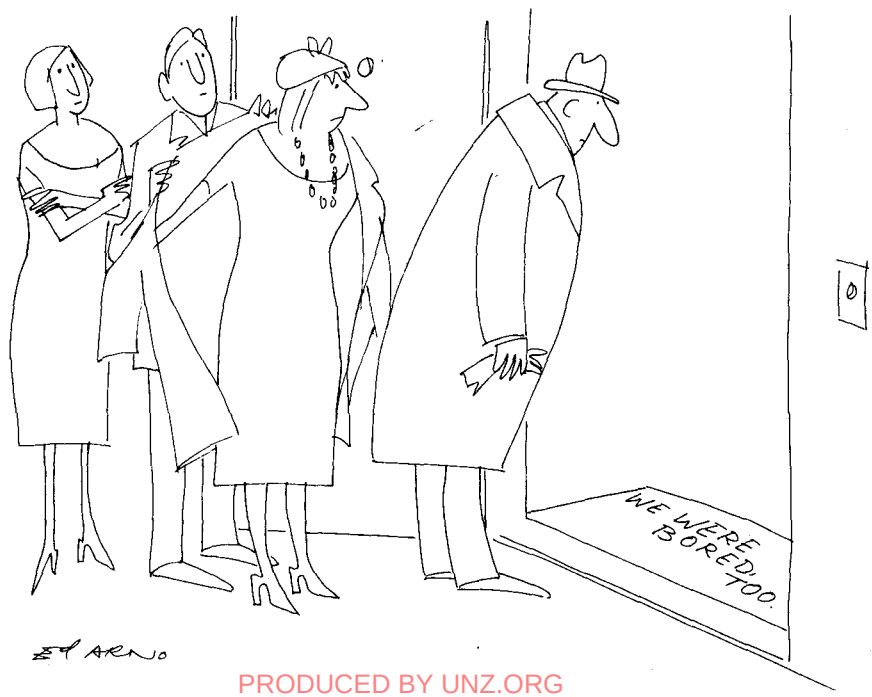


"Can you hear me now? I have no peanuts!"



"The President's address to the nation, formerly scheduled for this time period, will not be seen tonight so that we may bring you this special presentation of 'Three's Company'. . . ."





PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GAMES PEOPLE PLAY

"He can't hear a blessed thing unless you put a quarter in it."

"Much, much better! But let's try it one more time. 'Please, Mr. Gordon, please *let me have my paycheck.' "*

"Very good, Orville, but that's not exactly what I had in mind."

"Witherspoon keeps trying to take over, Stoddard is indecisive and hesitant, and you, Garvey, are just following everyone else. Now, once again, 'Row, row, row your boat . . .' "

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fill out this coupon and save the children

Complete this simple questionnaire, and befriend a needy child through Save the Children. For only fifty-two cents a day, your money, combined with that of other sponsors, can breathe new life into an impoverished village...help hardworking people in their fight for dignity...turn despair into hope for a child who has known only disaster. Fifty-two cents may not buy much where you live. But for the poorest of the poor where the need is so desperate, it can work miracles. SEP 11/9

My Name Is _____
(please print)

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Tell us how you want to help, by answering these questions:

1. What kind of child would you like to help?

☐ Boy ☐ Girl ☐ No preference

2. What geographical area are you interested in?

Urgent need exists in all the areas listed below, especially overseas. If you have a strong preference for a particular location, check the area of your choice. If not, won't you please let us assign a child where the need is greatest?

☐ **Certainly. Choose a child for me in an area of greatest need.**

I strongly prefer:

☐ Africa
☐ Bangladesh
☐ Chicano (U.S.)
☐ Colombia
☐ Dominican Republic
☐ Honduras
☐ Indian (U.S.)
☐ Indonesia
☐ Inner Cities (U.S.)
☐ Israel
☐ Korea
☐ Lebanon
☐ Mediterranean
☐ Mexico
☐ Southern States (U.S.)
☐ Sri Lanka (Ceylon)

3. Would you like a picture of your sponsored child?

Shortly after we select a child for you, we can send you a photograph and brief personal history, if you desire.

☐ Yes ☐ No

4. Would you like to exchange correspondence?

If desired, correspondence can build a meaningful one-to-one relationship and provide a unique educational experience for the sponsored child. In areas where illiteracy is high, a village representative will keep you informed of the progress your child is making. Translations, where necessary, are supplied by Save the Children.

☐ Yes ☐ No

5. Would you like information about the child's community?

Several times a year you can receive detailed reports on the activities and projects being undertaken in the community to benefit your sponsored child. These community reports show how your money is being used most effectively for permanent improvements to the child's *environment—for health care, education, food production,* nutrition, and community training. Would you like to receive such information?

☐ Yes ☐ No

6. How do you wish to send your sponsorship contribution?

Enclosed is my check for $_____ .

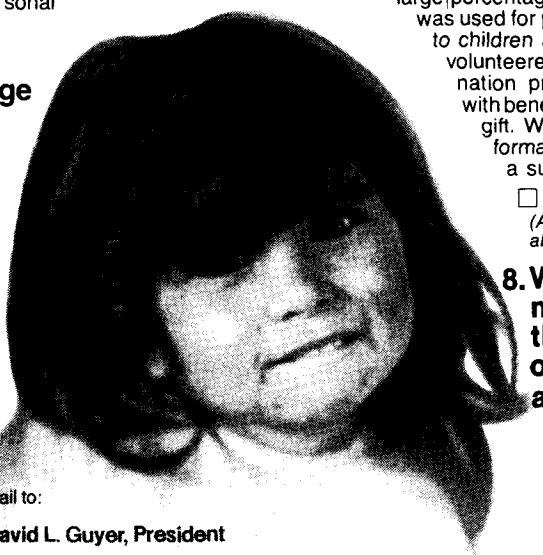
☐ Monthly, $16
☐ Quarterly, $48
☐ Semi-annually, $96
☐ Annually, $192

7. Do you wish verification of Save the Children credentials?

Save the Children is indeed proud of the handling of its funds. Based on last year's audit, an exceptionally large percentage (75.8%) of each dollar spent was used for program services and direct aid *to children and their communities. Due to* volunteered labor and materials, your donation provides your sponsored child with benefits worth many times your total gift. Would you like to receive an *informative Annual Report (including* a summary financial statement)?

☐ Yes ☐ No

(A complete audit statement is available upon request.)



8. Would you rather make a contribution than become a sponsor of an individual child at this time?

☐ Yes, enclosed is my contribution of $_____.

☐ Check here for general information about our unique programs for aiding impoverished children.

© 1979 SAVE THE CHILDREN FEDERATION, INC.

Mail to:

David L. Guyer, President

Save the Children®

50 Wilton Road, Westport, Connecticut 06880

YOUR SPONSORSHIP PAYMENTS AND CONTRIBUTIONS ARE U.S. INCOME TAX DEDUCTIBLE

Established 1932. The original U.S. child sponsorship agency. Member of the American Council of Voluntary Agencies for Foreign Service.

photo: Bentley Kassal

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EDITORIAL

SMALL IS BEAUTIFUL

It's a doggone shame what's happened to our auto industry. We say "our auto industry" because millions of us have money invested in these "public," yet thankfully not government-operated, economic enterprises. Millions of us ride to work, and to play, in our autos, and millions of us are involved in making, selling, repairing or driving them for a living. Frankly, the problems of our auto industry are too important and too complex for government to solve. Government help, perhaps; government solutions, no!

Recently, we suggested to Chrysler president Lee Iacocca that he invite his 130,000 employees to each loan Chrysler $2,000. We suggested that the employees borrow the money from community banks, with the federal government guaranteeing repayment in return for a small percent interest, similar to an FHA guaranteed mortgage. Further, we suggested that the loan be convertible to Chrysler common stock so that Chrysler jobholders, now stockholders, would have a stake in increased productivity and better workmanship, resulting in a more competitive product, greater sales and higher Chrysler stock values.

Our country's principal competitors, Germany and Japan, and some of our smaller industrial rivals, Sweden, France and Taiwan, are virtually national factories, outselling us with their sleek automobiles, electrical and mechanical products, not only in Peoria and Birmingham but also in just about every country in the world. We're still top dog in airplanes, computers and farm products, but that's it.

Where have we gone wrong?

The auto industry is a good place to look.

Because our oil companies provided us with cheap gas for many decades, we decided to buy big heavy cars, which could navigate safely and comfortably over the deserts and mountains of our giant-sized country. We were simply not interested in the little cars made for the narrow roads and streets of small countries like Japan and Germany.

But, to paraphrase Winston Churchill, clouds of the gathering storm began to appear:

Cloud One: Environmentalists persuaded Congress to increase the costs of auto use and lower efficiency by changing the gas mix, adding catalytic converters, changing engine specifications and imposing countless regulations.

Cloud Two: The Transportation Department added more cost to auto manufacturing, trying to protect the driver from himself.

Cloud Three: The Energy Department set fuel goals with little attention to costs and feasibility.

Cloud Four: OPEC, the Arabs and now the Iranians have us over the oil barrel. They act, we react. Remember when it used to be the other way?

Cloud Five: Union leadership in America, while nominally favoring free enterprise, is increasingly socialistic, perhaps understandably catering only to their constituency, and care not a damn for the downturn in American productivity.

Cloud Six: The auto industry has been slow to react to the new realities. To Detroit, large is luxurious, small is cheap and "tinny." To the Europeans and Japanese, small can be beautiful, small can be luxurious, and small, beautiful imported cars are selling well here, gaining every year on their big Detroit brethren.

With all these clouds you'd expect some rain. And rain it is, tornado size, along with long gas lines, recession, strike threats, high inventories, layoffs, delayed model changes, weak dollar, and assorted hailstones and brickbats.

But not to worry! The auto industry has seen the light, has read the word, has received a commandment from the consumer. The small car (Detroitese is *downsized car*) is here. And they're beautiful, too. And the price is right, as your dealer will tell you.

We say, let's make the right car for our times, let's make it the best built car on the road and let's buy what we make. And let's sound our horn with this note: If we take care of America, our country will take care of us.

Brent Scrivner

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ASTRO® (ăs′trō), *N.*, The world's first hand-held astrology computer. ASTRO® instantly computes the influences of four major planets: the Sun (purpose), Mercury (mind), Venus (emotions) and Mars (action). ASTRO® provides information for Personality Analysis for up to 16 different personality combinations. ASTRO® also computes daily astrological compatability for any individual. Fun even for non-believers!

Armchair Shopper
P.O. Box 1144, Indianapolis, IN 46206

Please send _____ *ASTRO COMPUTER(s) at $49.95 plus $2.25 postage and handling each* COMPUTER. (Allow 3-4 weeks for delivery.)

☐ Check Enclosed ☐ VISA ☐ MASTER CHARGE

Credit Card No. _____ Expires _____

Signature _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Indiana residents add 4% sales tax.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

KAREN SILKWOOD WITHOUT TEARS

"We couldn't ask about her marriage or her medical history. We would have liked to get security clearances, as the government itself does for some jobs, but they wouldn't allow that. You know, a person with revolutionary tendencies could be hired to work in a nuclear plant operated by private industry."—Kerr-McGee

by Nick Thimmesch

So often in the history of human events, an occurrence invested with conflicting, powerful forces—fear and uncertainty, drama, struggle, the appearance of heroism and, ultimately, sudden death—becomes myth and perhaps even dogma. Such seems to be true about Karen Silkwood, whose troubled, but prosaic, life became the stuff a coalition of activists used to beat down the huge, but vulnerable, Kerr-McGee Corporation in a still disputed federal court case, with the loser ordered to pay $10.5 million for personal injury and punitive damages to Silkwood's estate.

More than Silkwood, the nuclear industry, indeed, all American business and industry, was put on trial for wrongs not clearly proved. The mythmakers succeeded, for the moment, though myths can quickly be collapsed by the piercing rays of reason—a quality rather scarce in this episode.

Karen Silkwood. The last nine days of her life created a national uproar. To feminists and anti-nuclearites, she was the martyred Joan of Arc. More likely, this troubled young woman was a victim of her own mistakes.

As the Silkwood side now boasts with an assurance born with its enormous victory, Karen is the first officially recognized U.S. victim of radiation poisoning. The arrogant among these voices contend that not only did Kerr-McGee or its agents plant plutonium (a highly hazardous substance) in Silkwood's refrigerator to contaminate and thus frighten her away from her militant unionism, but arranged for her car to be forced off the road November 13, 1974, causing her death. This was prattled about for years and, like many big lies, has taken on the trappings of truth. Even a major organ like *Newsweek* recently proclaimed Karen Silkwood to be one of Ten for Our Time, a listing of hero-Americans "who have risked life, career or reputation on a point of principle." *Newsweek* saluted Silkwood's "efforts to expose unsafe conditions in Oklahoma's Kerr-McGee plutonium plant," thus making "her name a rallying cry for anti-nuclear forces around the globe."

Newsweek's ignorance or naivete on the Silkwood case is matched many times in the media, mostly because, from the start, the activists grabbed the publicity ball and ran hard, leaving a confused, constricted Kerr-McGee sputtering and standing there like a feeble giant. For the most part, the press followed the activists like lemmings, copying down every last syllable for print and broadcast. Screamers like Jane Fonda, the National Organization for Women (NOW), the aptly named Quixote Center and the American Civil Liberties Union had a highly profitable field day with the Silkwood case. Small wonder that we have a Karen Silkwood myth or that, as one figure holding a vested interest in this myth put it, "Karen is a union martyr."

In reality and retrospect, Karen Silkwood was neither hero nor villain. It is highly doubtful that, as *Newsweek* put it, she risked her life, career or reputation on a point of principle. Karen Silkwood without tears was a troubled young woman who abandoned her common-law husband and three small children (the youngest wasn't two yet); sought to end her torment by twice attempting sui-

Continued on page 18

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

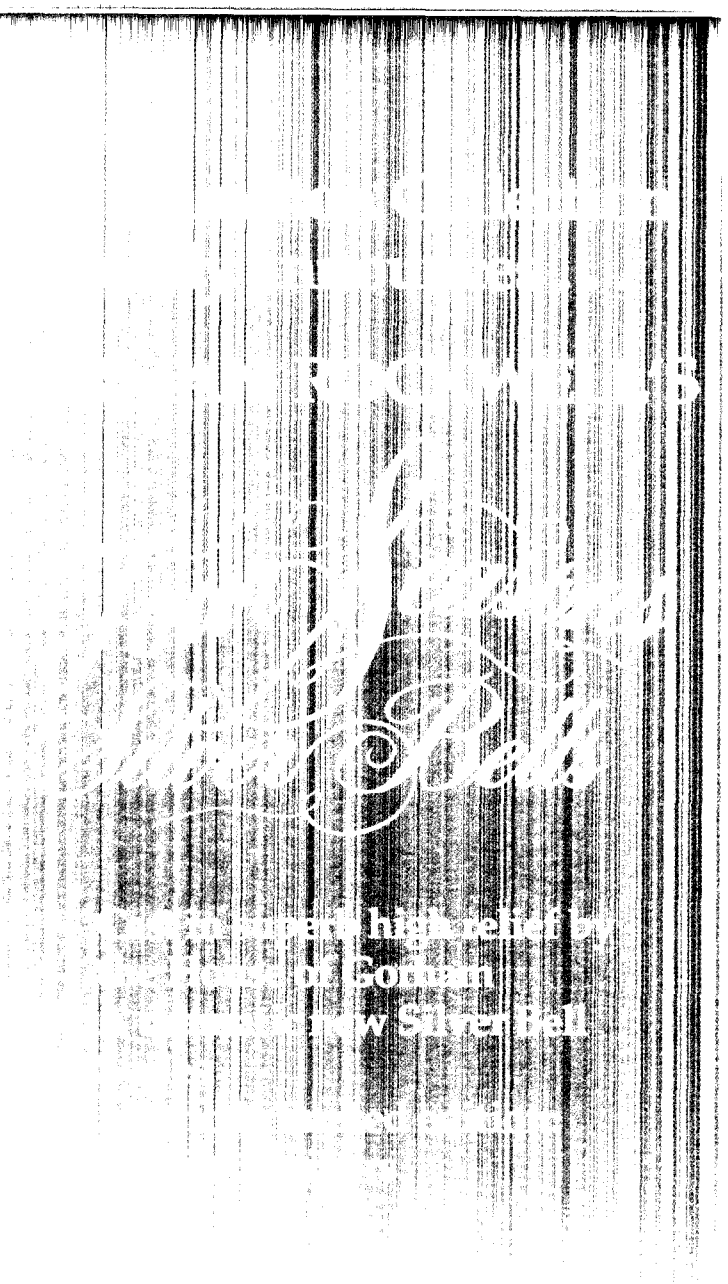


Photo shows actual size: 6½" high and 2⅞" diameter

Rockwell Four Seasons Art — © B & B U.S.A. 1979 - Limited Edition Gorham E.P.

An Unprecedented Offering

This is the first time Norman Rockwell's glowing art has appeared on magnificent, high relief, silver bells crafted by the House of Gorham.

A Magnificent First Issue

Only Norman Rockwell's genius could personify the four seasons through the shared love and adventures of a boy and his dog. Imagine the gentle poignance of the boy's first meeting with his dog in the dead of winter, the adventure of their spring fishing trip, the concern for a mysterious summer illness, and the love for the fall arrival of new puppies captured forever in this classic collection of four silver bells. "Pride of Parenthood," the first issue in this major new collection, commemorates the fall season with elegance and charm.

A Unique Acquisition Opportunity

The original price for this limited edition first issue is just $57.00 (payable in two convenient installments, one half with your order and the remainder with each shipment). A remarkably favorable price considering its value as the first issue in a landmark series and the first ever cast, high relief Rockwell silver bell.

The other three issues in the Rockwell Four Seasons Silver Bell collection will be made available to you at the rate of one approximately every three months at the original issue price regardless of the potential for appreciation on the secondary market.

Due to strong collector appeal, this edition may close very quickly, so serious collectors who wish to acquire the bell are advised to return the attached order form promptly.

© 1978 The Hamilton Collection

Order Form

The Hamilton Collection
210 N. Main Street
Jacksonville, Florida 32202

I accept your invitation to acquire the Norman Rockwell Four Seasons cast high relief, silver bell collection crafted by Gorham to be issued to me at the rate of one approximately every three months.

The original issue price for each cast silver bell is $57.00 payable in two equal installments. The first installment is due with order, and an invoic for the second installment will accompany shipment.

I prefer to pay the initial installment for my first bell as follows:

☐ **WITH THIS ORDER.** I enclose my initial payment of $28.50*

☐ **BY CREDIT CARD.** Charge $28.50* to my credit card as follows (check one only):

_____ **Master Charge** _____ **Bank Americard/Visa**

Full Account Number _____

Expiration _____

*Florida residents add 4% state sales tax.

Signature _____

All applications are subject to acceptance by The Hamilton Collection.

Name _____

Address _____

City, State, Zip _____

Please allow 6 to 8 weeks from initial payment for shipment of your first bell.

800

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Time For Remembering Christmas Past

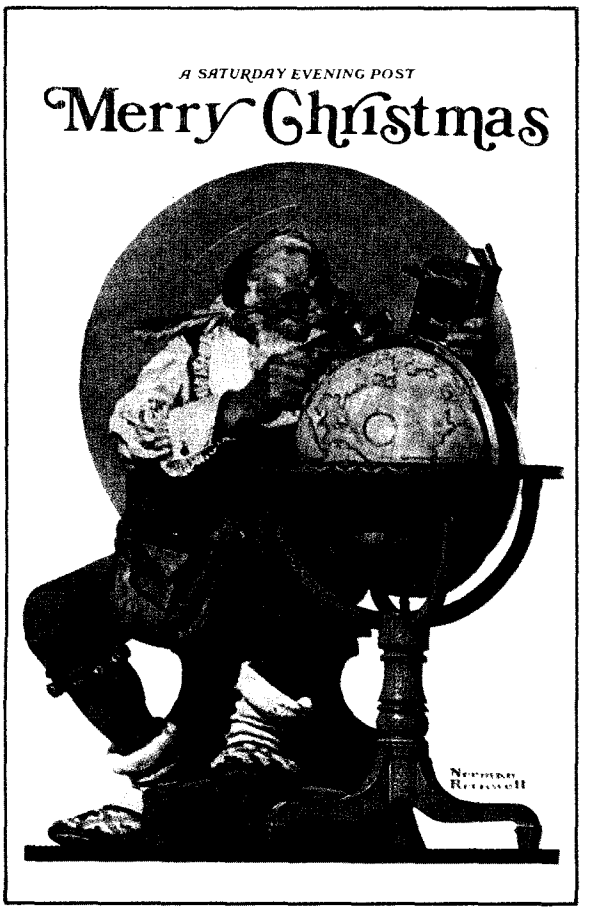
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded A° D° 1728 by Benj. Franklin
DECEMBER 23, 1905
FIVE CENTS THE COPY
Robert W. Chambers
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
DEC. 21, 1935
5cts.
WILLIAM HAZLETT UPSON · FRANK H. SIMONDS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Give the POST for Christmas

The Gift Card You See is the One You Mail

FREE Christmas Issue with each subscription



This year, mail your own gift card. If the gift card attached is missing, use the coupon below, and we'll send you another. . . . or as many as you like. Sing out a Merry Christmas in the old-fashioned way this year, and give them the traditional Wassail of the old *Post* in the grand new *Post*. The beautiful Norman Rockwell gift card, shown here, breathing the spirit of the holidays, will bring your loved ones the news that the *Post* will come a-singing to their doors issue after issue for a year—or years, to make it even better.

Merry Christmas to one and all! The one, of course, is your own good self. Make sure that during this coming year you enjoy the beautiful pages of the *Post*: its beautiful illustrations and photographs, its messages of inspiration and joy, and its news of the best things and people in life. But most of all, solve one or more of your gift problems with subscriptions for your loved ones.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
1100 Waterway Blvd. Indianapolis, IN 46202

1 year (9 issues) $9.95 (save $3.55 from the newsstand price)
2 years (18 issues) $18.95 3 years (27 issues) $26.95

☐ Enclosed check or money order ☐ Bill me later Bill to: ☐ Bank Americard ☐ Master Charge Credit Card Number _____

Expiration Date _____ If Master Charge, enter 4-digit Interbank Number appearing above your name _____ _____ _____ _____

Signature _____

My Name (Print) _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

☐ Also please send a subscription to my name above.

265 ☐ 1 year ☐ 2 years ☐ 3 years ☐ Renewal ☐ New

Gift Name (Print) _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

☐ 1 year ☐ 2 years ☐ 3 years ☐ Renewal ☐ New

☐ Please send a gift card in my name

Outside U.S. add $1.00 postage per year

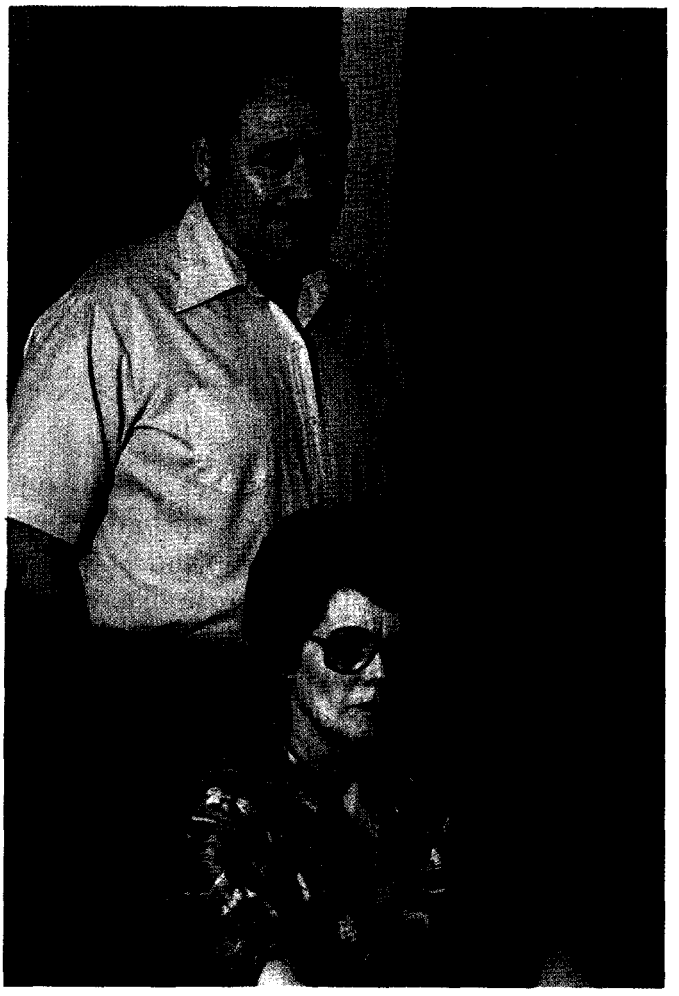
©CPC

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cide by overdosing with drugs; was frenetic and unsuccessful in settling down with one sexual partner for any length of time; aspired, in her last months, to find a place in the sun by spying for the Washington bosses of the Oil, Chemical and Atomic Workers' union threatened with losing the Kerr-McGee local; got heavily into Methaqualone, a hypnotic sedative, to lessen her anxiety during the last months; somehow seemingly contaminated herself in her own bathroom with an infinitesimal but potent amount of plutonium; and had auto accidents twice in two weeks by driving off the road, the second accident resulting in her untimely death.

Karen Silkwood alive was used by an international labor union fearful that employees at Kerr-McGee's Cimarron plant no longer wanted the union around. In death, Karen Silkwood has been exploited by a gang of causists often desperate to find an issue to dramatize—in this case, the anti-nuclear movement, the militant feminist cause and even anti-corporate ideology. (Indeed, in the press room at the courthouse one day Gerry Spence, the plaintiff's flamboyant courtroom lawyer, delivered a lecture devoted to the evils of corporations in the U.S.) In life and in death, Karen Silkwood also became the object of Kerr-McGee's fretful concern over its unprofitable plutonium business, a concern which turned to dread after she died. Alive, her perception of what she thought the company was doing increased her torment. Dead, she could be likened to Clyde Griffiths, the principal character in Theodore Dreiser's *An American Tragedy*, whose downfall seemed inevitable.

Just as Dreiser's epic indictment of the American economic system involved issues much larger than poor Clyde Griffiths, so Karen Silkwood's case involves the larger questions about making risk-benefit choices in an energy-shortfall era where nuclear's contribution is now sharply questioned; of what sort of leadership we will get from the Sixties Generation whose most vivid experiences were the Vietnam war and the growing anti-establishment tide; and whether corporations and our free-market system can function when beset by an unstoppable blaze of publicity and the legal power of activist groups, particularly when companies give such groups reason to raise hell.



Parents of dead girl, Bill and Merle Silkwood, got pulled into case by activist lawyers after Kerr-McGee aggravated their hurt feelings. Silkwoods now face possibility of administering large estate for grandchildren they rarely see.

Karen Gay Silkwood was born February 19, 1946, in Longview, Texas. Her father, Bill, was a paint contractor; her mother, Merle, a bank teller. Karen grew up in Nederland in the heart of the Texas petrochemical area, played flute in the high school band, and belonged to the Future Homemakers of America. She was graduated in 1964, a member of the National Honor Society, with good grades in science and chemistry. "One of the reasons we hired her," Morgan Moore, a Kerr-McGee official, later remarked, "was because of her interest in chemistry and laboratory work."

A Business and Professional Women's Club scholarship helped her at Lamar Junior College where she studied medical technology for one year. Her studies ended when she entered a common-law marriage in June 1965 with Bill Meadows, whom she had met the previous summer but hadn't seen since. Meadows, in a sworn deposition, later explained that after he and Karen ran off but didn't go through a legal wedding ceremony, "her parents and kinfolks had thrown a fit," so when they came home, "we told them we had gotten married, and they just assumed we had. . . . We never did bother to make it legal."

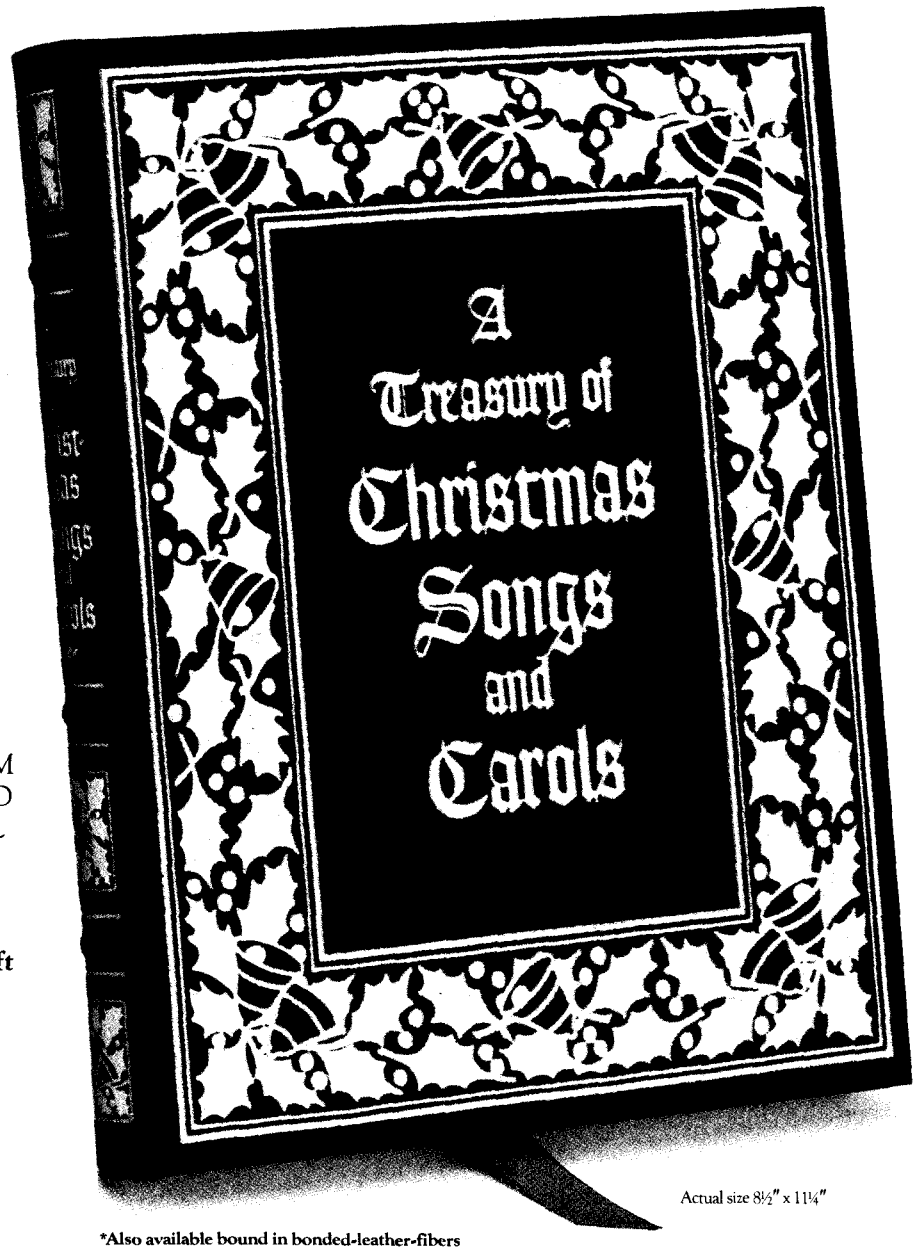
Meadows stayed on his job as a pipeline worker. Karen was employed in various secretarial jobs. Meadows liked to race motorcycles, and spent a lot of money on them. He and Karen also had a boat and enjoyed watersports. Meadows recalled that Karen also liked to stay home and read, particularly after their three children were born. By Meadows' account, Karen "seemed to love the children," and took "reasonably good care of them," though "like all of us, she had some qualities that weren't good."

But after six years, the marriage began to founder. Meadows admitted that he was careless with money, and Karen struggled to keep the books straight. Though he and Karen both had jobs, Meadows went bankrupt. Then in late spring 1972, he told Karen that he was seeing another woman. He asked

Continued on following page

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This luxurious leather-bound* heirloom edition can be part of your family's Christmas tradition for generations to come.



Actual size 8½" x 11¼"

*Also available bound in bonded-leather-fibers

A MAGNIFICENT COLLECTION OF TRADITIONAL CHRISTMAS SONGS AND CAROLS, WITH MUSICAL ACCOMPANIMENT...IN AN HEIRLOOM VOLUME SO BEAUTIFULLY DESIGNED AND LUXURIOUSLY BOUND IT WILL BE CHERISHED FOREVER

- **Available at original issue price only until Christmas Day 1979**
- **An especially meaningful Christmas gift ...not available in stores...guaranteed shipment in time for Christmas for all orders received by November 16, 1979**
- **A volume of incomparable beauty, featuring...**
  - An original, specially commissioned binding design...deeply inlaid in glorious golden accents...with gilt-edging along all three sides
  - Distinctive horizontal "hubbed-spine," printed marble-like endpapers
  - Permanently sewn ribbon page marker... original frontispiece art
  - Special milled paper to endure for generations

Imagine the most beautiful volume of Christmas songs and carols you have ever seen! Sumptuously bound in real leather (also available bound in bonded-leather fibers) and lavishly decorated as befits the festive splendor of the season. Beautifully illustrated, and set in large type so the entire family can gather around and sing. Complete with musical accompaniment for piano and guitar, along with a little fascinating history of each song and carol. *That volume you're imagining is here—ready for you and your family to enjoy this Christmas and for every future Christmas to come!*

Your favorite Christmas Music

A Treasury of Christmas Songs and Carols will contain nearly 100 songs and carols—including such traditional favorites as: *Silent Night, The First Noel, Hark! The Herald Angels Sing, Away in a Manger, O Holy Night*...and many, many others.

Act promptly!

A Treasury of Christmas Songs and Carols will be available at original issue prices only until Christmas, 1979. Shipment in time for Christmas delivery is guaranteed on orders received by November 16, 1979. To take advantage of this uniquely rewarding opportunity, return your reservation form promptly.

RESERVATION APPLICATION

Easton Press
47 Richards Avenue
Norwalk, Conn. 06857

Available at original issue price only for orders postmarked by December 25, 1979.

Please accept my reservation for the Easton Press custom-bound edition of *A Treasury of Christmas Songs and Carols* as follows:

_____ (Quantity) Genuine top-grain cowhide leather binding @ $37.50 each (plus $1.50 shipping and handling—total $39.00* each) $_____

_____ (Quantity) Bonded-leather-fiber binding @ $25.00 each (plus $1.50 shipping and handling—total $26.50** each) $_____

Total Amount $_____

Payment options (check one):
☐ I enclose check or money order payable to Easton Press.
☐ Charge my book(s) when shipped to ☐ Master Charge ☐ VISA

Card No. _____ Expiration Date _____

Signature _____

☐ Check here if you would like us to mail book(s) to your gift list (a gift card in your name will be provided upon request) and include instructions on a separate sheet of paper. Otherwise shipment will be made to address indicated below:

Name _____

Address _____

City/State _____ Zip _____

*Conn. residents pay $41.73 to include sales tax. **Conn. residents pay $28.36 to include sales tax. 002

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Karen for a divorce and custody of the children as well. Karen, according to Meadows' sworn deposition, refused both requests. Then, with no advance word, Karen left home one day in late July, never to return to Meadows and her children.

Karen had worked as a clerk at Medical Center Hospital in Duncan before quitting in February 1972, so when she arrived in Oklahoma City after leaving Meadows, she found a similar job as a medical transcriptionist at Bone and Joint Hospital. She was in pretty rocky shape when she arrived in Oklahoma City. According to a friend, Evelyn Emerich, Karen told her in October 1974 that she had tried to commit suicide in Duncan by overdosing on drugs. She had interrupted college at 19 to marry, had three children in four years, and at 26, when most young women are just starting life, was ending her marriage after suffering deep humiliation.

On August 4, 1972, she phoned the hospital in Oklahoma City and said she had decided not to take the job after all—though she was to report for work that day. But she had already been hired as a laboratory analyst at the Kerr-McGee Cimarron Facility. Morgan Moore, then manager, was very impressed with her intelligence and her interest in the nuclear field, which in 1972 had a positive, optimistic image.

Kerr-McGee's chief counsel, Bill Paul, grappled with insurmountable problems after judge limited scope of evidence K-M could present to jury. Evidence of Karen's drug abuse was disallowed. Pre-trial, anti-nuke publicity and Three Mile Island incident complicated case.

Kerr-McGee officials today explain that they were unable to get any background information on Karen Silkwood's marital status, emotional stability or suicide attempt because, as a government contractor, their application forms were to list only bare-bones questions.

"In effect, the government, particularly the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission, had control over hiring," a Kerr-McGee official laments now. "We couldn't ask about her marriage or her medical history. We would have liked to get security clearances, as the government itself does for some jobs, but they wouldn't allow that. You know, a person with revolutionary tendencies could be hired to work in a nuclear plant operated by private industry. The government was constantly enforcing this privacy thing with us."

Soon after arriving at Kerr-McGee, Karen did two things which were to be of momentous importance to her. She joined the Oil, Chemical and Atomic Workers Union (OCAW), and she began dating Drew Stephens, another plutonium laboratory technician. Karen's life quickened. She became very involved with Stephens, spending time with him after work and into the early evening before he went home to his wife and child. Suddenly, on October 17, 1972, only two months after he met Karen, Stephens was sued by his wife for divorce. Meanwhile, Meadows' divorce petition was granted, awarding him custody of the children and restoring Karen's maiden name. In November, Stephens got his divorce. Then the union—local #5-283—which represented 100 of Kerr-McGee's 150 employees at Cimarron, got into a 2½-month strike. The OCAW international had advised the local not to strike, and was right—local #5-283 lost. In the waning weeks

Continued on following page

Legal team for Kerr-McGee let their arguments get bogged down in technical discussion, while opposition scorned their corporate approach and appearance in emotionally charged courtroom.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FIND THE MAGIC THAT GABLE AND LOMBARD FOUND.

They could have gone anywhere. But Clark Gable and Carole Lombard spent their honeymoon in a hillside house in Palm Springs. It was 1939 and for more than a decade Hollywood's elite had known Palm Springs as a special place warmed by a special sun—one that was somehow different from any other. Palm Springs has changed since then. Now there are more than 200 hotels, from luxurious to reasonable. There are scores of tennis courts and golf courses, pools and restaurants and boutiques, dazzling nightspots and an Aerial Tramway to the top of Mt. San Jacinto.

Today, the famous arrive in jets. Or follow the freeway from Los Angeles, two hours away. But the desert air remains dry, the sky incredibly blue. The sun that was somehow different fifty years ago is still here. And so is the magic. Come find it, in Palm Springs.

Palm Springs Convention and Visitors Bureau, Dept. 7914, Palm Springs, CA 92262

Show me the magic. Send your free colorful brochure.

Name _____

Address _____

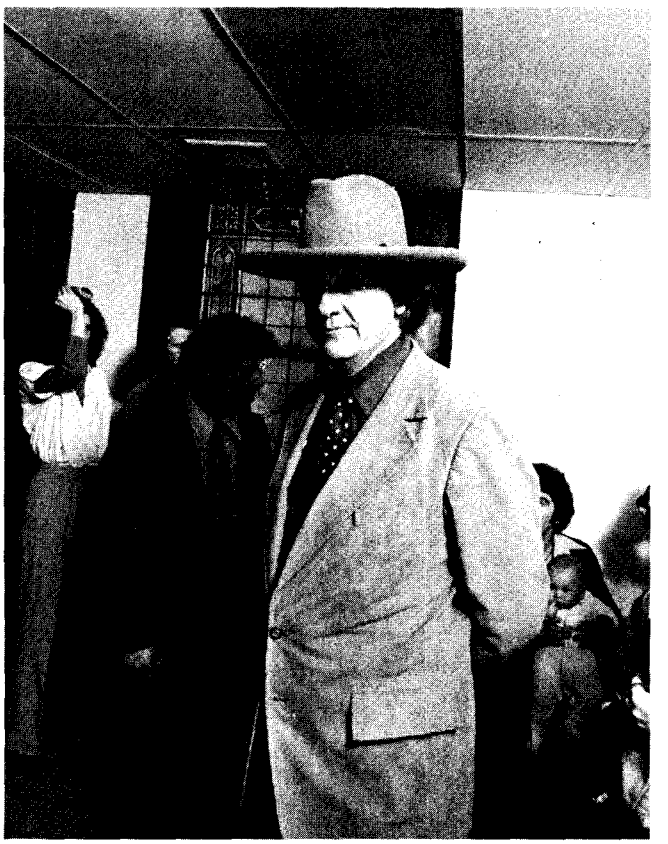
City _____ *State* _____ *Zip* _____

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the strike, as Christmas approached and the days became shorter and colder, only a score of diehards did picket line duty—Karen Silkwood was one of them. The defeated local only had 20 members left after the strike.

Karen's anchor in life at this point was Drew Stephens. He is bright, was a high school honors student and, like Karen, did well in science and chemistry. But he attended college only two semesters before taking a job as a chemical analyst at Kerr-McGee's Cimarron facility, August 11, 1969. His father had helped establish Kerr-McGee's first nuclear facility, and was pleased Drew developed such a strong interest in this field. Drew is soft-spoken, thoughtful and, while part of the Sixties Generation, was always able to clearly distinguish extremism from reality. He became very knowledgeable about nuclear matters, and never became part of the anti-nuclear movement.

Drew was fascinated with Karen, and loved her enough that he moved into the apartment she occupied with another girl. He listened to Karen's outpourings about her wrecked marriage. She sobbed when she spoke of the children she dearly and painfully missed, and was to see only about six times in the rest of her life. But even with this closeness, Stephens, by sworn deposition, declared later that he did not intend to marry Karen.



Silkwood lawyer Gerry Spence played down-home cowboy to convince jury K-M was guilty of allowing Karen to be contaminated. No rube on money matters, Spence demanded bigger cut of $10.5 million judgment.

Stephens and Karen got an apartment of their own, and when his wife vacated their house, he and Karen moved in. They lived there until March 1973, when Karen, on Stephens' request, moved to yet another apartment. Mindful of how Karen and Meadows had suddenly fallen into a common-law relationship—thus a legal marriage—he wanted to make sure that wouldn't happen to him. He later stated that he felt put upon by Karen and wanted more freedom.

But they were so attached to each other that Drew broke his rule about living with Karen and, two months after his edict, allowed her to move back in with him. But, as often happens with lovers, there were differences, and the romance had cooled enough that by the end of 1973 Karen and Drew agreed to live apart. This time, Karen took an apartment in Edmond, a suburb of Oklahoma City and about 25 miles from where she worked. She took a roommate, Sherri Ellis, who also worked at the Cimarron plant.

From that time until her death, Karen became increasingly interested and active in the union. She was elected committeeman for the local, and began filing complaints with K-M. One was an objection to a "pat-down" body search for security reasons on employees entering and leaving the plant. She complained that the woman security officer was too rough and too personal with her, and that her rights were being violated.

Conversely, Drew became disillusioned with the union, and tried to persuade Karen that her obsession with plant conditions amounted to beating her head on the wall.

Karen worked in a "glove box" where she inspected and polished the hermetic seals on the ends of

Continued on following page

Silkwood team included activist lawyers, Karen's father, leftist priests and Gerry Spence, hot-shot lawyer who earns $1 million a year. Bearded attorney Jim Ikard's "strict liability" theory paid off.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

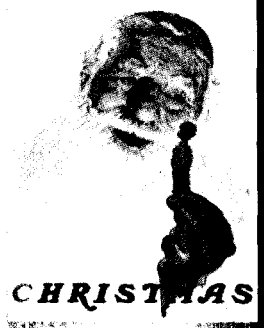
1405 CHRISTMAS, 1923 "God ... merry, gentlemen!..." ... you a Blessed Christmas ... happiness through the Year"

...CHRISTMAS, 1933 "Me... "It's Christmas aga... ...be a joyful one and yo... ...happy!"

...ea... ...Norman Rockwell

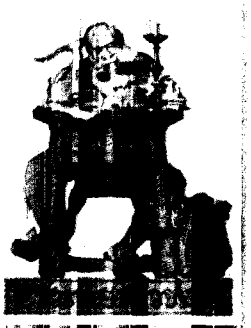
Chri... time just isn't the same ...without C...mas ca...rds. Make this yea... extra special with famous *Saturday Evening ...* art by Norman Rockwell! All cards are an impressive 5½" x 7¼" size and come wit... cheerful holiday ...ed envelopes. We can imprint your ad...ress in black on the envelope flaps, also your name inside the card if Christm...ed to match the greeting. Order direct from this ad, or send for free s...ple card and catalog. Fast IMMEDIATE shipment now 'til Christmas. For ...rty years Leanin' Tree has been serving happy customers who shop by m...

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK



1403 CHRISTMAS, 1927 "... ...the Spirit of Christmas ... ...the Gladness of Chri... ...the Heart of Christmas"

1404 CHRISTMAS, 1928 "Holiday ... Best Wishes for the ... New Year"



1412 CHRISTMAS, 1935 "... ...Christm... ...hearts and ... ...Coming Year"

1409 CHRISTMAS, 1936 "... ...it's the ... ...Christmas" "Wishing ... ...and a Happy New Year"

1410 CHRISTMAS, 1937 "Merry Christmas" "... ...will always bless...you a ... ...love with...happiness"

1411 CHRISTMAS, 1941 "... ...Christmas, its meanin... ..." "Merry Christmas ... ...New Year"

1407 CHRISTMAS, 1934 "God Bless ... ...you a ... ...Love and ..."

1408 CHRISTMAS, 1924 "... ...to ... ...Christmas" "... ...special ... ...at ... ...only Christmas brings"

...CHRISTMAS, 1956 "M... ...and a Happy New Year"

Rockwell Illustrations © SE...

16 Month Calendar of Art by Norman Rockwell September 1979-December 1980

Unique calendar contains ...nth after month of framable Rockwell art, 17 illustrations in all! Each month includes a reproduction of the original *Saturday Evening Post* cover. Size is 10½" x 9½", opens to 19" for hanging. A delightful collection of Rockwell art for you, it's also a gift that will be truly appreciated.

$5.98 each

LEANIN' TREE®

BOX 9500-G-ND61, BOULDER, CO 80301

©1979 Leanin' Tree Publ. Co.

HOW TO ORDER: Use coupon or letter and mail with payment. Select your favorite design or assort in any mixture totaling 12 cards, 25 cards, etc. Use total quantity ordered for pricing. Include postage and handling fee in total payment. Colorado residents add 3% sales tax. California residents add 6% use tax. Canadian customs duty charged at border. No C.O.D.'s.

Quan. of cards and envs.	Without name imprinted	With name imprinted	Extra for address on env. flaps
12	$ 4.35	$ 6.35	$2.00
25	7.50	9.75	2.20
37	11.00	13.50	2.45
50	14.75	17.50	2.70
75	22.00	25.00	2.95
100	28.75	32.00	3.20
125	35.50	39.00	3.45
150	42.25	46.00	3.70
175	49.25	53.25	3.95
200	56.00	60.25	4.20
225	62.75	67.25	4.45
250	68.50	73.25	4.70
300	81.75	87.00	5.20
400	108.50	114.75	6.20
500	135.00	142.25	7.20

To order envelopes *imprinted*, check here. See price list for additional cost. ☐

Rush free sample and full color catalog ☐

CUT HERE

Fill in quantity desired of each card. Assort at no extra cost.			
V401	V406	V411	
V402	V407	V412	
V403	V408		Total Cards
V404	V409		
V405	V410		
NO C.O.D.'S PLEASE		Total Calendars	

Cost of Cards	$
Envelope Imprint	$
Cost of Calendars	$
Colo. Res. Add 3% Sales Tax Calif. Res. Add 6% Use Tax	$
Postage and Handling Fee (Orders Only)	$ 1.40
Total (U.S. Funds)	$

NAMES TO BE PRINTED ON CHRISTMAS CARDS 79

SEND CARDS AND/OR CATALOG TO _____ G-ND61

Rte., St., Box No. _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

SEND ORDER TO LEANIN' TREE, BOX 9500-G-ND61, BOULDER, CO 80301

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fuel rods containing the small pellets of plutonium. K-M had a $7.2 million contract to supply Westinghouse Corporation finished 93-inch-long fuel rods for the Fast Flux Test Facility (FFTF) at Hanford, Washington.

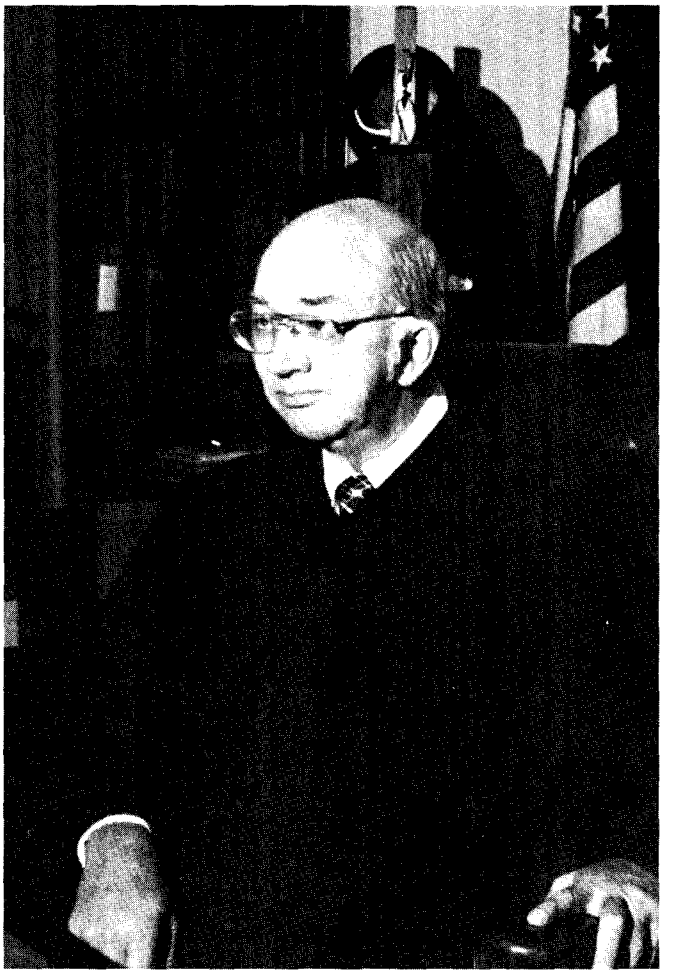
The government and the private nuclear industry had great hopes for the future of breeder reactors which could create enormous amounts of electric power through a process more dangerous than the conventional uranium fueled plants. Kerr-McGee wanted to be in on the ground floor of this promising enterprise. This company, born in Oklahoma's oil fields in 1929, had revenues approaching $1.6 billion when Karen worked there. The late Sen. Robert Kerr was cofounder, a wheeler-dealer in the Oklahoma roughneck tradition, and often called the "uncrowned king of the Senate." Dean A. McGee, a genius geologist, whom Kerr hired away from Phillips Petroleum in 1937, was to build K-M into one of the world's leading corporations, dealing in petroleum, coal, forestry, chemicals and nuclear mining and processing. Dean McGee *was* K-M when Karen Silkwood was an employee, and today, at age 75, still is.

He is a determined man who saw K-M becoming a primary supplier of fuel for the next generation of nuclear power plants—the breeder reactors, of which Clinch River would be the first operational unit. But he became disappointed as growing opposition to breeder reactors caused the government to go slow with its FFTF plans. The word spread through the nuclear industry, K-M included, that the government wasn't going to show the leadership on breeder reactors that it had.

One consequence was that senior personnel at K-M's Cimarron plant resigned or transferred to other operations. "The key people in the industry were losing confidence," Morgan Moore, now president of K-M's nuclear division, explained. "It was like the oil industry when the depletion allowances were taken away. It was discouraging."

Drew Stephens also had second thoughts about his career in nuclear. "My faith was shaken in my last two years (1973-74) at Cimarron," he said. "They were spreading personnel too thin and there was some slacking in preventive maintenance, particularly on gaskets and seals. When the good people left, there was dilution in training and supervising, too."

So when Karen Silkwood was intensifying her unionism, K-M was going through a difficult time with its plutonium operation. There were incidents in the plant which bothered management. *Contrived* is the word that concerned executives used. The lab where Karen worked became a trouble spot, and one supervisor said he was happy to be transferred because he didn't like working with Karen. There were stories of younger employees tossing pellets around, and even daring each other to get "hot"—meaning to become contaminated.



Judge Theis first threw out two counts filed by Silkwood activists, then limited scope of trial to thwart K-M argument that Karen made her own trouble and was exploited by union interests. Theis was third federal judge to sit on case.

Just before the July 4th weekend, 1973, there was a "spot" contamination of an air filter in the lab, an event which required that the room be shut down for 72 hours—thus giving employees the extra day off they wanted for the long holiday weekend. It seemed like a terribly convenient incident. In late July, there were other air-borne contamination incidents in the lab where Karen worked involving plutonium, but to this day, K-M has been unable to link them to her.

Meanwhile, the union and K-M were readying for a big test, decertification. The National Labor Relations Board, in response to a request from a worker at the Cimarron plant, set October 16 for a decertification election. The reading was that there was enough unhappiness with the union that a majority of workers might vote to decertify. This was disquieting news to Anthony Mazzocchi, OCAW's vice president, and Steven Wodka, international representative, both based in Washington, D.C. They conferred with Jack Tice, the local shop chairman, who told them that the workers could be roused to vote against decertification if a good case could be made against K-M before the election on health and safety standards.

So Mazzocchi told Tice to bring Karen and another local officer, Jerry Brewer, to Washington on September 26 for a strategy session. Elwood Swisher of Denver, another OCAW vice president, would also join them in Washington. Karen was excited about the

Continued on following page

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

©CPC

Gift Card (actual size)

Remember when a subscription to a great magazine meant superb entertainment for every member of your family? Those days are back. *THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN* cares about *values*: We're for self-sufficiency, we're for the environment, we're for you. We're not a "picture book"—thoughtful readers appreciate our fine fiction, humor and articles. We'll tell you about woodstoves, log cabin kits, and how to make a tasty cheese.

Slide into the Holidays with a Great Gift Idea!

PLUS a host of other tips on how to get back to a simpler, better, more independent way of life. Send a *COUNTRY GENTLEMAN* gift subscription to a friend and he'll like you more for it. (Or send yourself one—you deserve it.) The glad tidings will be delivered in your name by way of the special Christmas card shown full-size on this page. It's an affordable gift that will be appreciated year 'round!

The Country Gentleman 1100 Waterway Boulevard Indianapolis, IN 46202

2 years $8.95 (reg. $12.00) 3 years $12.95 (reg. $18.00)

☐ Enclosed check or money order
☐ Bill me later Bill to:
☐ BankAmericard/VISA
☐ Master Charge

☐ Please send a gift card in my name.
☐ 2 years ☐ 3 years ☐ Renewal
☐ Also send a subscription to my name
☐ 2 years ☐ 3 years ☐ Renewal

Credit Card Number _____

Expiration Date _____ MC 4-digit Interbank Number ____ ____ ____ ____

Signature _____

My Name (Print) _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Gift Name (Print) _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Outside U.S. add $2.00 postage per year

449

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

meeting. She was moving into the big time. It would be her first trip to the nation's capital, indeed, as Drew Stephens recalls, her first east of the Mississippi River. For her, it was a famous first.

Karen, her two cohorts from Oklahoma, and Swisher met with Mazzocchi during the day, and that evening went to dinner with Wodka who just arrived from out of town. They developed a plan to work up a list of complaints on health and safety and present them to the Atomic Energy Commission the next day. Karen was especially interested in the quality control situation at K-M. According to Wodka, she said that there was a speed-up at the plant because management wanted to complete the contract, and that defective fuel rods were being passed.

During her stay in Washington, Karen met alone with Mazzocchi, and she agreed to spy on what went on at Cimarron and report her findings to him. Karen said she was sure fuel-rod records were being doctored. Since K-M was counting heavily on a growing and continuing business with Westinghouse, the union would have a sword over the company's head if it could prove such tampering.

Mazzocchi and Wodka firmly instructed Karen that her assignment to check on fuel-rod quality assurance was to be kept secret—even from Tice and Brewer, the other Oklahoma members of the team. They assured her that no one else, including the AEC, would be informed about her activities.

The plan now was to win the decertification election October 16, then drop the information on the faulty fuel rods on the AEC in time for K-M to be shaken up before the November contract negotiations. This story would then be given to someone in the national press, and thus put K-M in an even more ticklish situation.

To get the workers fired up over health and safety, Mazzocchi hired Dean Abrahamson, M.D., and Donald Geesaman, a physicist—both at the University of Minnesota—to speak on the perils of plutonium and its cancer potential to two meetings of union members October 10, just six days before the decertification balloting.

All this was heady stuff for Karen. Her recent life was disturbed, partly because of her breakup with Drew Stephens. In fact, she had gone to a counselor for therapy. She often told friends how anguished she was over not having custody of her children, and how her life had gone wrong. She often smoked marijuana or took pills to escape her torment. But now she had a purpose, a cause, an opportunity to do something meaningful. She sincerely felt that she would be helping her fellow workers to better health and safety standards, and would also be helping her union get its strength back by revealing shoddy practices in fuel-rod production.

Life in Oklahoma City can be pleasant, but it isn't the fast track. The fast track is Los Angeles, New York City and Washington, cities where the restaurants show some chic, where the wine is poured nicely and where the menu can appear exotic to a country girl like Karen Silkwood. It all can be overwhelming, and in Karen's case, it evidently was.

Steven Wodka, when he met Karen Silkwood, was 25, single, handsome with his black mustache, and one of the bright young officials of his international union. An Easterner, he had been educated at Columbia University and Antioch College. He came to OCAW as a legislative assistant, and had always worked for Mazzocchi, who was very impressed with him. Wodka was adept at cultivating the press, and getting stories out which put leverage on the various companies holding contracts with OCAW.

He was intrigued with Karen Silkwood's stories about faulty fuel rods because, if they were verified, he had a real story indeed to leak to the press. And he had more than a professional interest in Karen. According to a sworn deposition by Drew Stephens, Karen told Drew that she became very close to Wodka even in that short visit in Washington, that she liked him so much that she went to bed with him during her short stay in Washington. Stephens said that Wodka slept with Karen when he was in Oklahoma City in October as well. Karen, Stephens said, wasn't in love with Wodka.

At any rate, before Karen left Washington, she was taken by Wodka to the AEC, where she and Brewer and Tice cited examples to back up Wodka's major complaints about the Cimarron plant: 1) that K-M failed to keep exposure levels to workers as low as possible; 2) that K-M did not provide proper hygienic facilities (only two shower heads for every 75 workers); 3) that workers were not properly trained or educated

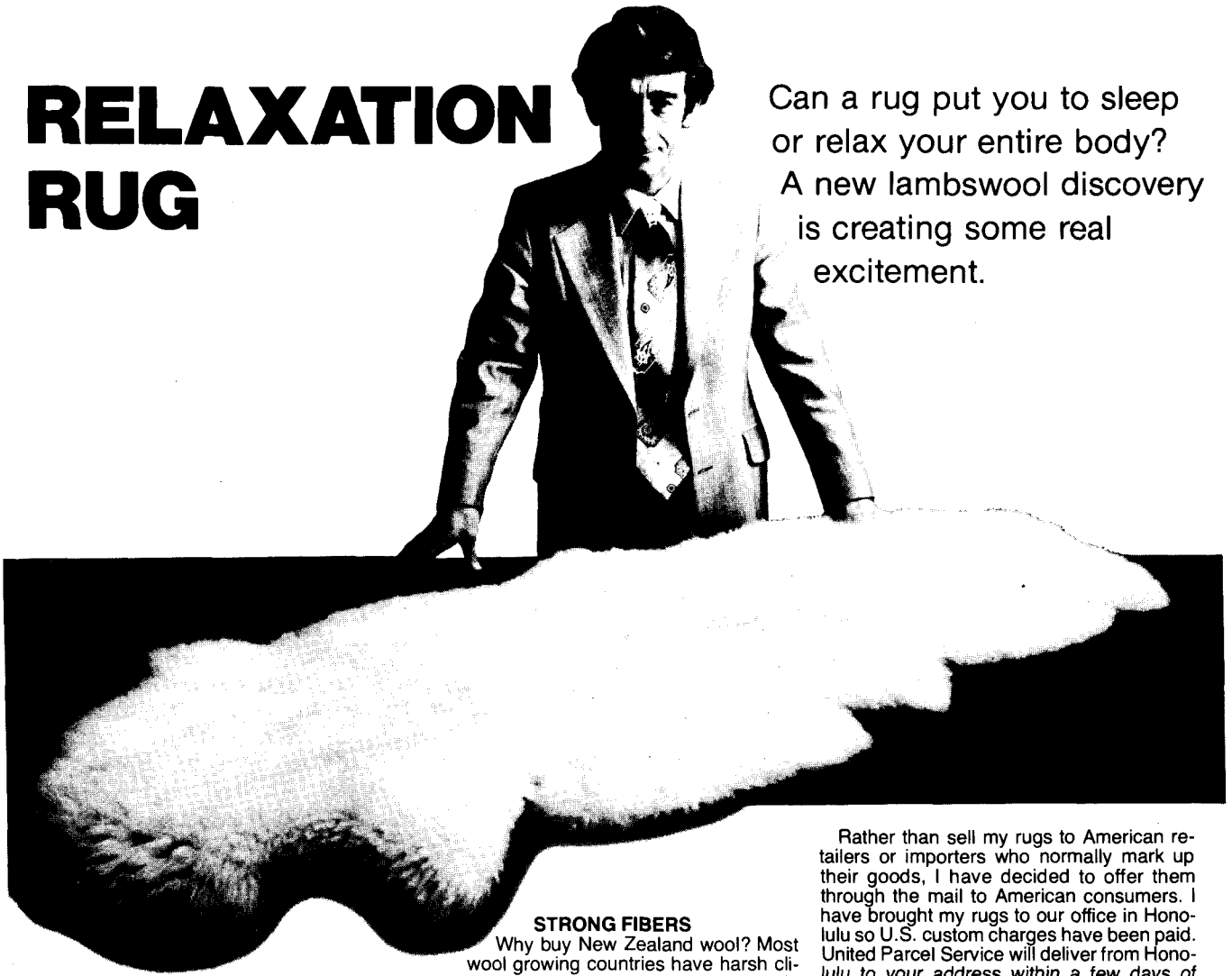
Continued on following page

Jane Fonda was guest of Dick Cavett on public television to promote her anti-nuclear film. Her erroneous statements about Silkwood case caused confusion. Cavett professed minimal knowledge of facts, but lent his lure to the Silkwood cause.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RELAXATION RUG

Can a rug put you to sleep or relax your entire body? A new lambswool discovery is creating some real excitement.



My name is Archibald Mason. I am a rug merchant from New Zealand.

New Zealanders are a relaxed people. They enjoy sports and they love the outdoors. They know how important it is to relax, to relieve tension, to sleep well. I can offer you the very special rug which helps New Zealand relax.

SELECTION PROCESS

New Zealand has more sheep than people. And one of their by-products is lambswool. Most of the lambswool is shorn, and made into soft woolen garments. But a few fleeces—a very few—are never shorn. They are set aside for rugs. If the wool is long and dense and naturally white, and if the skin is large and unblemished, the fleece may become a New Zealand "Wooly," a rug of unusual qualities. Only a few of these rugs are produced. They are seldom seen outside New Zealand. Most are sold in New Zealand, often to visitors from foreign countries. I doubt you'll find one in a shop in the USA. If you've seen one in a friend's office or home he probably travelled to New Zealand to buy it.

After we select the best skins, they must go through a unique tanning process we call "chrome tanning". This is a process we have perfected in New Zealand which produces a fluffy white rug that can be thrown in the washing machine and washed just like a woolen sweater. It retains its softness, fluffiness and resilience. Full washing instructions are on the back of each rug.

STRONG FIBERS

Why buy New Zealand wool? Most wool growing countries have harsh climates, either a summer drought or a cold winter. The sheep can take it, but a brittle area develops in the wool fiber. You can't see the brittleness, but gradually the wool breaks and the fleece becomes thinner. This doesn't happen to all wool. New Zealand's generous rainfall is spread throughout the year and the climate is mild. The green pastures which make New Zealand a favorite with tourists, supply the sheep with good nourishment right through the year. So there are no brittle patches in a wool which, in spite of its softness, will outlast all other wools. (This is also the secret behind New Zealand's carpet wool, one of the world's strongest wool fibers.)

LUXURIOUS

If you own my Mason Wooly Rug it would be the most luxurious carpet on your living room floor. Don't be surprised if your friends won't step on it. It looks too soft to be walked on and they may not know how durable my lambswool can be. You can put a grand piano on it, the fiber will spring right back again. Or with my rug beside your bed your toes would sink into deep wool each morning. A great way to start the day. But if you or your children take the rug into bed to sleep on you may never see it on the floor again. New Zealanders have found that the natural air cells in my soft wool rug induce especially deep sleep, to keep you warm in winter, cool in summer and you can even switch off your electric blanket. My Mason Wooly is lovely to look at and beautiful to feel, a rug that invites you to sink your fingers and toes into it. A rug that invites you to touch it with your skin and rest on it. A rug that is natural and soft, durable and washable.

Rather than sell my rugs to American retailers or importers who normally mark up their goods, I have decided to offer them through the mail to American consumers. I have brought my rugs to our office in Honolulu so U.S. custom charges have been paid. United Parcel Service will deliver from Honolulu to your address within a few days of shipping.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

It may be difficult for you to imagine the softness and denseness of our wooly so I offer a money back guarantee. Send me your order for the rug and use it in your home, office or car, drape it over a sofa, or hang it on the wall as a natural work of art. Enjoy the comfort of the soft, dense wool, feel the subtleness of the back, check the natural quality and if after two months you are not completely satisfied, send it back to me and I will refund your money in full.

The cost to you is only $84.50 (Hawaii residents add 4% State sales tax) and I'll pay the cost of postage and handling for the full 2 ft. by 5 ft. rug. Send your check or money order or credit card number and expiration date to the address shown below. **Credit card buyers may call our toll free number any time—(800) 367-7050 extension 3011. In Hawaii call 531-0441 extension 3011.**

MONARCH TRADING CO.
OF NEW ZEALAND

Archibald Mason
Foreign Trade Zone 9SP
Pier 39, Honolulu, Hawaii 96817

We New Zealanders have heard for years that Americans have counted sheep when they wanted to sleep. Why not count on our lambswool to continue your fine tradition. Order a Mason Wooly at no obligation today.

© 1979 Archibald Mason

Western

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in dangers of plutonium; 4) that K-M failed to monitor worker exposure. All told, 39 charges were lodged without K-M's knowledge. AEC then began investigating them.

If life was now exciting for Karen, it had been frantic for some time. Records of an Oklahoma City pharmacy show that she bought 30 tablets of Methaqualone on August 13, on a prescription written by her personal physician, Dr. Clarence Shields. She had been instructed to take one tablet at bedtime to help her get to sleep. But she bought 30 more on August 19, 30 more on September 25, and again on October 13. That's 150 tablets in 60 days, or 2½ times the number she was supposed to take. On September 10, 1974, she had tried to obtain more Methaqualone, from the Lehew Clinic, in nearby Guthrie, Oklahoma, but the attending doctor refused to prescribe it. It was later learned—after her death—that between July 1974 and her death November 13, Karen had taken the following mood-changing and mind-altering drugs: Methaqualone, Tylenol-3, Placidyl, Tranxene and Mellaril.

According to Drew Stephens, Karen was bug-eyed with the presentations made to union members on October 10 and 11, by Dr. Abrahamson and Dr. Geesaman. This team explained what happens to the body when matter—whether it be straw or plutonium—enters the body. Karen became increasingly alarmed, particularly when she heard that plutonium in the lung can bring on bone cancer. She also heard Geesaman say that plutonium, if swallowed into the stomach, wouldn't be a substantial risk and would be voided by the body.

Dr. Abrahamson was surprised and alarmed by the lack of knowledge of plutonium reflected in the questions from the union members. "They didn't seem to know much about the toxic properties of plutonium," he said. "They knew it wasn't healthy, but they didn't really appreciate how hazardous a material it was."

Workers told him that there were glove boxes where contamination levels were fairly high, cases where employees claimed they were in "hot" areas for extended periods of time, and imperfect cleanups of spills.

The union's strategy worked. Instead of being decertified as predicted, it won the October 16th election, by an 80 to 61 vote. OCAW could now represent the workers in the November negotiations. Karen was joyous, but her anxiety quickly returned because she had the assignment of delivering the goods on the fuel rods by November 13th.

On October 16th, according to a statement by Evelyn Emerich, Karen spent the night with her because it was obvious she was under the influence of drugs. Evelyn saw Karen in a café and felt she would be unable to drive, so out of concern for her safety, invited her to spend the night at her house. Evelyn Emerich also stated that on that night Karen confided that she had attempted suicide twice by overdosing with drugs.

On one of these two occasions, a fellow employee at K-M, Connie Edwards, had responded to Karen's call for help. (A statement by Connie Edwards revealed that in September 1973 Karen phoned and told her she tried to kill herself with a drug overdose. Connie said she drove to Karen's apartment, found her on the sofa and forced her to her feet. Connie said she got Karen to vomit by putting her finger into her throat. She then took Karen to her home where Karen spent the night.)

Some of Karen's fellow workers felt that she was acting strangely during this period. She was busy taking notes on everything, and often stayed overtime, apparently to study photomicrographs, which she guessed were X-rays of fuel pins. "We paid her overtime for spying," one K-M executive wryly remarked years later. She was working toward that November 13th deadline.

In late October, laboratory employees, the very people Karen worked with every day, petitioned that they be dropped from the bargaining unit so they wouldn't have to be represented by the union. This was a slap in the face for Karen. Every lab worker except Karen and Jerry Brewer signed the petition. Even Sherri Ellis signed it.

The pressure was building. Wodka phoned several times to remind her that she had made serious charges on the fuel rods, and now would have to document them. He also told her he had arranged for the damning material to be turned over to a reporter from the *New*

Karen's children, according to former husband, Bill Meadows, were rarely seen by their mother, and regarded Meadows' second wife, Kathy (on left), as their real mother. Karen ignored children in her will, but court settlement for them will be administered by her father.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

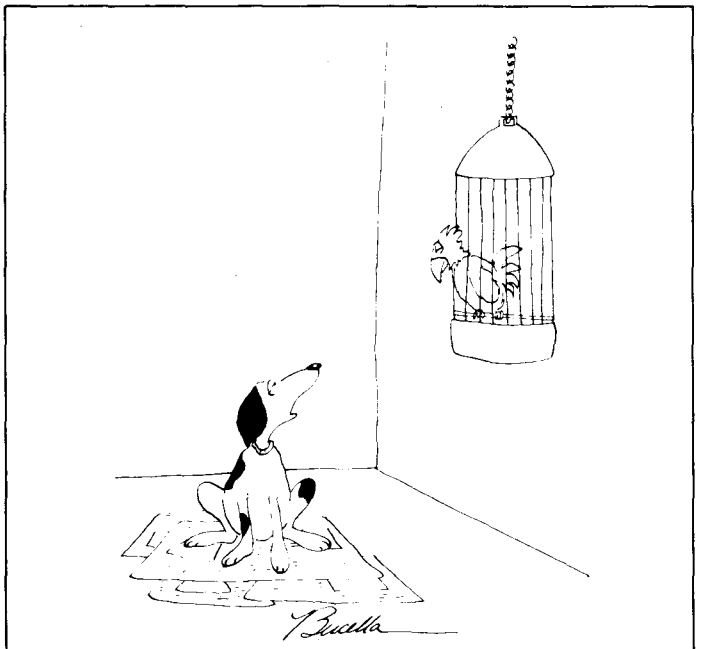
York Times. What he didn't tell Karen was that he was taping their telephone conversations.

On October 31, at 1:15 a.m., Karen Silkwood was driving on State Highway 33, not far from the Cimarron plant, when her car went off the road, went down an embankment and struck a fencepost. Luckily, she was not seriously hurt, though she did visit her doctor later complaining of whiplash. What is interesting is that this accident was very similar to the one which cost Karen her life two weeks later. She told friends that she went off the road to avoid hitting a cow.

Karen was to work the 4:00 p.m.-to-midnight shift that day. At 10:00, Karen and two other lab workers took a coffee break. Another worker noticed that Karen and a friend were giggling and seemed to be on drugs. He noticed that her speech was slurred and that she wove around when she left the room. So he phoned his wife and had her make an anonymous call to a laboratory supervisor to report what was going on with Karen. When the supervisor arrived, Karen was gone. Her friend said he had taken a pill offered him by Karen. He was given three days off, without pay, because of a rule that plutonium plant workers were not to take prescription drugs without notifying their supervisors. Karen was bitter when she refused to accept a written reprimand for her part.

On November 1, the day after her car had run off the road, Karen went to Dr. Shields and complained about whiplash. Dr. Shields noted that she appeared to be lethargic and that her speech was slurred. She told him that she had taken Quaaludes, Tylenol-3 (a prescription drug) and Mellaril. He said that was entirely too much medicine, and asked her to turn her purse over to him, which she did. He removed the drugs. When Karen came back to see him November 4, he returned the drugs to her and gave her another prescription for Methaqualone. Dr. Shields says he also gave her a lecture about drug abuse, and reminded her again that the Quaaludes were to be taken only when she went to bed.

She became increasingly nervous, and turned to Drew Stephens again. For some reason, Stephens never seemed to mind that Karen had what he described in his sworn deposition as "a man-woman type relationship" with two other K-M employees and Steve Wodka, and that she had "a physical relationship with another woman twice in early 1974. . . ." In fact, after her accident of October 31, she phoned a K-M employee to get her car pulled out of the mud and off to the garage. She spent the night with that man, skipped work for two days, and then went to see Stephens.



"I'll trade you the sports for the funnies."

Drew had quit K-M September 20, disgusted because he had been transferred to work in the plant, which he considered beneath his skills. He was tired of K-M, tired of the union and alternately worried about and angry with Karen. He wanted her to quit K-M, forget her crusade and find some peace. "I felt it was consuming everything she had, mentally and physically," he said. "She couldn't let it go or relax."

Karen Silkwood was slightly built. Her face was so thin that, it was said, she couldn't wear a normal-size respirator at her work. She was an intense person, and her body weight dropped from 112 pounds to 94 during the fall of 1974.

Wodka later recalled that Karen had promised the incriminating documents on K-M in late October, and that they would show which defective fuel rods—by serial numbers—were passed, why and when, and who said what to whom. Wodka was elated. He phoned David Burnham, a *New York Times* reporter, who specialized in nuclear plant matters, and asked him if he would like a story about a major nuclear company which made defective plutonium fuel rods and then doctored records to cover their mistakes. Naturally, Burnham, like any other good reporter, said he sure would like that story. So Wodka arranged for Burnham to accompany him to Oklahoma City November 13, to meet with Karen Silkwood.

"Karen understood the disclosure of quality control material was key to the strategy," Tony Mazzocchi, OCAW's vice president, said later. "She was consumed with the idea she had to get it [the information] and had to get it while the contract was winding down. She was nervous about meeting a *New York Times* reporter and felt the responsibility to prove the charges."

On Tuesday, November 5, Karen reported for work for the afternoon shift. In the weeks immediately preceding, she had made her momentous trip to Washington, had greatly escalated her drug use, had broken down when confiding personal troubles to friends, had run her car off the road, and had felt increasing pressure from OCAW's Washington office. It's very likely that she had difficulty, on returning to her job, in focusing on her work.

About 6:30 p.m., according to an AEC investigation, Karen

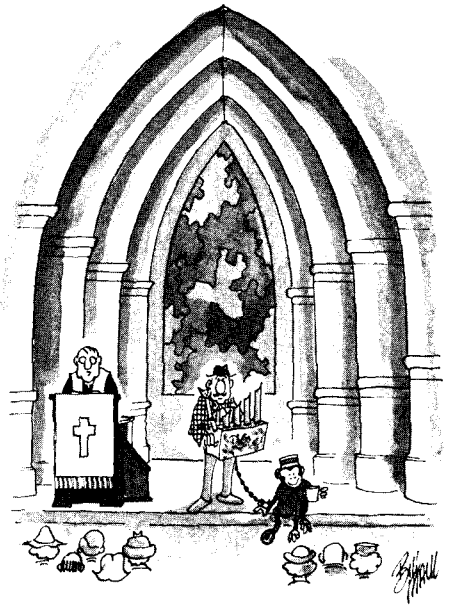
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

checked her hands on the monitoring instrument on the glove box where she had been grinding and polishing plutonium pellets, and noticed an extremely high reading. Her right side read 20,000 d/m's (disintegrations per minute), but most of the contamination was on her clothing. There was some on her face, neck, wrist and hand, however. K-M's Health Physics Office put Karen through a decontamination process which was completed at 9:00 p.m. Karen was given kits to sample her urine and feces for a five-day bioassay program to make sure she had no internal contamination. When she went home at 1:10 a.m., the exit monitor showed no contamination.

On Wednesday, November 6, at 6:50 a.m., Karen arrived at work, spent one hour on paper work, and prepared to leave for a union meeting. While monitoring herself on exit, she detected contamination on her hands. She was partially decontaminated by the Health Physics office, and told to return after the union meeting for "fixed" contamination to be removed. That was accomplished when she came back at 4:30 p.m. She asked that a nasal smear be taken since it could reveal internal contamination (lung). The Health Physics technician was concerned that one nostril showed a 170 d/m reading, not high but meriting investigation. Karen became upset. She asked that her locker and car be checked. They were and showed no contamination. Karen could not quell her fear. In tears, she phoned Dr. Abrahamson, told him how frightened she was, and asked for medical advice.

On Thursday, November 7, at 7:50 a.m., Karen reported to the Health Physics Office. Nasal smears showed an alarming 45,000 d/m. Other readings showed high levels for the rest of her body. Nasal irrigation reduced the count to 300 d/m. Showering reduced her body contamination to 500 d/m. Meanwhile, checks of four urine samples taken since Tuesday showed significant contamination activity. A fecal sample collected at home showed a high count. Karen underwent decontamination, and the Health Physics officer determined that the contamination must have come off the plant premises.

So Health Physics personnel and Karen went to her apartment, where a survey showed significant levels of contamination in the bathroom and kitchen. Sherri Ellis, sleeping after working the night shift, was awakened and contamination was found on her hands and buttocks. Karen and Sherri were taken to the plant while K-M personnel planned to decontaminate the apartment. Drew Stephens, who had spent Wednesday night in Karen's apartment, was also contacted. No contamination was found on him, his car or his apartment. Sherri had been contaminated when she used the bathroom after Karen left for work about 7:30 a.m.



"Now I'd like to introduce our new organist and say a few words about our budget. . . ."

An investigation showed that Drew had used the bathroom before he left. Karen rose about 15 minutes later, went to the refrigerator about 7:15 a.m., and then went to the bathroom to take a urine sample. She said she took bologna from the refrigerator to make a sandwich and mindlessly carried it into the bathroom, placing it on the closed commode top. She said she spilled her urine sample. She didn't make the sandwich because, while in the bathroom, she remembered she had left part of her Tuesday lunch at the plant. (The refrigerator where this lunch was kept at the plant showed no contamination, leading to the conclusion that the bologna was contaminated after Tuesday. Similarly, the lunch Sherri Ellis made Wednesday night from food in the refrigerator was free of contamination.) So she put the bologna back in the refrigerator.

The decontamination team, in white coveralls, galoshes, taped gloves, and wearing respirators, looked like moon men when they entered Karen's apartment late that afternoon. They found levels of 100,000 d/m in the bathroom, 400,000 d/m on a package of bologna and cheese in the refrigerator. Wayne Norwood had asked Karen earlier in the day "Where in the world could all of this [contamination] have come from?" and she replied that it came from the spilled urine sample.

Karen's apartment was locked up because the contamination team had more work to do Friday morning (November 8). A portable alpha counter was left just inside the locked front door so the team could take a measurement. In the middle of the evening Steve Wodka phoned Drew and told him Karen had phoned him and sounded very frightened. Wodka said Karen wanted him to come to Oklahoma at once, that K-M was harassing her and had sealed her apartment.

While Drew was talking with Wodka, a neighbor came in and told him Karen was on his phone and wanted to talk to him immediately. So Drew hung up on Wodka, went to the neighbors, and discovered Karen was hysterical. She arrived at Drew's a half-hour later, "crying and shaking." Karen told Drew she might have inhaled the plutonium and could be suffering internal contamina-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tion (lung). "She was afraid she was going to die," Stephens recalled. He told her to take a Methaqualone pill—which she did.

Later, Stephens recalled in a chronology published by The Karen Silkwood Fund, Karen drove back to her apartment to get something, though she never told him what it was. According to this version, Karen's landlord later told investigators there was a trap door in her bedroom closet which K-M inspectors apparently missed. Whatever she was after might have been there.

When the decontamination team arrived Friday morning, the alpha counter was missing. Also on Friday, Karen sent word to K-M that she would not return to the plant or talk with anyone at K-M. At this point both Karen and K-M wanted the Atomic Energy Commission's nuclear-health physician at Los Alamos to give her a "vivo count"—a thorough body scan—to determine the extent of her contamination.

Karen and Drew spent Friday, November 8, seeing medical consultants from K-M and the AEC. Drew also spent some time at Karen's apartment, assisting the decontamination crew in going through her belongings. Afterwards, Drew took Karen to his body repair shop because she was afraid to be alone. She had taken two Methaqualone pills the night before. TV and radio reporters came to Drew's shop but he sent them away.

After work, he drove Karen in her car to the airport to meet Wodka. Karen and Wodka greeted each other with a hug. They went to a Holiday Inn to meet with Gerald A. Phillips of the AEC. En route to the Holiday Inn where they were to meet Phillips, Karen was excited as she related the week's events to Wodka. After brief questioning, Drew was asked to leave by the AEC people, who wanted to talk to Karen alone.

Later that evening, Drew, Karen and Wodka went out to dinner. Drew sensed that Karen felt better after her meeting with the AEC people. After dinner, they all went to Wodka's room and to bed. For some reason, Drew, in his sworn deposition, made it clear that Karen didn't have sexual relations with either him or Wodka that night.

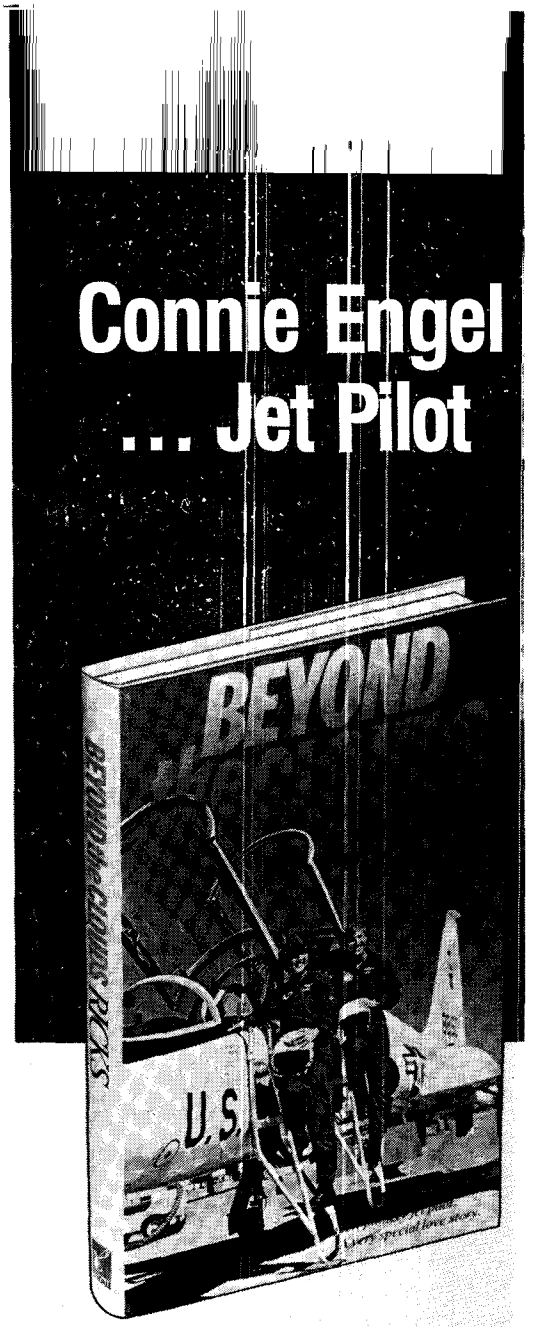
Saturday, November 9, was taken up with more meetings, medical examinations and examination—by Drew—of her personal effects. Since her apartment was still being decontaminated, Drew and Karen spent the night at his place.

On Sunday, November 10, Drew, Karen and Sherri, along with Dr. Charles Sternhagen, flew to Albuquerque and then drove a rented car to Los Alamos. They phoned Dr. George Voelz, health division leader of the AEC's scientific laboratory, and then checked into a motel. According to Drew, Karen had learned from the Minnesota experts that, if ingested, 99.99 percent of plutonium in high-fired form would pass through a person's body rather quickly. As they lounged about the motel room, Drew asked Karen, "Did you eat a pellet?" Drew said Karen gagged, began to cry and denied she had. (Two weeks later, Sherri Ellis was quoted in the *Daily Oklahoman* as saying that the question of Karen pilfering plutonium was "something to be considered.")

Stephens, in a conversation with this writer, said he couldn't believe that "Karen would take plutonium out, she was scared to death of the stuff," but added that in a given moment, Karen "was capable of taking it out for a stunt, but would never tell me." The amount in Karen's apartment, 3 milligrams, is so small that if it were in a vial or envelope it would easily escape detection by exit monitoring equipment.

On November 11, Monday, Dr. Voelz supervised the exacting body-counting procedures, some of which were done in deep-vaulted equipment. After the first tests, Drew and Sherri were told they "did not receive a biologically significant internal deposition of plutonium." Translated, that meant they were clean.

Karen's body organs, including the lungs and tissue, did contain a small amount of plutonium, though she "did not inhale a significant quantity." After two days of testing, it was determined that



BEYOND THE CLOUDS. On November 30, 1976, Connie Engel soloed an Air Force jet to become the first woman jet pilot in the United States Air Force. *Beyond the Clouds* tells how this pretty young woman plunged herself into the harsh rigors and testings of a male-dominated world, and emerged triumphant. Through it all, she maintained her identity, sense of purpose, and femininity. In Chip Ricks' exciting book you'll read how Connie swapped a secure career in nursing for the excitement and risk of pilot training. But most of all you'll thrill to Captain Connie Engel's reliance upon a God beyond the clouds. Cloth, $6.95

Available at your bookstore.

If ordering by mail, include 50¢ for postage and handling.

TYNDALE HOUSE PUBLISHERS
WHEATON, ILLINOIS 60187

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Karen had less than half the amount considered dangerous. Dr. Voelz reassured her that "she did not have a hazard from the plutonium," and that the risk of cancer was tiny. Karen seemed relieved with this news, Dr. Voelz later testified. Sherri Ellis showed slight plutonium activity in her urine and feces, but no lung contamination. All tests on Drew Stephens proved negative. On Tuesday night, November 12, they flew back to Oklahoma City. Drew later related that Karen was in good spirits, and confident about her physical condition.

Since Karen's apartment was still sealed, Karen, Drew and Sherri—along with Sherri's girl friend, Debe, whom they picked up—went to Drew's house to spend the night. Drew went to bed at 11:00 p.m. Karen, Sherri and Debe stayed up and drank Bloody Marys laced with vodka and ethyl alcohol.

Wednesday, November 13, was to be Karen's big day because she was to meet Wodka and David Burnham of the *New York Times* that night. When Drew woke up, the three girls had already left. Karen and Sherri went to the Cimarron plant, but were restricted to nonradiation areas. Karen spent much of the day alternating between union negotiations and being questioned by AEC personnel. About 5:15 p.m., Karen appeared at the Hub Café in Crescent, Oklahoma, for another union meeting.

According to a federal investigation, people at the meeting said Karen was upset over her contamination problem. The discussion centered on the upcoming bargaining talks. At one point, however, Karen remarked to Mrs. Jean Jung that she had proof that K-M had shipped defective plutonium fuel rods. Mrs. Jung said Karen "nervously" flipped through a manila folder, but that she (Jung) did not actually see the proof. A fellow union member who rode from the plant to the café in her car said he and Karen had rough notes of demands on the company, but had no recollection of seeing a large file of papers, documents or any items that may have related to her allegations on the fuel rods.

When the meeting broke up, two men, worried about Karen's upset emotional state and poor appearance, offered to drive her home. She declined. She had not told them she was going to meet Wodka and Burnham. She left the Hub Café about 7:10 p.m. for the 35-mile drive to Oklahoma City. About 7:30 p.m., as her 1973 Honda Civic Hatchback was traveling at 50 to 55 m.p.h., 7.3 miles south of Crescent on Highway 74 (two-lane), it went off the left side of the road, ran 240 to 270 feet along a ditch, and hit the south wingwall of a concrete culvert, traveled 20 feet into the air, and crashed on the north wingwall of the culvert at a speed reckoned at 40 to 45 m.p.h. The tires had tracked all in one direction. When Karen was pulled from her car about 45 minutes later, blood on her face had dried. She was dead.

Trooper Rick Fagan of the Oklahoma Highway Patrol reported that Karen's death was the result of a classic, one-car, sleeping-driver accident. An autopsy revealed that Karen had 0.35 milligrams of Methaqualone in her blood, another 45.53 milligrams of undissolved Methaqualone in her stomach, and 1.08 milligrams in her liver at the time of the accident. Dr. A. J. Chapman, Chief Medical Examiner of the Board of Medicolegal Investigations, Oklahoma City, concluded that Karen was under the influence of drugs at the time of the accident. There was an obvious parallel to the October 31 accident which, incidentally, authorities didn't report until November 26.

Meanwhile, back at the Holiday Inn, Wodka, Stephens and Burnham became restless because Karen had phoned Stephens about 6:00 p.m. and told him the meeting wouldn't keep her too late. Wodka began phoning union members, and about 10:00 p.m. got through to Jack Tice, head of the local, who told Wodka that the sheriff informed him that Karen had died in a car crash.

The Honda was pulled from the culvert, towed to Sebring's garage in Crescent and locked up. Wodka, Stephens and Burnham drove to the crash site, looked around, and then went to the garage. But they could only peer through the window to see the car; the garage was locked. So they went back to the crash site. Wodka remarked that Karen might have been purposely run off the road.

About 12:30 a.m., November 14, the garage owner admitted a highway patrolman, a local policeman, two AEC staffers and a K-M representative. The highway patrolman and a Crescent city policeman observed as the other three men surveyed the car and contents with alpha counters. Nothing was removed from the car except a sample of a red substance in a plastic bottle.

About 9:30 a.m. that morning, the garage owner and an assistant removed all personal effects from the car, inventoried the items and put them in a box which was sealed. At 1:30 p.m., Stephens came to the garage, was given Karen's personal effects, and arranged to tow the Honda away later that day—which he did.

Continued on following page

"I know I should have some silver and gold. But who do I buy from and what should I pay?"

That question, asked countless times of the SILVER & GOLD REPORT by its subscribers, prompted the REPORT's editors to do an in-depth study of precisely what to buy, where to buy it, and how much to pay.

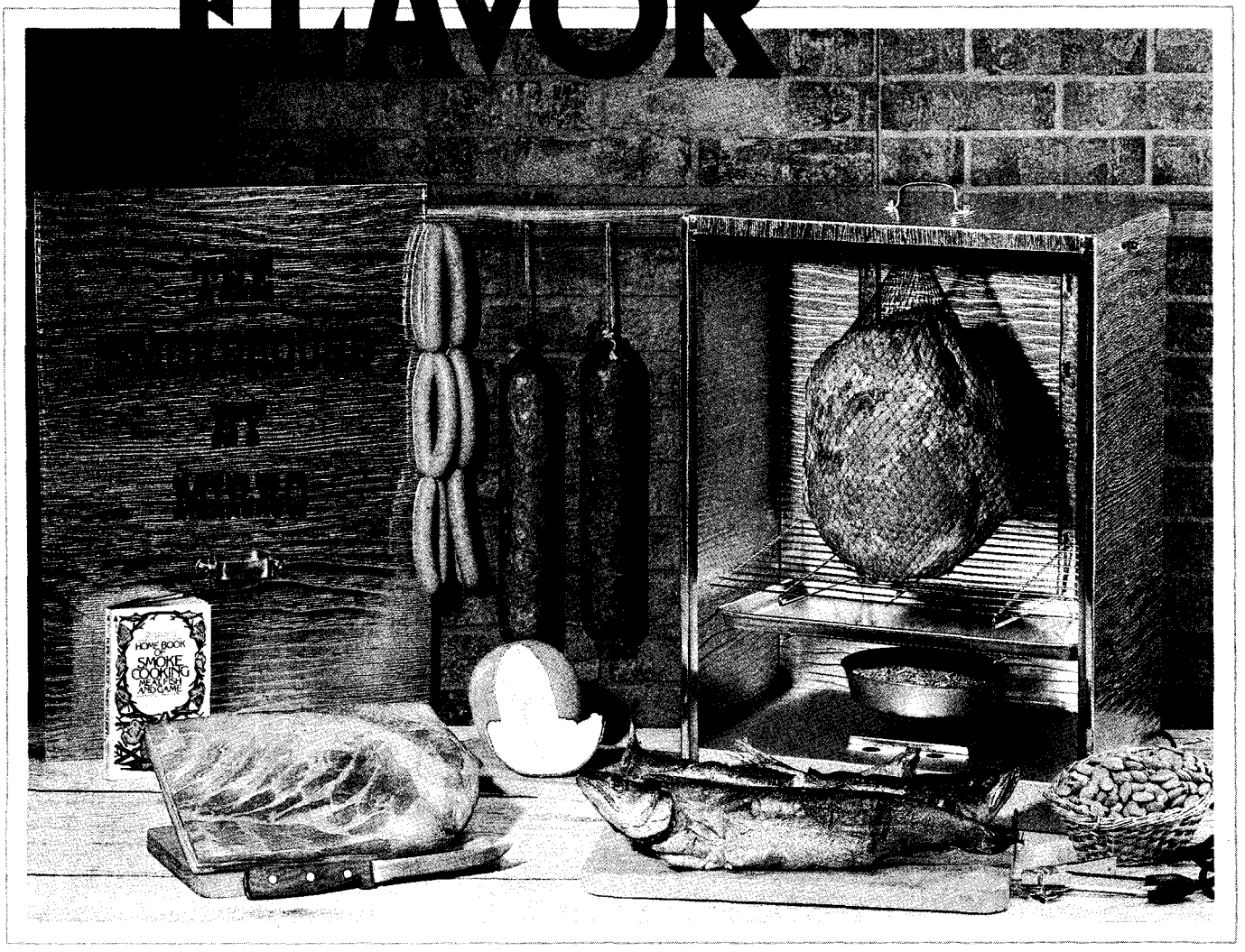
That study, **A Consumer's Guide to Silver and Gold,** analyzes the 29 most common ways to invest in silver and gold and helps you determine which best suits your needs, what charges you should expect to pay, and six key points in choosing a dealer wisely. Moreover, it warns you of the pitfalls in silver and gold investing – and how to avoid them.

The **Consumer's Guide** is yours absolutely FREE with a 3-month (six-issue), $15.00 Introductory Subscription to the SILVER & GOLD REPORT – an impartial and independent advisory newsletter for investors interested in precious metals. For your bonus copy of **A Consumer's Guide to Silver and Gold** and your 3-month Introductory Subscription, send this ad and check or money order for $15.00, with your name and address, to:

Consumer's Guide
SILVER & GOLD REPORT
Dept. SP2, P.O. Box 325
Newtown, CT 06470.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SAVOR SMOKED FLAVOR



THE FAST, LOW-COST WAY TO ACHIEVE THE EXPENSIVE TASTE OF NATURALLY SMOKED GOURMET FOOD.

Perfect for the fisherman, hunter and anyone who enjoys the tantalizing taste and distinctive aroma of smokehouse smoked meat, fish and game. Smokes up to 35-40 lbs. of food, *double the capacity* of other units.

- 18 x 13¾ x 24½
- Rugged rustproof aluminum
- 120 Volt—UL listed
- 4 large removable shelves
- Hanging rod for bulky food
- Removable drip tray

ARMCHAIR SHOPPER
P.O. Box 1144
Indianapolis, IN 46206

Please send_____Smokehouse(s) at 59.95 plus 5.00 shipping each unit. *(Allow 3-4 weeks for delivery)*

☐Check enclosed

☐VISA ☐MasterCharge

Card No. _____ Expires _____

Signature _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ ZIP_____

Indiana residents add 4% sales tax H9

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

So now Karen Silkwood was at rest after being on earth 28 years and nine months. The medical examiner found the following in her purse: an I.D. badge, an electronic security key, two marijuana cigarettes, a Kotex pad, two used Kleenex, a Mickey Mouse watch, a small notebook and $8.96 in change and bills. Physicians from the Los Alamos nuclear facility came to Oklahoma City to perform an autopsy because this was a rare opportunity to study a body which had recently been contaminated and surveyed for radiation. Karen was finally buried in Texas, with her family and children in attendance.

Karen was still, but the first gusts of a controversy which would swell into a storm to sweep across Oklahoma and the nation were beginning to blow. The Oil, Chemical and Atomic Workers hired A. O. Pipkin, Jr., a private investigator, to check into the fatal accident. Pipkin quickly announced there was evidence suggesting Karen's car had been hit from behind, thus forcing it off the road and causing her death.

OCAW's Washington boss, Mazzocchi, immediately wired the Justice Department and AEC, demanding investigations of Karen's death and health safety at the Cimarron plant. The word fanned out from OCAW that it was strange how Karen was contaminated and stranger how she died. Mazzocchi claimed "sufficient evidence" to back Karen's charges on faulty fuel rods at K-M. Moreover, Wodka voiced dark suspicions about what happened to the documents which Karen was going to give Burnham and thus blow K-M sky high.

The suspicions became ugly rumors and then charges that giant K-M, desperate to stop Karen Silkwood's probing, had planted plutonium in her apartment to scare her off, and then arranged for her car to be run off the road to frighten her further and possibly kill her. Accusations were made that K-M was motivated to perform these foul deeds out of its fear that Karen Silkwood had confidential information about defective plutonium fuel rods.

Once the cloud of angry rhetoric cleared, three questions stood there stark and demanded resolution: Was plutonium planted in Karen's apartment? Was her car deliberately run off the road, thus, murder? Did she have solid evidence (the documents) that K-M manufactured faulty fuel rods and falsified records?

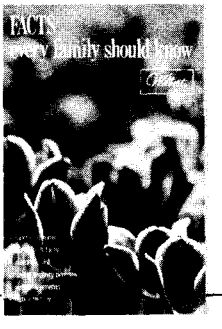
The Atomic Energy Commission and the Justice Department conducted thorough investigations to answer those questions. Two congressional investigations were begun for the same purpose. Meanwhile, all manner of causist groups leaped into the controversy.

Kitty Tucker and Sara Nelson, Washington officials of the National Organization for Women (NOW), fumed and fussed over the Silkwood investigation, then persuaded Karen's parents to accept an honorary NOW membership at the annual convention in October 1975. On November 13th, the first anniversary of Karen's death, NOW proclaimed "Karen Silkwood Memorial Day," with Nelson delivering a eulogy at an anti-nuclear rally in New York City. Ralph Nader's anti-nuclear organization held a candlelight vigil on the steps of the Capitol.

Nelson enlisted Daniel Sheehan, a "cause" lawyer who "won" the Pentagon Papers case, to the growing Silkwood movement. Sheehan worked for leftist priests at the Jesuit Social Ministry in Washington, D.C. He convinced Bill Silkwood, who had been festering over his daughter's death, to file a lawsuit. Sheehan pushed the argument that Karen's civil rights had been violated, as Daniel Ellsberg's were (another Sheehan client).

The movement swelled, was joined by the National Emergency Civil Liberties Foundation, the Environmental Policy Center, the Quixote Center, the Coalition of Labor Union Women, and Stewart

"FACTS every family should know" is a free booklet every family should have



"FACTS every family should know" offers, in direct manner, information that will help you plan for and deal with the death of a family member or friend. It's free . . . with no obligation . . . made available by Wilbert, America's foremost manufacturer of quality burial vaults.

Good Housekeeping

Wilbert.

P.O. Box 147 SE
Forest Park, IL 60130

YES! Please send me a free copy of "FACTS every family should know"

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mott Associates (founded by an heir to the enormous wealth of Charles S. Mott, a pioneer at General Motors).

Rock concerts, foundation grants and private donations accumulated $300,000 for the Karen Silkwood Fund, administered by the Youth Project, a tax-exempt and partially federally-funded private organization in Washington. Promotion materials for the Silkwood case, including an exhaustive and highly sympathetic profile (*Karen Silkwood: Union Sister*), were published and widely distributed.

The activists welcomed and cultivated the press. Early on, Steve Wodka disclosed that his union had hidden Karen's car, though it was shown on CBS television news. "We swung a deal with CBS," Wodka explained with assurance, "and in return we don't intend to reveal where it is—CBS promised to keep it secret."

The death site became enshrined, was photographed and televised dozens of times. Conspiratorial stories were aired. *New Times* seemed to be the wildest and most fun to read, though it wasn't really information. "The Nuclear Martyr, and the strange case of the purloined plutonium papers," proclaimed *New Times*, adding: "The publicity surrounding the death of Karen Silkwood seems destined to elevate the young plutonium worker to virtual sainthood—and to sink the nuclear industry still further into disrepute."

Ms. magazine and *Rolling Stone* had found a youth-culture hero in Karen, clutched her for dear life, and played the story beyond anyone's tolerance point. "The Case of Karen Silkwood," shouted *Ms.*; "The death of a nuclear power plant worker raises the specter of murder and a terrifying technological reality." The Cimarron facility, of course, was not a nuclear power plant. The reality was yet to be determined by several government investigations.

But the press was a relentless force at that time, because only six months before President Nixon had resigned because of the Watergate scandals. The press took much of the credit for this, and this heady momentum carried some souls right into the Silkwood story.

Rolling Stone knew it had a natural for its youthful, affluent readers, the sort of youth suspicious of the big corporation where Dad worked (or which he owned), the FBI, CIA and the rest of the establishment. Its bias was reflected in its offer to send special reprints of Silkwood articles for a $10 contribution to the Silkwood lawsuit fund. Good business, good P.R.

It was the same for Jane Fonda. She first tried to buy film rights to the Silkwood story, discovered that they had already been acquired by a newcomer to the industry. But she included some allegations in the Silkwood story in *China Syndrome*, her much touted and anti-nuclear movie.

Fonda was later a convenient, ready guest on the "Dick Cavett Show" on Public Broadcasting (partly federally funded) to discuss the case. Cavett, with minimal knowledge of the facts, described K-M's safety standards as "slipshod," and talked of X-rays being "retouched" so that "possible breaks in pipes wouldn't show." The negatives were photomicrographs, not "X-rays," and had nothing to do with pipes. Fonda spoke knowingly of the possible murder of Karen because she had "radiographs" of "pump welding." Again, there is no "pump welding" involved in this question, and Fonda seemed to have confused a nuclear power plant, which Cimarron was not, with a plutonium facility, which it was.

National Public Radio—also partially federally funded—helped the activists by providing a grant matching that of the Fund for Investigative Journalism to Peter Stockton, a congressional investigator, and Barbara Newman, an NPR reporter. Stockton left his congressional post for several months to probe the Silkwood case, and returned to Washington declaring that "somebody very powerful didn't want the truth to come out." Newman's broadcasts reflected the same suspicions. Stockton used his research mater-

Continued on page 119

FREE

Andersen answers your window and gliding door questions.

Tips on selecting the right window. How weathertight design and double-pane insulating glass save energy. The many advantages of vinyl-sheathed wood windows. These answers and more are available in a colorful 24-page booklet.

It's packed with facts, descriptions and beautiful applications of Andersen primed wood and Perma-Shield® vinyl-sheathed windows and gliding doors.

All free for the asking. 093-119

Please send me: "The Window and Gliding Door Answer Book."
Mail to: Andersen Corporation Box 12, Bayport, MN 55003
I plan to: ☐ Build ☐ Remodel ☐ Replace windows

Name _____ State _____
Address _____
City _____
Zip _____

The beautiful way to save fuel®
Andersen® Windowalls®

79004R Copyright © Andersen Corp., Bayport, MN 1979

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOK REVIEW

IN THE NAME OF JUSTICE

by Gerald E. Synhorst

The Terrors of Justice
By Maurice Stans
Everest House, 487 pages, $12.95

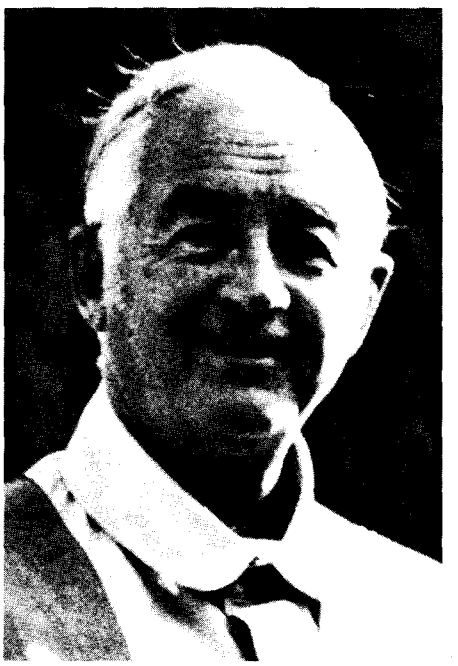
Maurice Stans charges that in the wild pursuit of justice during the Watergate era, the press, the politicians and especially the government prosecutors got out of hand. Innocent people were hurt; they were wounded for life and their families with them.

For decades Stans had been the trusted financial adviser to presidents, the architect of the Eisenhower balanced budget. Stans had been known to Washington insiders through the years as a man of absolute honesty and as a man completely incorruptible. It was natural that Richard Nixon would choose Stans as his Secretary of Commerce. It was just as sensible for Nixon to pick Stans as the chief fund raiser for his re-election. Stans, ever a stickler for detail, set up a system which complied better with the increasingly complex campaign finance laws than any other large campaign of the year. It was typical of Stans' cautious judgment that he ensured that those collecting the funds had no voice in, or even knowledge of, how the monies were spent.

Stans relates with casual detached interest how he first learned of Watergate. He began his Watergate involvement by cooperating with investigators in the secure knowledge that as always he had acted within the law and surely that couldn't be questioned.

Suddenly Stans became aware that he himself was the target of a New York grand jury probe. He was indicted for having conspired to influence government officials in favor of financier Robert Vesco. Stans had scarcely met Vesco. As soon as Vesco's troubles with the law had become apparent, his campaign contribution had been returned. Key government witnesses in the trial included admitted perjurers and assorted convicted felons.

The shoddy practices of the government prosecutors during the year-long trial are shocking. Government witnesses were threatened and bullied into testifying as desired. Grand jury information was intentionally leaked. Adverse press material was leaked to the trial jury. In the end, a New York City jury which had started out hostile declared Stans not guilty on every one of the nine counts against him. The long ordeal occurred while Stans' wife lay desperately ill. Millions in federal funds had been spent on the trial. Stans' defense had cost nearly a million. Stans had been baited like a bull. For example: The prosecutor insisted that he be fingerprinted and photographed and post bail like a criminal likely to flee.



Maurice Stans

Back to Washington went Stans to face Special Prosecutor Leon Jaworski. By this time Stans had been described as guilty by the press so often it had taken on the semblance of truth. Millions more were spent. In the end, Stans was required to admit to a handful of "technical" violations and to pay a few petty fines. All concerned privately agreed that Stans' fund-raising activity had been one of the most scrupulously honest of all the major campaigns of the era.

There are surprises in the book. Some Nixon campaign money had passed through Mexico just by chance. It was never used to pay the Watergate burglars—it had nothing to do with Watergate at all. Evidently Richard Nixon did not know this. He had sought to stop the FBI from investigating these completely legal funds which passed through Mexico. The White House tape discussing this action eventually became the "smoking gun" which brought down Richard Nixon.

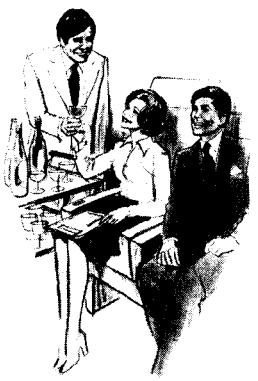
Maurice Stans does not claim he alone was an innocent Watergate victim; he cites a score of others. Millions were spent hounding Bebe Rebozo for no other reason than that he was a friend of Nixon. The full fury of the prosecutors was unleashed on John Connally. He had led a group of "Democrats for Nixon" during the '72 elections and had later served on Nixon's Cabinet. That wasn't against the law; Connally was indicted on a milk fund bribery case. As with Stans, Connally was

Continued on page 119

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

We know the way!

...to show you the best of our beautiful land.



Mexico means many things to many people. To some, Mexico immediately stirs up images of the loveliest resorts under the sun. Brand new places like Cancun, Ixtapa and Cabo San Lucas. And famous paradises such as Acapulco and Puerto Vallarta. To others, Mexico represents a trip into the past...to the ancient Mayan ruins at Chichen Itza and Tulum. And to everyone, Mexico means Mexico City. Truly one of the great cities of the world.

Let Aeromexico help you discover your Mexico. With our low-cost Quality Approved Tours and our thrifty Super Fare rates within Mexico, seeing our great sights and soaking up our fabulous sun is a memorable experience that everyone can share. And getting there is half the fun...when you're treated to the wining and dining pleasures of our famed Margarita Service™. It's the kind of hospitality that makes a vacation begin *long before you land.*

See your travel agent or call

AEROMEXICO

THE AIRLINE OF MEXICO

Aeromexico has offices in Boston • Chicago • Dallas • Denver • El Paso • Honolulu • Houston • Los Angeles • Miami
Montreal • New York • Orange, Cal. • San Diego • San Francisco • Seattle • Toronto • Tucson • Washington, D.C.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"I am Mattie Ross of near Dardanelle, Arkansas. The man Chaney, the man with the marked face, killed my father."

True Grit

Rooster and LaBoeuf galloped off without Mattie. But determined to keep the men in sight, she spurred Little Blackie onward. Then coming over a rise, Mattie found the road ahead deserted. She was alone in Indian Territory!

by Charles Portis

Illustrated by Stan Galli

SYNOPSIS: Spunky Mattie Ross hires U.S. marshal Rooster Cogburn to find her father's murderer, Tom Chaney. She meets LaBoeuf, a Texas Ranger who has been tracking the same man, and introduces him to Cogburn. The two men conspire to find the criminal and split the reward while Mattie makes her own plans.

Part Three It was still dark outside and bitter cold although mercifully there was little wind. When I reached the ferry slip on the Arkansas River I dismounted and waited. I had to move and dance about to keep from getting stiff.

There were two men running the ferry. One of them hailed me. "Air you going acrost?" said he.

"I am waiting for someone," said I. "Have you seen Marshal Cogburn?"

"We have not seen him."

The boat made at least two circuits before Rooster and LaBoeuf appeared and came riding down the incline to the slip. Rooster was mounted on a big bay stallion that stood at about 16 hands, and LaBoeuf on a shaggy cow pony not much bigger than mine.

They dismounted and led their horses aboard the ferry and I followed at a short distance. It was a minute or so before Rooster recognized me.

"Sure enough, we have got company," said he.

LaBoeuf was very angry. "Can you not get anything through your head?" he said to me. "Get off this boat."

I replied, "This ferry is open to the public. I have paid my fare."

LaBouef handed a gold dollar to one of the ferrymen and said, "Slim, take this girl to town and present her to the sheriff. She is a runaway. There is a $50 reward for her return."

"That is a story," said I. "I have business across the river and if you interfere with me, Slim, you may find yourself in court where you don't want to be. I have a good lawyer."

But the tall river rat would pay no heed to my protests. He led my pony back onto the slip and the boat pulled away without me. I said, "I am not going to walk up the hill." I mounted Little Blackie and the river rat got on his own horse and led us up the hill. When we reached the top I said, "Wait, stop a minute." He said, "What is it?" I said, "There is something wrong with my hat." He turned his horse around. "Your hat?" said he. I took it off and slapped him in the face with it and made him drop the reins. I recovered them and wheeled Little Blackie about and rode him down the bank for all he was worth.

About 50 yards below the ferry slip the river narrowed and I aimed for the place, going like blazes across a sand bar. We hit the river running and Blackie snorted and arched his back against the icy water, but once he was in he swam as though he was raised to it. I drew up my legs and held to the saddle horn and gave Blackie his head. I was considerably splashed.

The crossing was badly chosen because the narrow place of a river is the deepest and it is there that the current is swiftest and the banks steepest, but these things did not occur to me at the time; shortest looked best. We came out some little ways down the river.

When we were up and free I reined in and Little Blackie gave himself a good shaking. Rooster and LaBoeuf and the ferryman were looking at us from the boat. We had beaten them across. I stayed where I was. When they got off the boat LaBoeuf hailed me, saying, "Go back, I say!" I made no reply. He and Rooster had a parley.

Their game soon became clear. They mounted quickly and rode off at a gallop with the idea of leaving me. What a foolish plan, pitting horses so heavily loaded with men and hardware against a pony so lightly burdened as Blackie!

Our course was northwesterly on the Fort Gibson Road, if you could call it a road. This was the Cherokee Nation. Little Blackie had a hard gait, a painful trot, and I made him speed up and slow down until he had achieved a pace, a kind of lope, that was not so jarring.

We rode that way for two miles or more, Blackie and I hanging back from the officers at about 100 yards. Rooster and LaBoeuf at last saw that they were making no gain and they stopped and dismounted. I stopped, too, keeping my distance, and remained in the saddle.

LaBoeuf shouted, "Come here! We will have a con-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

versation with you!"

"You can talk from there!" I replied. "What is it you have to say?"

The two officers had another parley.

Then LaBoeuf shouted to me again, saying, "If you do not go back now I am going to whip you!"

I made no reply.

They talked some more between themselves but could not seem to settle on anything. After a time they rode off again, this time at a comfortable lope.

Now I will say something about the land. Some people think the present state of Oklahoma is all treeless plains. They are wrong. The eastern part (where we were traveling) is hilly and fairly well timbered with post oak and blackjack and similar hard scrub. Still, there were open places, little meadows and prairies, and from the tops of those low hills you could usually see a good long distance.

Then this happened. I was riding along woolgathering instead of keeping alert and as I came over a rise I discovered the road below me deserted. I nudged the willing Blackie with my heels. The officers could not be far ahead. I knew they were up to some stunt.

At the bottom of the hill there was a stand of trees and a shallow creek. I was not looking for them there at all. I thought they had raced on ahead. Just as Blackie was splashing across the creek Rooster and LaBoeuf sprang from the brush on their horses.

LaBoeuf was off his horse before you could say "Jack Robinson," and at my side. He pulled me from the saddle and threw me to the ground, face down.

"Now we will see what tune you sing," said he. He snapped a limb off a willow bush and commenced to push one of my trouser legs above my boot. I kicked violently so that he could not manage the trouser leg.

Rooster remained on his horse. He sat up there in the saddle and rolled a cigarette and watched. The more I kicked, the harder LaBoeuf pressed down with his knee and I soon saw the game was up. I left off struggling. LaBoeuf gave me a couple of sharp licks with the switch. I began to cry, I could not help it, but more from anger and embarrassment than pain. I said to Rooster, "Are you going to let him do this?"

He dropped his cigarette to the ground and said, "No, I don't believe I will. Put your switch away, LaBoeuf. She has got the best of us."

LaBoeuf flung the switch away in disgust and stood up. He said, "You have taken her part in this all along, Cogburn. Well, I can tell you you are doing the wrong thing."

Rooster said, "That will do. Get on your horse."

We resumed our journey in thoughtful silence, the three of us now riding together and pushing deeper into the Territory to I knew not what.

Dinnertime came and went and on we rode. I was hungry and aching but I kept my peace for I knew both Rooster and LaBoeuf were waiting for me to complain or say something that would make me out a tenderfoot. Some large wet flakes of snow began to fall, then changed to soft drizzling rain, then stopped altogether and the sun came out.

We turned left off the Fort Gibson Road and headed south, back down toward the Arkansas River. Our stopping place was a store on the riverbank. Behind it was a small ferryboat.

A black mule was tied up to the porch of the store. The sun had caused the wet rope under his jaw to draw tight and the more he tugged the worse he made it. Two wicked boys were sitting on the edge of the porch laughing at the mule's discomfort. They were about 17 years of age.

Rooster cut the rope with his knife and the mule breathed easy again. Then he stepped up to the two boys and kicked them off the porch into the mud with the flat of his boot. "Call that sport, do you?" said he.

The storekeeper was a man named Bagby with an Indian wife. They had already had dinner but the woman warmed up some catfish for us. LaBoeuf and I sat at a table near the stove and ate while Rooster had a conference with the man Bagby at the back of the store.

When we went back out on the porch Rooster kicked the two boys into the mud again. He said, "Who is running the ferry?"

"Me and Johnny," said one of the boys.

"Then let us get to it."

"Mr. Simmons will want to know who cut his mule loose," said the boy.

"Tell him it was Mr. James, a bank examiner of Clay County, Missouri," said Rooster.

"We resumed our journey, the three of us pushing deeper into the Territory to I knew not what."

We led our horses down to the water's edge. The ferry was a rickety affair and the horses balked when we tried to make them go aboard. I did not blame them. We got our feet wet while crossing and I was happy to get off the thing.

The road we picked up on the south bank was little more than a pig trail. The brush arched over and closed in on us at the top and we were slapped and stung with limbs. I was riding last and I believe I got the worst of it.

Here is what Rooster learned from the man Bagby: Lucky Ned Pepper had been seen three days earlier at McAlester's store on the M. K. & T. Railroad tracks. His intentions were not known. He went there from time to time to pay attention to a lewd woman. A robber called Haze and a Mexican had been seen in his company. And that was all Bagby knew. He had no word of Chaney.

Rooster said we would be better off if we could catch the robber band before they left the neighborhood of McAlester's and returned to their hiding place in the fastness of the Winding Stair Mountains.

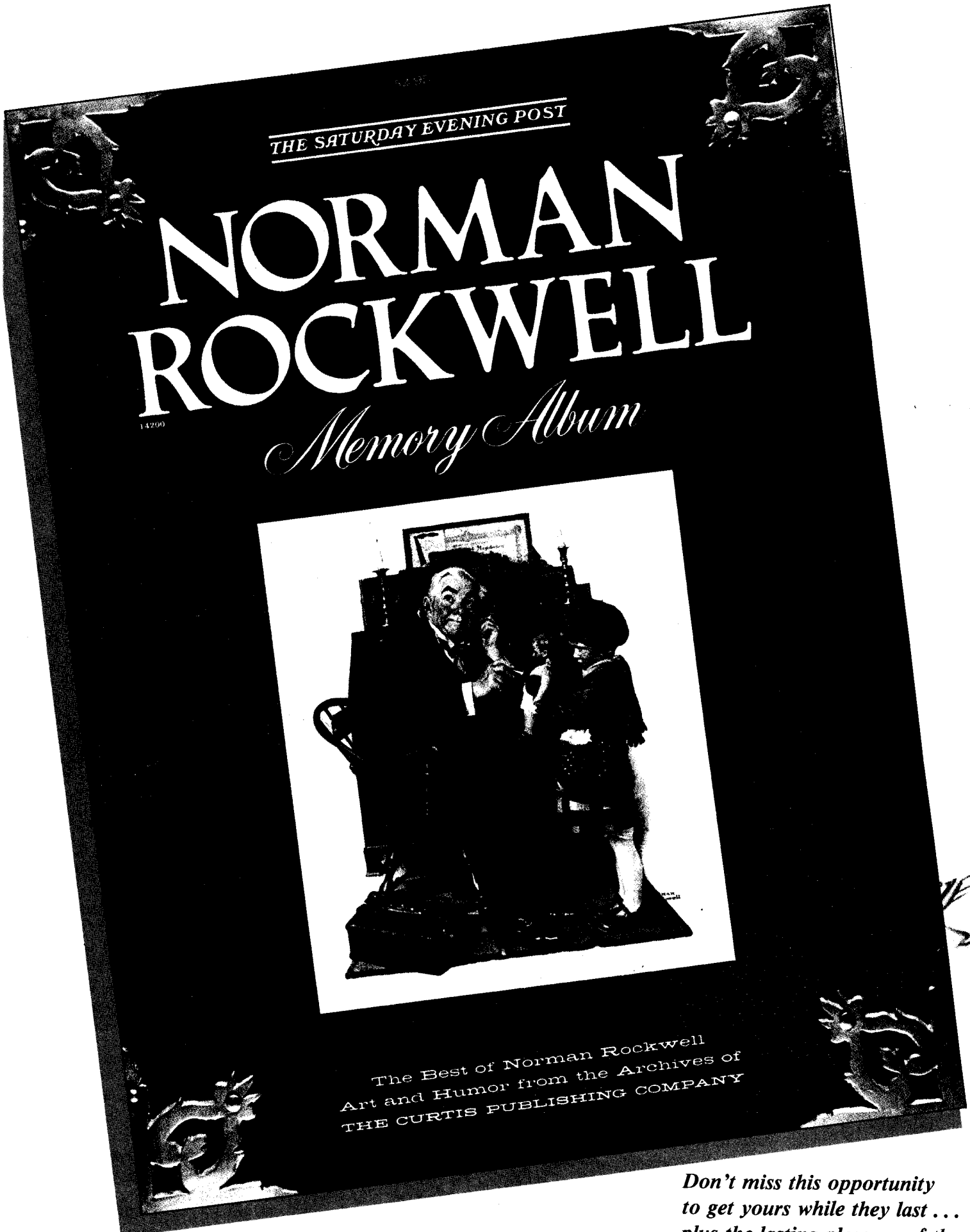
LaBoeuf said, "How far is it to McAlester's?"

"A good 60 miles," said Rooster. "We will make another 15 miles today and start tomorrow."

We made a camp that night on the crest of a hill where the ground was not so soggy. Rooster gave me

Continued on page 82

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Don't miss this opportunity to get yours while they last . . . plus the lasting pleasure of the* Post *reaching you regularly.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Subscribe now to the Post and

ENJOY THIS MEMORY ALBUM FREE

Not only an artistic but a literary event! No one but *The Saturday Evening Post* could possibly fashion such a comprehensive and loving collection of the cover paintings and inside features Rockwell lavished on our pages since 1916. Here in one limited-edition keepsake volume is a sunburst of glorious Rockwell color, humor, and the unforgettable scenes of America that have made him our most famous and beloved artist. It is your private gallery of life as Rockwell saw it—oldsters and kids, lovers and spoofers, portraits of the world's greatest figures—all aglow with the magic of his special touch. Bring this collection into your home free (it sells for $2.95 separately) with your paid 2- or 3-year subscription to the new *Post*. The quality of both will ensure their being cherished for years as treasured heirlooms.

1 year (9 issues)—$9.95
2 years (18 issues)—$18.95
3 years (27 issues)—$26.95

☐ Enclosed check or money order
☐ Bill me later Bill to:
☐ BankAmericard ☐ Master Charge

Credit Card Number _____

Expiration Date _____

If Master Charge, enter 4-digit Interbank Number appearing above your name.

_____ _____ _____ _____

Outside U.S. add $2.00 postage per year.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
1100 Waterway Boulevard • Indianapolis, Ind. 46202

Signature _____

My Name _____
(Print)
Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

☐ Send subscription to my name. ☐ 1 year ☐ 2 years ☐ 3 years ☐ Renewal ☐ New

Gift Name _____
(Print)
Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

☐ 1 year ☐ 2 years ☐ 3 years ☐ Renewal ☐ New

265C

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TEN WAYS TO RELEASE TENSION

This simple prescription of exercise and proper attitude can help you syphon off stress and deal better with daily problems.

by Rachel Carr

The mind and the body are more than married, for they are more intimately united; and when one suffers, the other sympathizes.

—Lord Chesterfield

"Can you teach me to relax?" a dignified, 60-year-old publisher of a national magazine asked me at a dinner party. "I find I am taking too many tranquilizers and sleeping pills," he added with embarrassment.

"Learning to relax will take a little time," I told him, "because it is a gradual mental process."

"How long?" he asked.

"That depends on the person. If you are willing to spend some time with deep-breathing and mind-control exercises *daily*, it should take about a week."

"When can we start? Tomorrow?"

The following day my publisher-student arrived promptly, eager to begin his first lesson in yoga. His composure was deceptive. Beneath the camouflage of serenity was a tense, anxious man, completely wrapped up in his work.

I showed him how to breathe with his diaphragm. The sudden rush of oxygen to his brain when he took a few deep breaths made him light-headed. He was a shallow breather and his lungs never got much exercise; besides, he smoked heavily. I explained to him that a good way to learn to breathe deeply and freely using his diaphragm was *for him to lie flat on his back with knees bent.* He should place one hand on his abdomen to feel it expanding when he inhaled, then contracting when he exhaled. I told him to think of his breath as a musical cadence that rises and falls

Deep-Breathing Exercises
Diaphragmatic Breathing
(to calm your nerves and induce restful sleep)

The purpose of Diaphragmatic Breathing is to stretch the lower lobes of the lungs with more air. This low, quiet breathing will calm emotions and induce restful sleep. It can be done either lying flat or sitting in a chair. Be sure to loosen your belt and collar. If you are sitting, place your hands limply on the thighs, spine straight but not rigid. If you are lying on your back, bend your knees with feet drawn to the buttocks and arms to your sides; it will help to place one hand on your abdomen and the other on your chest. The emphasis of breathing is on the abdomen. The chest is relaxed.

Inhale deeply through the nostrils and expand *the abdomen. Keep your shoulders and chest relaxed.*

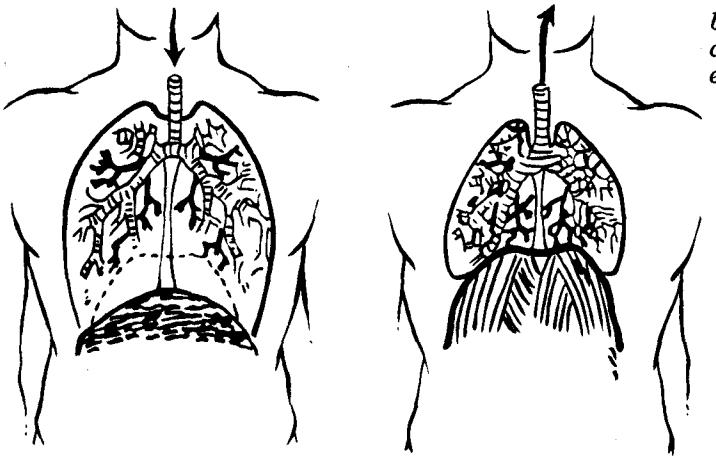
Exhale slowly through the nostrils while pulling in the abdomen to the back of the spine.

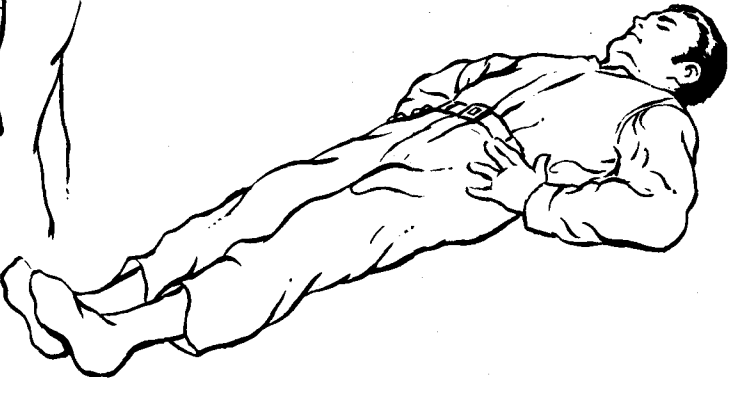
When you are able to control your breathing in this way, concentrate on maintaining a steady rhythmic pattern:

Inhale to the count of 5 seconds.

Exhale to the count of 10 seconds.

Repeat this pattern 10 to 15 times a day. You will begin to feel the ease and flow of your breath taking control of the body. Be as relaxed as you can. Keep your eyes closed.





PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with no jerky movements. One can more easily discard the cares of the world and simply let go when the mind is in control.

The muscles around his neck and shoulders were tight. I showed him some tension-release exercises. Rolling his head in a loose, wide circle several times, then rotating his shoulders in a forward and backward motion, seemed to give him quick relief.

Two days later I saw him again. He was jubilant. "I mastered the breathing!" he announced. "It's amazing how that exercise has put me to sleep without a pill!"

With each new yoga session my publisher-student learned different deep-breathing patterns and relaxation techniques. The changes in him became obvious. He was much more relaxed and at ease with himself. He found that he could no longer enjoy smoking. The nicotine irritated his lungs and made him cough. He gave it up without much effort. Some weeks later I received a basket of flowers from him with this note: "The alternate breathing and palming technique saw me through a killer of a day. Took no tranquilizers. Feel great. The word has got around this office that I'm a yoga addict!"

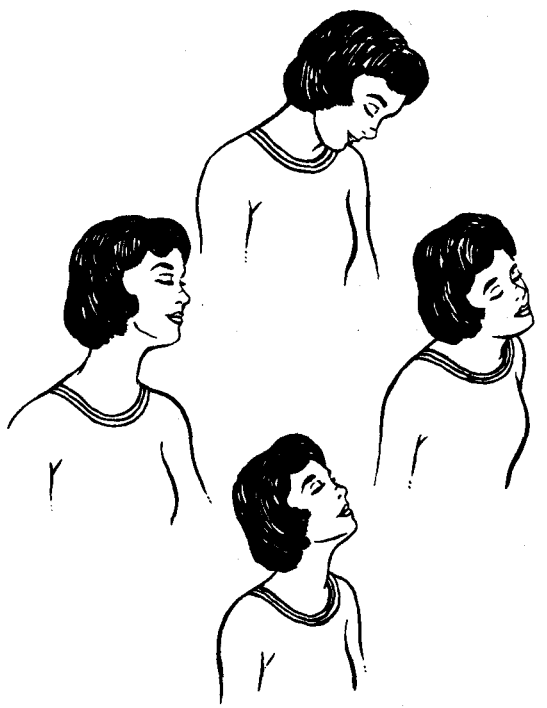
No one can go through life without experiencing tension. It is an essential part of daily living. Even children must learn to cope with their share of anxiety and stress at an early age. The time to be concerned is when tension begins to plague us with symptoms that range from lack of sleep, poor appetite, and loss of weight, or the reverse—compulsive eating and weight gain—as well as severe headaches and muscular aches. Other warning signals are when minor problems and disappointments begin to throw us into a state of depression and cause us to suffer the tortures of self-doubt and feelings of inadequacy.

When our emotions pour out distress signals, they leap into action: Adrenaline flows into the bloodstream, muscles become tense. The results? Migraine and crippling backaches, both of which are frequently traced to the culprit—tension. And so are many peptic ulcers. Normally, gastric juices enter into a chemical reaction with our food and thus make it digestible. Under stress, the body may secrete many times the usual amount of gastric juices, and their acid can create a hole in the lining of the stomach or small intestine. When stress disappears, so does the ulcer.

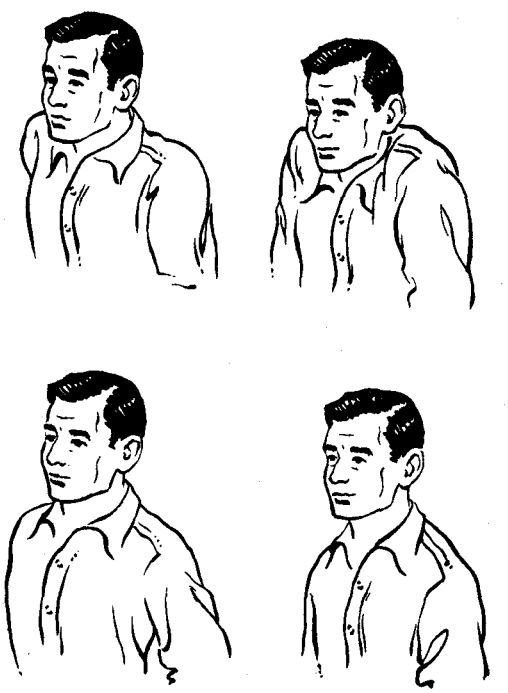
The Importance of Exercise

"The average American settles down at about 25 to a life of physical inactivity," says the American Heart Association.

Whether you spend a great part of your working life at your office or home, the chances are that you do not find the time in the mornings to exercise. By



1 Roll your head slowly and loosely in a wide circle. Forward and down, right, back, left, forward. Repeat 5 times. Reverse the motion. The breathing is free, but take a deep breath after you have completed the fifth roll.
(Relieves tension in the neck.)



2 Slowly rotate the shoulders in a wide circle: forward, up, back, down (keeping the neck limp). Repeat 10 times. Then raise the shoulders, shrugging them as high as you can. Arch them back to contract shoulder muscles, pulling the shoulder blades sharply together. Hold for 5 seconds. Repeat 10 times.
(Relieves tension in the shoulders.)

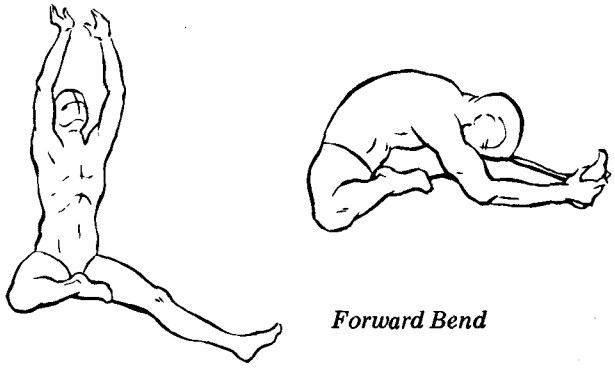
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

evening you are too tired to move a muscle. You look forward to a relaxing hour before dinner with a cocktail or two. If you have a good appetite, you eat well.

Take a close look at yourself in the mirror. Are you in shape? If not, what happened to that once taut figure you had in your active youth? By not exercising to burn up excess calories your muscles have become flabby and tense; your energy lags. What about your posture? Perhaps the shoulders have slumped a little, the thighs have spread, the underarms are a bit flabby, and there is possibly some extra padding around the middle. Does this picture describe you in any way? If so, don't shrug it off with a laugh and attribute these changes to getting on in years. Flabbiness and overweight are unnecessary partners in our maturing life.

Habit is hard to break. Once you have become accustomed to a behavioral pattern—whatever it may be—you tend to adhere to it. Exercise is an example.

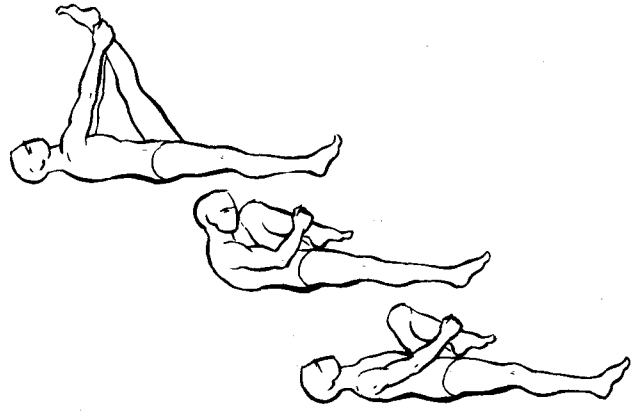
Continued on following page



Forward Bend

3 *Sit with legs apart. Bend right leg so that foot rests close to inner left thigh. Inhale; raise arms, stretching upward. Exhale; bend forward with head touching left knee (or as far forward as you can reach). Breathe freely and grasp left foot with both hands. Hold for 10 seconds. Then inhale; slowly sit up with arms overhead as before. Exhale; lower arms to sides. Repeat with left leg. Do exercise 4 times.*

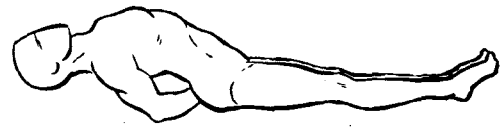
(Stretches lower-back muscles; hips, legs, and pelvis get a vigorous toning.)



Knee Bend

4 *Lie flat on back, eyes closed. Inhale while raising left leg straight and high as possible. At the same time bring arms up to grasp left ankle (or as far as you can reach without straining). Right leg remains on floor. Exhale, tightening abdomen while still grasping left leg. Bend leg and bring close to chest. Raise head to meet knee. Breathe freely and hold for 5 seconds. Inhale while slowly lowering head, returning arms to sides and leg to the floor. Exhale. Repeat with right leg. Then continue same movements raising both legs.*

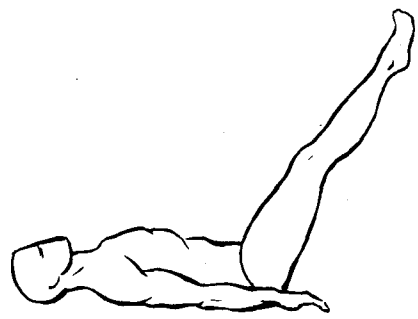
(Gives the body an all-around toning and limbering; will help firm abdomen, buttocks and thighs.)



Fish

5 *Lie flat on back with legs together, palms down under buttocks, eyes closed. Inhale; raise chest off the floor, using elbows for support to create a bridge between top of head and lower back. While breathing freely, hold pose for a few seconds. Then lower head and chest and slowly return to first position. Repeat 3 times.*

(A relaxing exercise, it strengthens the back and neck muscles. When back is arched, the chest is thrown open for deeper and fuller breathing.)



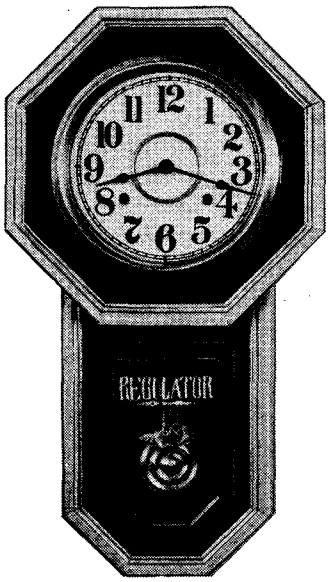
Firming The Abdomen

6 *Lie on back with arms to sides, eyes closed. Inhale; raise legs as in diagram, using abdominal muscles rather than strength of shoulders. Hold pose for 20 seconds. Exhale; lower legs and relax. Repeat 3 times. The closer your legs are to the floor the more pull you will feel in the abdominal muscles.*

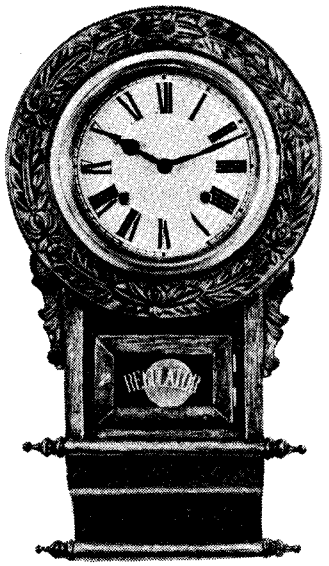
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Genuine Antique Clocks

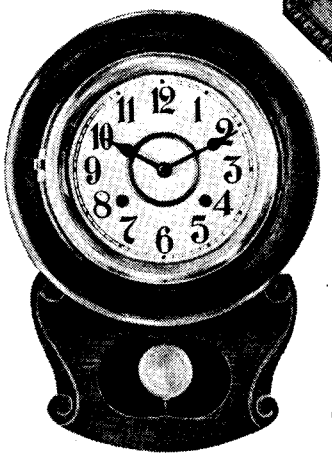
for less than you'd pay for a mere replica!



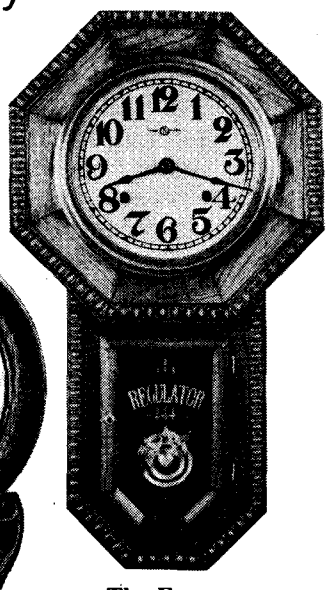
The Original Schoolhouse Clock
$115.00
(Approx. 22"H. 13"W. 4½"D.)



The Carved Scroll Regulator Clock
$125.00
(Approx. 22"H. 12¼"W. 4½"D.)



The Short Drop Round Top Schoolhouse Clock
$115.00
(Approx. 17"H. 12"W. 4½"D.)



The Fancy Schoolhouse Clock
$135.00
(Approx. 22"H. 13"W. 4½"D.)

We urge you to take heed while you still have the chance to obtain one of these *genuine* Antique Clocks at low, low prices you may never see again. Yes, at prices less than you'd pay for mere reproductions. Our clocks are authentic circa 1900 antique schoolroom clocks, the kind that once ticked happily away in the schoolrooms, legal offices, railroad stations, pubs, front parlours, general stores of America's childhood. Lovingly restored and in 100% running order. Each is unique—yours will be numbered, registered to your family or whomever you designate and accompanied by a handsome Certificate of Age and Ownership (suitable for framing).

these are **Circa 1900 antiques.** When they're gone, they're gone forever!

- Certificate of age, authenticity and ownership.
- Fully re-conditioned 8-day keywind movement, brass pendulum, key. Counts each hour in deep, melodic tones.
- Finely polished and carefully restored hardwood case. (Clocks will vary slightly in trim and wood tone.)
- Sturdily cartoned and shipped to you UPS insured. Order now to avoid disappointment. When these clock are gone, they're gone forever.

SAVE GAS AND TIME! Use our Telephone Hot line call (914)-248-7031 9 A.M. to 5 P.M. (E.S.T.) ... and shop at home with your Credit Card!

Visit our Showroom, just 1 hour from N.Y.C.

Pony Express System 2986 Navajo St., Dept. 8-1020, Yorktown, N.Y. 10598

Gentlemen: Please send me the following clock(s) (state qty.):

_____ The Original Schoolhouse Clock *(Style 11)* @ $115.00

_____ The Carved Scroll Regulator (Style 15C) @ $125.00

_____ Short Drop Schoolhouse Clock (Style 34) @ $115.00

_____ The Fancy Schoolhouse Clock *(Style 12)* @ $135.00

(Add $8.50 for each insured delivery.)

Choice of ☐ Arabic or ☐ Roman Numerals.

If these clocks are to be Gift orders, please attach a separate sheet of paper stating the name the clock is to be registered to, and name and address for shipment. We will enclose a gift card at your request. On multiple orders, be sure to specify who gets which clock.

My check is enclosed for $_____(N.Y. State residents add 5% tax.)

I prefer to charge my (check one)

☐ American Express ☐ Bank Americard ☐ Master Charge

Account No. _____ Expiration Date _____

Signature _____

Mr./Ms. _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Satisfaction Guaranteed

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

If you are unaccustomed to a daily routine of maintaining your level of physical fitness, you will readily find a number of excuses to justify reasons for not exercising. But you *can* make habit work for you, not against you.

The effort to establish a standard to physical fitness will pay off when you consider the benefits gained. By exercising daily, your muscles will become longer and more flexible. All your joints will begin to feel loose and free. As the circulation steps up through deep breathing exercises, your general condition will improve considerably.

Exercises play a great part in the therapy for arthritis, since most joint weakness and disability in common arthritis come from poor muscular tone in those muscles close to the affected joint. Exercise builds up internal heat and increases circulation, thus providing relief from pain.

The late, eminent heart specialist Dr. Paul Dudley White endorsed regular exercise and physical activity as part of a general prescription to protect the heart and help prevent premature heart attacks and strokes. He advocated bicycling, walking and other leg-power activity as often as possible. Dr. White followed his own advice. In the early hours of the morning this vigorous man in his seventies bicycled daily, pedaling the wheels with tremendous verve. *Dr. White firmly believed that hard work never hurt a healthy human being.*

The late Dr. Robert McCarrison spent many years living among the Hunzakuts to observe their way of life. He concluded that their excellent health is attributed to three simple factors: healthy diet, *vigorous physical exercise* and adequate rest.

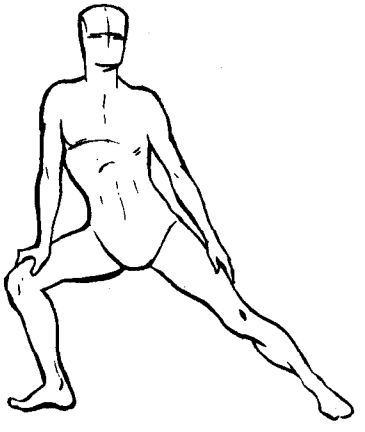
There are two other groups alleged to live unusually long lives. The Ecuadorans in the Andean village of Vilcabamba and the Abkhazia in the Georgian Soviet Union. The people of these three cultures all do *hard physical work*, live in relatively remote mountainous areas and have robust health and remarkable longevity. Exercise! And learn to relax. It will pay off.

Most yogic breathing patterns, with few exceptions, emphasize the importance of inhaling and exhaling through the nostrils. The reason is that the air-cleaning process for the lungs begins with hairs in the nose that act as a vacuum cleaner, trapping dust particles that enter the nose. When we breathe out through the nostrils rather than through the mouth, the lungs gain more stamina, since they take a longer time to deflate. Test this reaction by lifting something requiring physical energy, such as a heavy chair. You will find that your stamina is increased if you inhale deeply through your nostrils, hold your breath as long as possible, then slowly release the air through your nostrils. The power of your breath is strengthened and prolonged while you concentrate on the slow expulsion of air from your lungs.

If your lungs are not strong and you quickly run out of breath or have difficulty blowing out a candle flame or inflating a paper bag or balloon, the deep-breathing exercises given here will help strengthen weak lungs.

The first step is to learn to breathe with your diaphragm—the way infants and opera singers do; it is also the way we breathe when asleep. Once you get the knack of it, you will breathe this way unconsciously.

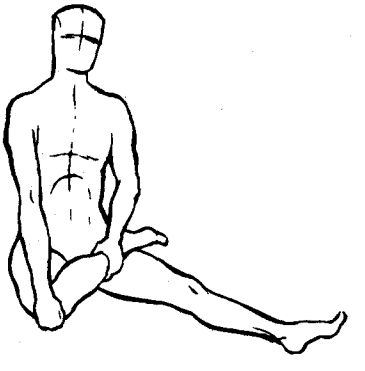
Continued on following page



Hip Stretch

7 Stand with feet far apart, hands on thighs, spine straight. Turn right foot out; bend knee with right hand resting on it. Stretch left leg away from you until knee is perfectly straight with left hand on side of thigh. Sole of foot must be flat on floor. Inhale and hold for 5 seconds; at the same time press right hand on right knee and contract inner thigh muscles. Exhale; return to standing position, keeping legs apart. Repeat 3 times. Continue same movements bending left knee.

(Limbers hips, firms waist and inner thighs.)



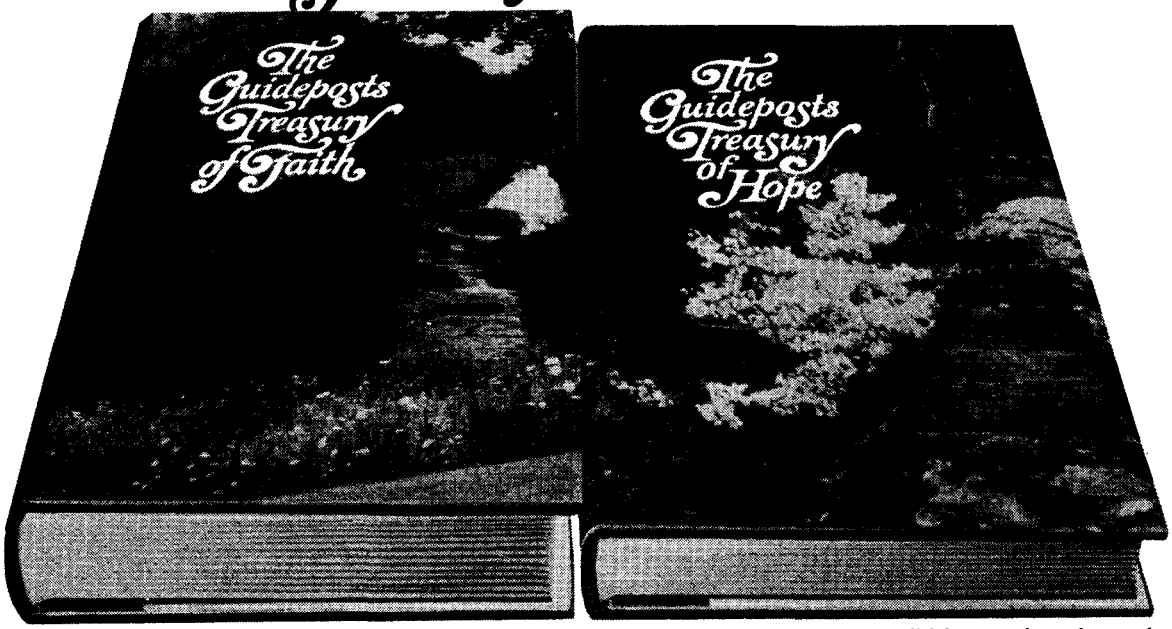
Limbering Knees

8 Sit on floor with legs apart, spine straight, arms to sides. Bend right leg so foot rests on left thigh, heel close to crotch. Grasp right knee with right hand and right ankle with left hand. Gently press knee down to floor or as far as possible without straining. Hold for 5 seconds, release knee, then press down again. Repeat 5 times. Bounce leg slightly to increase circulation. Repeat same movements with left leg.

(Restores elasticity to stiff knees and ankles.)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Two books. Nearly 200 good times for your family to share.



Each of the true stories of personal success, poignant memories, and tales of high drama gathered in these two books is an an opportunity for you and your family to bridge the generation gap the way American families have always bridged it best—by sharing something wonderful together. But you'll also read and reread these stories in your most private moments. Because these all-time reader's favorites from *Guideposts*, America's most beloved inspirational magazine, have the power to refresh your spirit, recharge your batteries, renew your faith.

Here, for example, is Lawrence Welk's story of the day his entire band walked out on him—and didn't return. (They didn't think he'd ever make the big time!) You'll share Corrie ten Boom's dramatic story of the day she met a man she had known as a concentration camp guard face-to-face—and found she could forgive him...Jerome Hines' remarkable tale of singing for Khrushchev in Russia, at the height of the Cuban missile crisis ...and Taylor Caldwell's moving story of a Christmas miracle, at the lowest point of her life.

These big, beautiful anthologies are crowded with the personal memories of famous Americans. Astronaut Buzz Aldrin recalls taking communion in space. Neil Armstrong's mother recalls her astronaut son's *first* "giant step," during a boyhood crisis. Bob Hope explains the power of laughter. Mario Andretti relives his race against hate. Jimmy Stewart writes about his father—and a lesson that involved two pennies. Mrs. Jerry Lewis tells her very personal story of two faiths...in one marriage.

But some of the most inspiring and memorable of the stories are told by "ordinary" Americans; you'll share a former Vietnam POW's testimony of faith deepening under torture...the personal story of a young girl who prayed to be caught shoplifting...stories of prayer, hard work and healing that will lift your head—and your spirits—a little higher.

Because we are so certain that these two books will be a *treasure* for your family... because we believe you'll find a place for them not only on your bookshelf but in your heart...we invite you to read and enjoy one or both of them now, without risking a cent. Send in the coupon below, and if you're not completely pleased and satisfied after two full weeks, simply return the book or books and get back every penny of your payment. You can't lose. Because even if you choose to return your books, you will have at least one story that you will carry with you for the rest of your life!

MEET THEM NOW, telling their own greatest stories! FULTON OURSLER ☐ BABE RUTH ☐ MARIAN ANDERSON ☐ JACKIE ROBINSON ☐ MARY MARTIN ☐ CATHERINE MARSHALL ☐ BILLY GRAHAM and MRS. BILLY GRAHAM ☐ NORMAN VINCENT PEALE ☐ DUKE ELLINGTON ☐ MARJORIE HOLMES ☐ HELEN HAYES ☐ ARTHUR GODFREY ☐ SENATOR EVERETT DIRKSEN ☐ AND MANY, MANY MORE!

DOUBLEDAY & COMPANY, INC.
Dept. ZA-942
Garden City, New York 11530

Please send me_____copy(ies) of THE GUIDEPOSTS TREASURY OF FAITH @ $9.95 per copy._____copy(ies) of THE GUIDEPOSTS TREASURY OF HOPE @ $8.95 per copy. Enclosed is my check or money order. I understand you will pay all shipping and handling costs. If I don't agree that these are books I must keep, I'll return them within two weeks for a full, prompt refund—no questions asked.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____

State_____ Zip_____

Offer expires June 30, 1980.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

All the breathing exercises should be practiced in the order they are given to gradually strengthen the lungs and develop ease with the different rhythmic patterns.

Dr. George S. Stevenson, former president of the American Psychiatric Association and of the World Federation of Mental Health, advocates some simple ways to ease pressures in his booklet, *How to Deal With Your Tensions*, issued by the National Association for Mental Health:

1. *Talk it out.* When something worries you, talk it out. Don't bottle it up. Confide your worry to some levelheaded person you can trust: your husband or wife, father or mother, a good friend, your clergyman, your family doctor, a teacher, school counselor, or dean. Talking things out helps to relieve your strain, helps you to see your worry in a clearer light, and often helps you to see what you can do about it.

2. *Escape for a while.* Sometimes, when things go wrong, it helps to escape from the painful problem *for a while*: to lose yourself in a movie, or a book or a game, or a brief trip for a change of scene. Making yourself "stand there and suffer" is a form of self-punishment, not a way to solve a problem. It is perfectly realistic and healthy to escape punishment long enough to recover breath and balance. But be prepared to come back and deal with your difficulty when you are more composed, and when you and others involved are in better condition to deal with it.

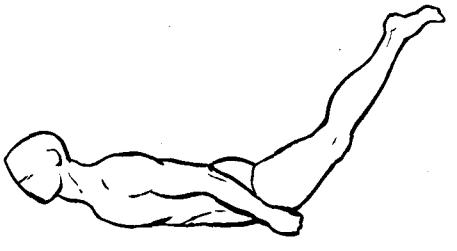
3. *Work off your anger.* If you feel yourself using anger as a general way of behavior, remember that while anger may give you a temporary sense of righteousness, or even of power, it will generally leave you feeling foolish and sorry in the end. If you feel like lashing out at someone who has provoked you, try holding off that impulse for a while. Let it wait until tomorrow. Meanwhile, do something constructive with the pent-up energy. Pitch into some physical activity like gardening, cleaning out the garage, carpentry or some other do-it-yourself project. Or work it out in tennis or a long walk. Working the anger out of your system and cooling it off for a day or two will leave you much better prepared to handle your problem.

4. *Give in occasionally.* If you find yourself getting into frequent quarrels with people, and feeling obstinate and defiant, remember that that's the way frustrated children behave. Stand your ground on what you know is right, but do so calmly and make allowances for the fact that you *could* turn out to be wrong. And even if you're dead right, it's easier on your system to give in once in a while. If you yield, you'll usually find the others will, too. And if you can work this out, the result will be relief from tension, the achievement of a practical solution, together with a great feeling of satisfaction and maturity.

5. *Do something for others.* If you feel yourself worrying about *yourself* all the time, try *doing* something for *somebody else*. You'll find this will take the steam out of your own worries and—even better—give you a fine feeling of having done well.

6. *Take one thing at a time.* For people under tension, an ordinary workload can sometimes seem unbearable. The load looks so great that it becomes painful to tackle any part of it—even the things that most need to be done. When that happens, remember that it's a temporary condition and that you can

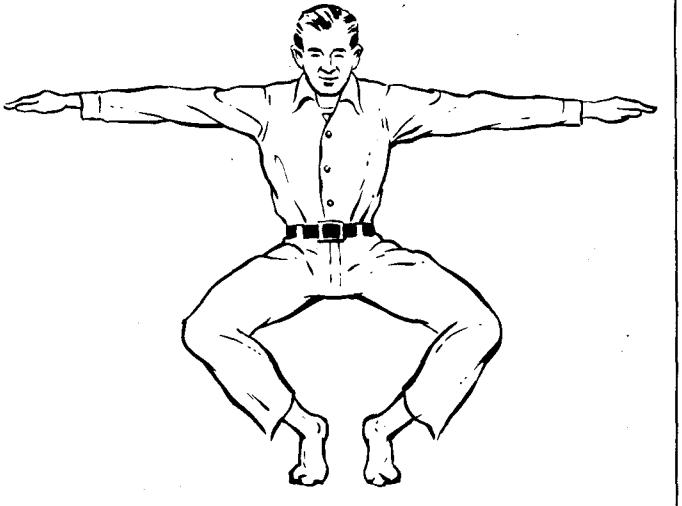
Continued on 120



Locust

9 *Lie face down, chin on floor, nose up, legs together, eyes closed. Clench fists and place them close together, thumbs touching, under the groin. Inhale deeply. Press fists against floor to thrust legs upward as high as possible keeping head down, knees straight. Hold pose for 5 seconds. If possible, hold breath for this period; otherwise, breathe freely. Exhale; lower legs. Repeat 3 times.*

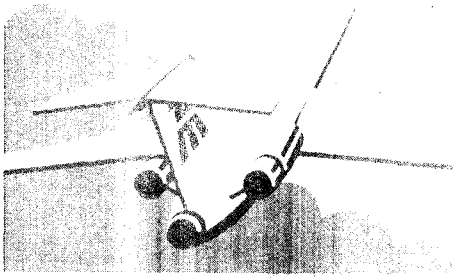
(Helps tone muscles of abdomen and lower back while firming buttocks, hips and thighs. Holding legs suspended will cause the blood to rush to your face and neck—excellent facial treatment for anyone.)



10 *Deep knee bends are an effective way to limber the knees. Hold on to a doorknob for balance, then bend your knees, back straight, as low as you can. Repeat 15 to 20 times. If you are able to do this exercise without support of a doorknob, then balance with your arms stretched out.*

(Relieves tension in the legs.)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



WE'RE THE BEST THINGS GOING.

SEP 119

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MUPPETS ON HIS HANDS

With just a flick of the wrist Muppets creator Jim Henson has achieved fame and fortune and produced a hilarious new era in puppetry.

by Don Freeman

We are seated in Jim Henson's office in Hollywood and his secretary has brought in our lunch of two roast beef sandwiches and two diet colas. Jim is pleasantly chagrined. "I don't drink *diet* cola," he informs her with a smile. "Don't you have anything for skinny people?"

She returns the smile, leaves the office and shortly thereafter she is back, this time with one non-diet cola for skinny people, meaning Jim Henson.

Skinny? This fellow Henson is so thin he has to rent a shadow. He could be an advance man for a famine. If he were to drink tomato juice, he would surely look like a thermometer.

"I am 6 feet 1 and I weigh 145 pounds, soaking wet," Henson says, replying to my request for specifics. He is, then, a skinny genius who is the creator of the Muppets, the kingpin of the Muppets empire and the voice behind some of those endearing and beloved characters of television and now, with *The Muppet Movie*, the wide screen of Hollywood.

Jim Henson's Muppet menagerie attend the preview of a movie about their rise to stardom. Their own best fans, the Muppets have termed the film "more entertaining than humanly possible!"

Henson conceived of the Muppets nearly 25 years ago, coining a word as well. "As I saw it," Henson says, "a *muppet* was a combination of a marionette and a puppet, although there's actually very little marionette work today—that is, when you use strings for your fingers."

Whatever the technicalities, *muppet* is not a word that dwells in any dictionary, and with reason. With a blandness that cloaks a sharp sense of business, Henson says: "We do have copyright lawyers who try to prevent the name *muppet* from becoming generic. That would not help."

It seems pertinent to ask if Jim Henson treats his Muppets with affection. How does he feel about them personally? Is he emotionally attached to these disarmingly lovable creatures?

Henson smiles and nods, and then he replies in tones of Scandinavian practicality. "I treat them with gentility," he says, "but I never forget that they are made of a fabric with polyfoam and a little wood. The soft materials are for easy handling. I don't want to break them because they're difficult to make, but I'm not at all sentimental about them. I'm fond of them as characters but not necessarily as puppets. My emotional attachment is to the people they've become. To me, the Muppets are a medium of expression. They are, in a sense, my palette."

Henson pauses in thought. "They definitely aren't alive," he says, "but they do have a life of their own, much like characters in a book. They are fictional characters."

Fictional? The *Muppets*? It is, from Jim Henson, the man whose creativity has brought them into an existence that approaches reality, a moderately shocking revelation. And then this touch of heresy falls into focus. Of course. They are creatures of fiction as Frank Baum's Cowardly Lion and his Tin Man and his Scarecrow were manifestly fictional, as Grumpy and Doc and the rest of the Seven Dwarfs were, to Walt Disney, fictional.

And yet—"You mean Kermit is just fictional?"

Henson nods. "Kermit the Frog has this function—he's an Everyman trying to get through life whole. He has a sense of sanity and there he is, surrounded by crazies. Kermit is the character through whose eyes the audience is viewing the show. He is the solid thing in the middle—flip, snarky, which is to say a bit smart alecky in his own way, but he's a nice guy. He operates from a point of consideration. There is a lot of warmth in Kermit."

As Henson points out, Kermit was the first of the Muppets and is therefore the oldest. In more prosaic, mechanical terms, however, the present Kermit is actually the second of his line.

"Kermit the Frog is not really a frog," Henson says. "He's called Kermit the Frog but he's really just

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A swine chorus hamming it up with coloratura Beverly Sills? Dizzy production numbers are weekly fare for the Muppet theatrical troupe whose antics earned the series an Emmy Award as TV's "outstanding comedy, variety or musical series."

Kermit. He became something of a frog when he did a TV special back in 1967. I changed his body and made him a bit rounder, more froglike. As a parallel, Mickey Mouse looks nothing like a mouse but he fits into that category. I mean, if nobody ever said Mickey Mouse was a mouse, we wouldn't know what he was, would we?"

When Jim Henson speaks, occasional vestigial pinfeathers of a Southern accent sneak through, a not unpleasant intrusion. James Maury Henson was born September 24, 1936, in Greenville, Mississippi, where he lived until he was in the fifth grade. His father, Paul Henson, who was from Oklahoma, worked at an experimental land station as a botanist. For a young boy growing up in the rural South, life was good.

"I was a Mississippi Tom Sawyer," Henson says—"rarely wore shoes. It was an idyllic time. I rode my horse through the cotton fields. We had a beautiful big barn and we had a creek running in front of the house for fishing. I had a BB gun and I'd shoot at the

The $8 million blockbuster film, The Muppet Movie, *chronicles the "possibly" true tale of the roots of the Muppet Family and charts the haphazard course of the Muppet Odyssey from the remote swamps of Georgia to the tinsel towers of Hollywood.*

water moccasins in the swamps just to wake 'em up."

At the age of eight, young Henson was listening to Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy—and Mortimer Snerd and Effie Klinker—on the radio and he was impressed. "I tried to imagine how they all looked as they made their jokes, but I don't remember ever thinking of them as one man and his puppets. To me, they were all human."

He remembers that his parents were totally supportive when he later became involved with puppetry. "My mother had a very good sense of humor and my father was excellent at carpentry. I was a quiet kid, introspective, articulate, always involved with art, a fairly good student but a terrible athlete—always the last one chosen in a ballgame and always put, protesting, in right field."

When the family moved to a Maryland suburb of Washington, D.C., television was just exploding on the populace and Jim pressed his parents into buying a TV set. He delighted in the puppetry of Burr Tillstrom, with Fran Allison, on "Kukla, Fran and Ollie," and he was intrigued by Bil and Cora Baird's marionette show.

In high school, he joined a puppet club and, just before entering the University of Maryland, he auditioned with puppets of his own construction on a local TV show in Washington. The show lasted only three weeks but he had dipped a tentative toe into the medium he would later embrace fully and he made an impression on those who did the hiring. In college, he studied theater arts—acting, staging, scenic design—and by the end of his freshman year, in 1955, he was offered a five-minute, late-night show of his own on a Washington station. It was called "Sam and Friends" and it was the beginning of the Muppets. A fellow freshman from New York named Jane Nebel became his partner in puppetry (they were later married and are the parents of five children).

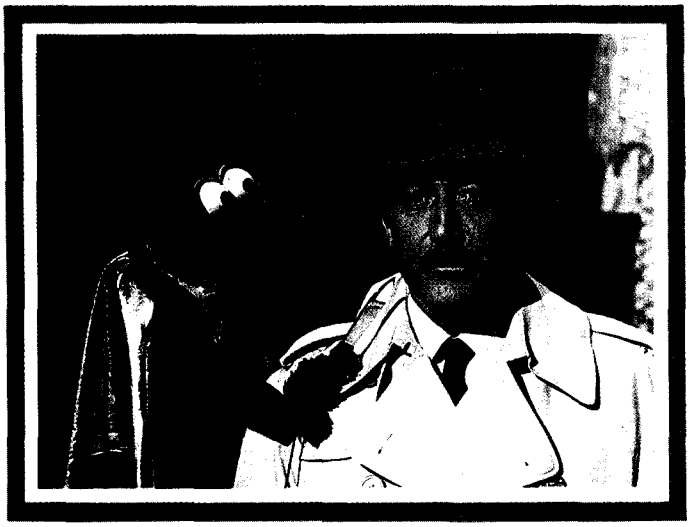
With his TV show and commercials, Henson enjoyed an early success. "I rather enjoyed having money in my jeans," Henson says. "I drove to my college graduation in a $10,000, but old, Rolls-Royce. But I wasn't really a Rolls-Royce kind of person and I sold it. Still, it was a nice way to graduate."

As for his TV show, Henson had created a puppet he chose to call Kermit—named for an old school chum in Mississippi—from an overcoat that had belonged to his mother and eyes made from two Ping-Pong balls, and then he experimented with other characters. "We tried some really way-out things," Henson says, "and since nobody threatened censorship or complained, I was convinced that no one else at the station ever watched the program."

Clearly, he was wrong in regard to the viewers and, in 1958, the show won an Emmy award as the best local entertainment program. "Until then, I hadn't taken puppetry all that seriously," Henson admits. "It just didn't seem to be the sort of thing a grown man works at for a living."

That summer a trip to Europe altered his views. "I saw that puppetry was truly an art form in Europe. It was something that could be done artistically, with creativity. Back home, there weren't all that many puppeteers, but in Europe they are everywhere and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



It's Gonzo by a nose, but Peter Sellers shouldn't be miffed. He's only one of the long list of celebrities (including stars Raquel Welch, Sylvester Stallone and Vincent Price) who've been upstaged in a guest appearance with the Muppets.

everybody goes to puppet shows. It's an integral part of their lives and that was nice to see."

Watching the old-fashioned European puppets, Jim Henson acquired another nugget for his storehouse of knowledge concerning his craft. "The old-style puppets seemed to me to have a hard, wooden quality," he says. "A painted expression on a doll is all right when the audience isn't up too close, but on television it's very important that you put life and sensitivity into a puppet's face. I learned early on that the Muppets would have to have a flexibility. When I started out, I didn't know that much about puppets, and not having seen that many, I wasn't overly influenced by what had gone before.

"Puppetry," he says, "has been around for thousands of years. It's a part of theater in which small wooden figures serve to represent people. In theater, people represent things. And with puppets you can deal with subjects in a way that isn't possible with people. I think of puppetry as expressing oneself through charades."

How does puppeteering differ, in that regard, from the art of the ventriloquist?

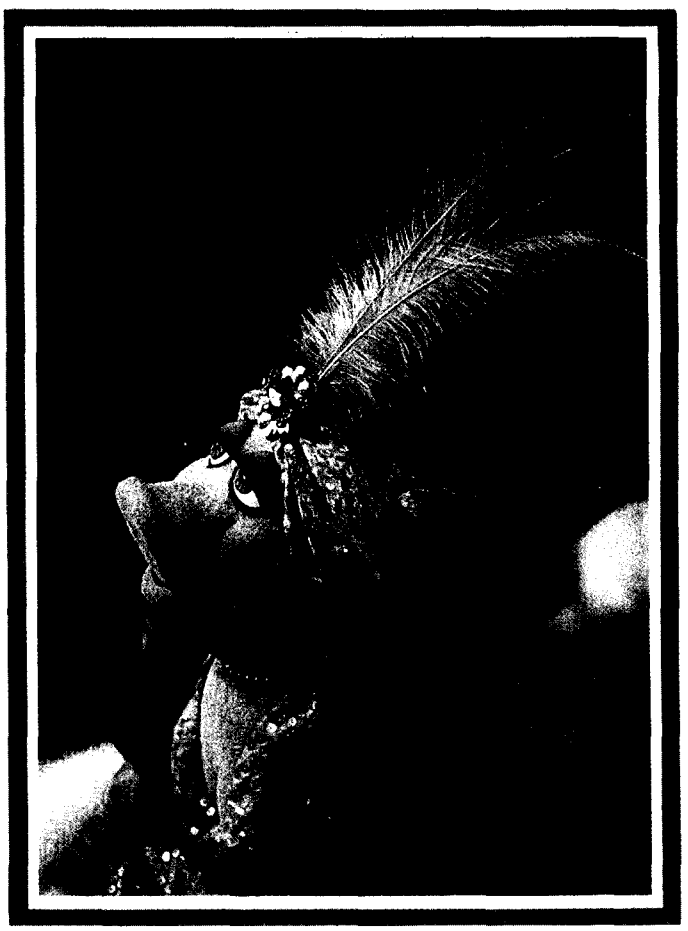
"The basic difference is that the ventriloquist is out there facing the audience," Henson explains. "The puppeteer works below. In that way, on television, I can watch the monitor and see how my own performance is going. No actor can do that. It's an eerie feeling but a great one because you become both performer and audience."

Henson deliberated for a moment in silence. Then: "I never did have any interest in being a ventriloquist. I didn't want to split myself in two, the way a ventriloquist must do—half himself, half the dummy on his knee."

Among the earliest of those who envisioned a potential for Henson's Muppets was Steve Allen, who was then, in 1957, hosting the "Tonight Show" on NBC. It was the network debut for Henson and the froglike character known as Kermit who wore a

Continued on page 126

Kermit is unquestionably the star of the "Muppet Show." His always honest, "mister everyman" image, spiced with a generous scoop of sarcasm, turns what otherwise might be a motley meal into a haute cuisine of entertainment.



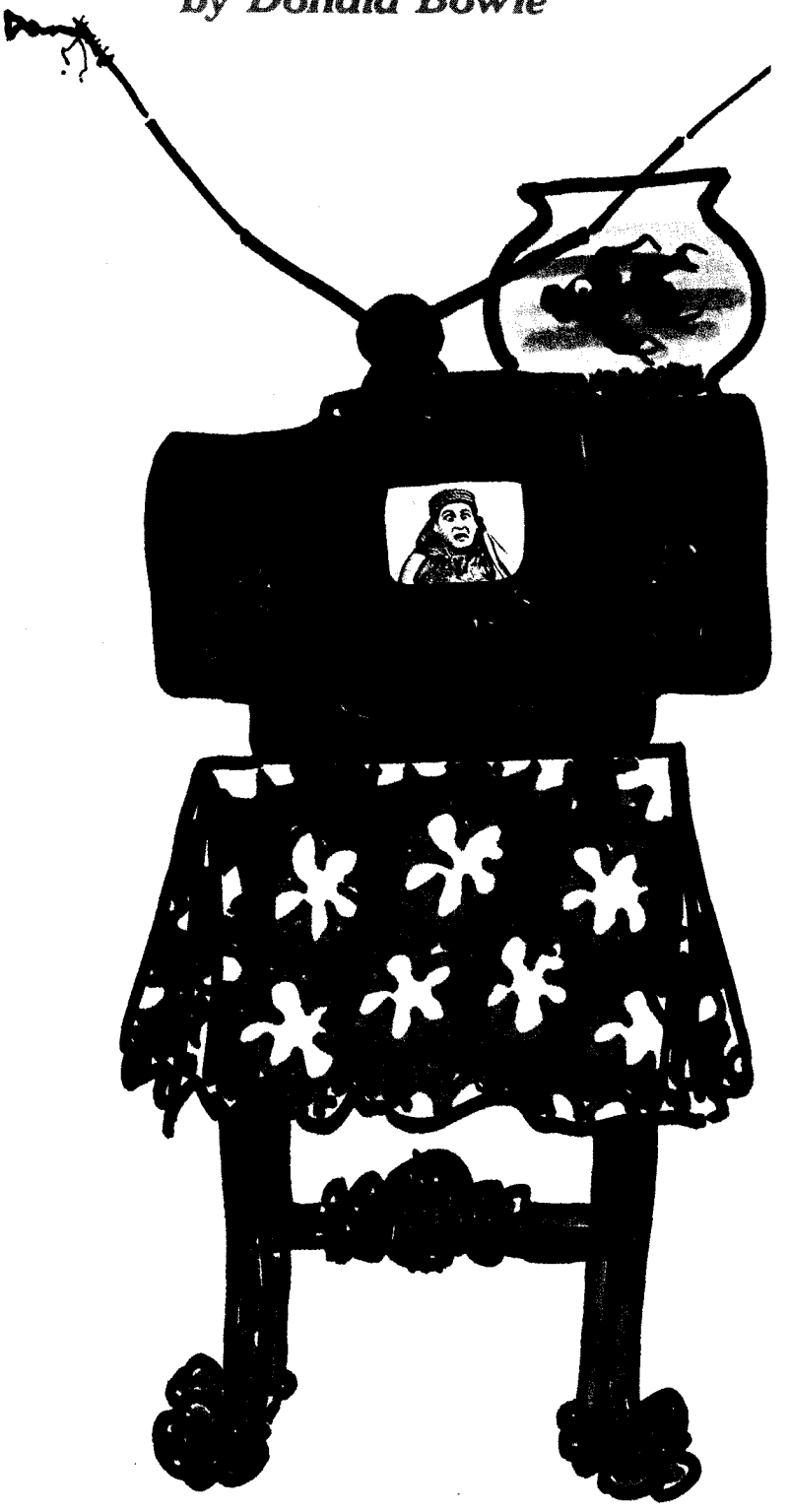
The ineffable Miss Piggy, often described as the lady of iron fists in lavender gloves, either commands her rightful share of attention through her talent, beauty and charm—or demands it with a dangerous dose of her black belt coquetries.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

STATION IDENTIFICATION

For a writer in the making, television in the '50s became a fascinating and revealing window on the world.

by Donald Bowie



I began watching television before I began kindergarten, which means I was being educated early, in ways I did not wholly understand. My parents were the first people in our neighborhood to own a television set, which they bought in 1950 when television was still enough of a novelty to attract crowds to store windows.

The set was a Dumont, only slightly smaller than a warehouse, with a screen of about 11 inches—diagonally—occupying the center of the mammoth mahogany cabinet. The salesman who sold my parents the set had convinced them that larger picture tubes were unreliable. The tiny picture tube was proportionately as far from the four corners of the cabinet as the second balcony is from the stage in a theater. The big Dumont had been designed with a sense of theatricality: Shutters opened and closed on the screen, like theater curtains. And the set's hum, as it warmed up, was like an overture.

The day the enormous Dumont arrived in our living room was as exciting as several Christmases compressed into one. I and four of my little friends who had come over to see the magic waited in reverent silence on the living room rug while the delivery men wired up the set. A little after 5:30 one of the workmen clicked a brass bezel to *on*. And in a minute, Buffalo Bob appeared. My father signed a receipt. By the time the delivery men reached their truck, my friends and I had been hypnotized by "Howdy Doody."

"Howdy Doody Time" was a world wonderfully out of joint—or loosely jointed, considering that Howdy and much of his supporting cast were puppets. Buffalo Bob was a father figure in a Daniel Boone suit. Clarabelle was a clown—with a seltzer bottle that he squirted *right in Buffalo Bob's face.*

"Naughty!" one of my friends said when Clarabelle squirted Buffalo Bob. *Naughty* was to my age group what a martini was to our parents: intoxicating. The seltzer bottle contained a distillation of one of the joys of childhood. Even if "Howdy Doody" had had nothing else to offer, Clarabelle's naughtiness was enough.

I swear the secret of Howdy Doody's success was the fizz of the seltzer bottle. Vicarious naughtiness. Buffalo Bob gave children what they wanted. There were no educational concepts sneaked into "Howdy Doody Time," none of the smart child psychology you associate with the Creative Playthings crowd. I don't think I would have liked "Sesame Street" when I was the right age for it. Something about the "Sesame Street" gang suggests that they go home after the show and have several glasses of white wine in stemware they bought at Design Research. Buffalo Bob, on the other hand, probably drank milk from a Clarabelle glass that grape jelly came in, just as his audience did.

If Buffalo Bob was a father figure, he had only as much authority as was necessary to be Clarabelle's straight man. The authority figure on "Howdy Doody," the voice of "No," was Mr. Bluster. Mr. Bluster was a composite puppet, pieced together from the appearance and mannerisms of classical party-poopers. He looked like the mayor of a small mid-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

western town, circa 1910. He wore a derby, a pair of spectacles, a tie and vest, and spats. He had wooden jowls. Like many conservative, boring small-town politicians, Mr. Bluster was ambitious. He campaigned for president of the kids of the United States during a month or so of "Howdy Doody" episodes. Mr. Bluster was running against Howdy Doody, on a spanking platform. He lost the election.

I didn't know anyone as authoritarian as Mr. Bluster until I entered fifth grade. The teachers I had had in the previous grades were all like my mother, with the addition of chalk. They didn't live on "No." My fifth-grade teacher was different; she thought each child in her class had a minimum daily requirement of discipline. She had Mr. Bluster's wooden jowls. Her name was Miss Loomis.

Miss Loomis distributed pencils as if they were military equipment. She never smiled, but there may have been moments when she was happy with her students: when they were all standing in a straight line, perhaps, or when somebody was putting his gum in a wastebasket. Once Miss Loomis kept me after school to finish an arithmetic problem, when she knew I was having a birthday party that afternoon.

"If you don't hurry up, you're going to be late for your own birthday party," Miss Loomis told me. There was an odd wistfulness in her voice, as if a memory had settled on her shoulders—perhaps the memory of not being invited to the junior prom, when she had done all the decorating of the gym. Whenever Miss Loomis could educate her students in the sharpness of life, she was satisfied, if not happy.

Miss Loomis was a perfect target for Clarabelle's seltzer bottle. Lacking such armaments, I and my classmates formed loose alliances to snipe at Miss Loomis when we could, with whatever weapons were at hand. Nancy Gosling could pronounce Miss Loomis' name in a way that held up everything that was rigid, snippy and demanding about her to ridicule.

"*Miss* Loom-*miss*," Nancy would intone, making the *miss* sound like white gloved fingertips whisking away nonsense, or snapping to expel a distraction. Nancy and I didn't make fizzing noises anymore, but we did giggle in Miss Loomis' classes, or wrench our insides out trying not to giggle, which was even more fun than laughing out loud. Nancy could locate comedy in any corner of the room. It was as if Miss Loomis were a skinny hen laying Easter eggs, which Nancy needed for nourishment, or else she'd bite her fingernails.

Frightened people—more precisely actors pretending to be rattled—were frequent guest lecturers on "The Buster Brown Show." When I was in fifth grade I was spending all of Saturday morning and most of Saturday afternoon in front of the television set. "The Buster Brown Show" was the highlight of Saturday morning. Smilin' Ed, who was old enough to be Buffalo Bob's father, hosted "The Buster Brown Show" until he retired or died; then Andy Devine took over the show and it was called "Andy's Gang."

I gotta gang, you gotta gang
Everybody's gotta have a gang
But there's only one real gang for me
Good ol' Andy's Gang.

That was the theme song. When the kids in the audience finished singing it, they started screaming. They were screaming for Froggie. What kid wouldn't be jumping up and down in his seat if he knew he was going to see Froggie in person? More so even than Clarabelle, Froggie was a genius at mischief.

"Plunk your magic twanger, Froggie," Andy would rasp. There would be a loud *boing*, a puff of smoke, and then Froggie would appear on top of a grandfather clock, laughing. Froggie's laugh could grate a carrot. He was only four or five inches tall, but his size made it all the easier for him to get underfoot. Every week Froggie would give somebody a hard time. Usually the somebody was a visiting violin teacher in a frock coat. Froggie's victims were always instructors of one thing or another, products of an academia endowed by the Marx Brothers. While the teacher figure tried to lecture to the hysterical children in the audience, Froggie lit the fuse of an explosive device, loaded a water pistol with ink, or opened up a sack of flour. *Ink* in the face, not just seltzer. Flour all over the black frock coat. Firecrackers blowing apart the lectern. The kids were in ecstasy.

"Now, Froggie," Andy would always say, "I don't want you causing any trouble today." Hah. Fat chance.

Right after Froggie's demonstration of the power of anarchy over tedium, there would be on "Andy's Gang" an episode in the adventures of Gunga Ram the Elephant Boy. Gunga Ram was a dark, skinny kid in a turban and a loin cloth who was seldom off the back of his elephant, Tila. The villain in Gunga's village was frequently a fellow with a black beard who put scorpions or cobras in people's beds.

"By the great goddess Shiva," Gunga would say when the maharaja's daughter found a scorpion under her pillow. There would be a pursuit across a swaying rope bridge, through a marketplace full of women with baskets, across a field with a tiger lurking in the grass. Finally the villain would be picked up in Tila's trunk and handed over to the authorities. At the time I had no idea where India was, and in my mind Gunga Ram might have lived around the corner.

Perhaps if Froggie had set off some dynamite in Miss Loomis' classroom, we all might have been blown to India. As it was, we were never able to lift our imaginations out of the gully of rote.

Because of her fear of Froggie, Miss Loomis saw aggression in situations that were, at worst, the result of ignorance. The slowest pupil in our class was Raymond Callahan. Poor Raymond's blunders Miss Loomis mistook for assault. Behind a classroom desk, Raymond looked out of his element, as if he were trying to cope with things within the confines of a deep sea diver's suit.

Now and then Miss Loomis would allow such lapses in discipline as a birthday cake into her classroom. One afternoon the division of a birthday cake led to an incident that was typical of the run-ins between Miss Loomis and Raymond. When Miss Loomis handed Raymond his portion of cake, he looked at it as if it were a penny and asked, "Is that all?" Miss Loomis recoiled, as if she had been squirted in the

Continued on page 88

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

UNCLE STAVROS' SURPRISE

Not since the Trojan Horse incident has a Greek shocked his audience so effectively. Brooklyn mourners, beware! You can't always believe your eyes.

by Tom Tolnay

Illustrated by Craig Stilwell

Five hundred years ago in a village in Macedonia too small to have a name of its own, the wheezing, retching master of the Hestiakos house had his brother put aside a generous supply of wine, dried fish, nuts, and figs, and gasped to family and neighbors gathered at his deathbed that he would provide a festive meal for the entire village on the occasion of his own demise. Apparently having last-minute doubts about the Hereafter, Hermes wanted to make sure he was not forgotten completely—or at least too quickly—on earth.

The strategy worked. His name, if not his face, lingered in the minds of villagers. . .for a year or two, anyway. But something much broader, much more meaningful had also, unwittingly, been accomplished: A ritual was born. These days no affair can compare with the burying of a Hestiakos for memorable feats of eating, drinking, dancing, *and* loving.

Uncle Stavros, a modern product of the lineage in the Brooklyn chapter, was true to this tradition. *True?* He was fanatical about it. Five years before quitting this world he was saving up, clinking quarters into a washed wine gallon bottle that was marked "Funeral Party" in red Bingo crayon. And three years before his time he started penciling plans for his blowout on the wall by his bed.

Unmarried, Stavros had come to live with my mother (his sister Evangelina) and me after my father died. Independent, he had consented to move in only because the big edifice reminded him of a cathedral and was, therefore, a good place in which to wait for Judgment Day. Prophetic, he kept to himself the last year of his life, spending most of his time reminiscing in his room about the old country—even though he'd been born and raised in America.

A dozen jugs of quarters surrounded his bed, and the one wall was virtually covered with notations that resembled hieroglyphics by the time he released his grip on the ghost once and forever. The next day, two of the undertaker's henchmen carried my uncle into our high-ceilinged parlor, as instructed. Clumsily, I thought, they arranged him on the gigantic rented folding table, which we had decorated with crepe paper left over from one of Aunt Harriet's weddings, and which was stationed at the narrow end of the long room, away from the elongated Victorian windows. I think Evangelina didn't want her brother to be in a draft.

Stavros' stubby, quaint body was then encircled by trading-stamp platters overloaded with bloody beef, pepper-scallion salad, stacks of brine-soaked feta cheese, deviled crab, rice meatballs wrapped in grape leaves, pickled beets, spinach pie, black olives the size of eyeballs, pita of all shapes and sizes and colors. And standing around like second and third cousins were bottles of retsina, cognac, Metaxa, ouzo, anisette, and the black and blue wines—soon to become part of the family!

No expense had been spared, no detail overlooked. It'd all been scrawled on my uncle's wall. That particular celebration was memorable, however, not for the avalanche of amenities that were planned by the deceased but for a phenomenon that was quite unexpected. For the first time in recent memory a Hestiakos funeral party was blessed by a miracle.

Before the mourners could partake of that great spread of delicacies, from the smiling sardines to the frowning figs, we had to get the customary preliminaries out of the way. These consisted of crying for five minutes on behalf of the departed; bragging for five minutes about the fine things he would have done—Stavros croaked at 80—if he had lived; and discussing for five minutes the cause and manner of his unexpected passing.

Throughout his life Stavros Hestiakos spoke kindly to cats and petted children politely. Cats and children, no doubt, made him feel closer to God. Unfortunately, he was allergic to cats and never had any children of his own body. There was no good reason for his allergy, but there was for his lack of offspring. "I never met the right girl," he would moan every so often. Translated, this means he was much too thick-headed to get along with one woman for any length of time. But that's telling tales on the dead.

Anyway, because of his ardent desire to perpetuate the family name in Brooklyn, once a year he brooded drastically over this sinful void in his life. The worst of these brooding periods came to a boil one damp spring evening when I was working at the restaurant—I was assistant manager of the place—and when my mother was visiting former neighbors who'd exiled to Queens. The scent of new life must've gotten into his wide nose, for my uncle cracked open a bottle of Metaxa and planted himself at the kitchen table. And by the time I got home he was drunk as Dionysus.

Seeing him slouched on the chair and babbling to himself, I couldn't help chuckling at the old character. But I sometimes wonder if my laughter helped

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

goad Stavros into doing what he later did. While I was heating up some leftover breaded eggplant for our supper, he got up from the table, went upstairs, opened the window, and climbed out onto the roof of the house. And before I'd given any thought to what he was up to, I heard him through the open window, putting the women of Brooklyn on notice in a loud, raucous voice.

"You'd better sleep with one eye open," he warned them. "I'm coming after you. Stavros Hestiakos, he needs an heir." And he meant it. He was determined to have a son.

Uncle Stavros was 78 at the time, and he almost didn't make it to 79, wandering around drunk on the roof. I had some time getting him back into the house safely. But come to think of it, I don't suppose anything could've happened to him. He hadn't finished saving up, or writing down his party plans.

There is an ancient Hestiakos saying which goes something like this: When a man loses his dream, it is the man who is lost. That's what happened to my uncle. Once he sensed his death approaching, he gradually forgot about carrying on the family name. And by the time it was all over, there wasn't a sign of that dream left in his creased forehead, his wiry gray mustache, his rusty teeth. Laid out in our parlor, he was truly lost and alone, a man without a dream.

True to family tradition, Stavros began planning his going-away party five years before departure.

Dead, Stavros waited patiently for the box. Alive, we mourners waited impatiently for the eating and drinking and merriment to begin. With hunger growing and crankiness cropping up and minor annoyances—a fly on the leg of lamb—looming like acts of war, Evangelina stationed herself near the combination bier-banquet table and, with a proud, 73-year-old smile, began passing out waxy paper plates and flat wooden forks. Then she called out, in a voice too large for her body, "Come up and get it!" which was about as close as she ever came to Americanization.

The mass of relatives and friends and neighbors began swelling and stretching, changing shape like a massive amoeba. Gradually a long, ragged procession was formed, across the living room, along the hall, out the door, down the stairs, and onto the sidewalk. The line moved slowly, and each mourner glanced with solemn, humble eyes from the face of my uncle to a different delicacy on the table, spearing a slice of this and a chunk of that. The spectacle of bowed heads and ravenous eyes was inspiring to behold. I am sure those were proud moments for Stavros Hestiakos, wherever he was.

Humility makes people very, very dry in the throat, so as soon as the first trooper—a honey-haired stranger of a honey—made it through the front lines, they began to crack the seals, pop the corks. Shortly, every mourner held a glass, and every glass was filled to the brim. And, often, over the brim—many a cotton house dress and shiny gabardine suit was ruined at the funeral of Uncle Stavros. At first the drinking was quiet, social, sober; but then it took a turn for the better. Toasts ricocheted from one flower-papered wall to another,

Continued on page 86

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE AMWAY DREAM

Twenty years ago, two brash young idealists had an inspiration for a new kind of business enterprise. In 1980, their corporation bids fair to reach a billion dollars in sales, provided by over 300,000 worldwide distributors. And this may be only a beginning.

by Frederic A. Birmingham

Time: Autumn, now.

Place: On the banks of the sweetly named Thornapple River.

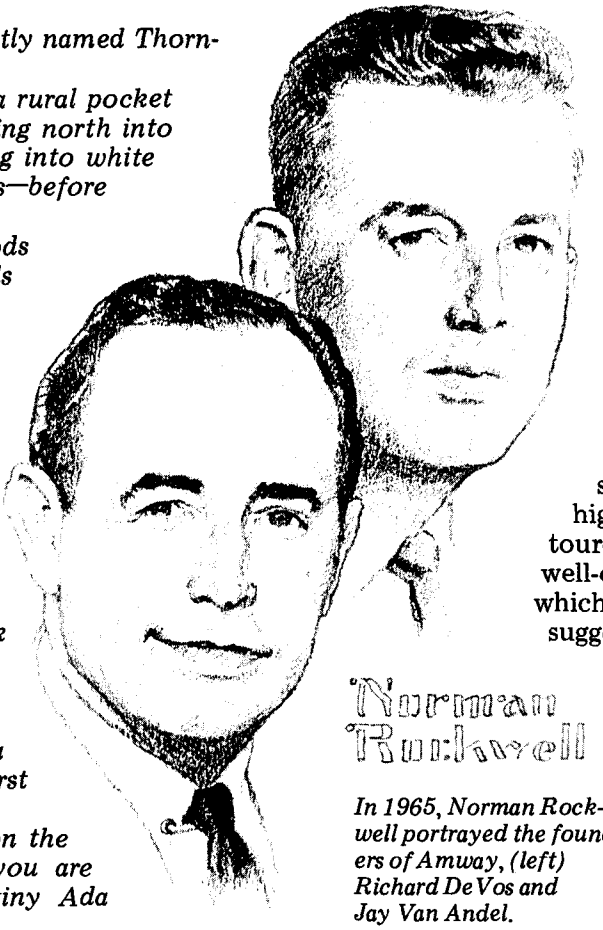
The stream meanders through a rural pocket hidden in Western Michigan, tooling north into the Grand River and then breaking into white water—a place called Grand Rapids—before flowing at last into Lake Michigan.

The morning is golden. The woods are alight with the ambers and reds of autumn, the Thornapple's surface carpeted with multi-colored leaves. Every now and again the pattern of the carpet shifts at the jump of a trout.

There is a little lake between tree-covered ridges, a valley hideaway for homes. An old-fashioned covered bridge still stands here. The road under the railroad overpass is barely two cars wide, with a twist that would break the back of an anaconda.

This is the little village of Ada, started as Rix Robinson's Trading Post in 1821, and named for Ada Smith, winsome daughter of the first postmaster.

You can feel a kind of dream on the place, some veiled drama. And you are right. There is a story here in tiny Ada which reaches around the world.



In 1965, Norman Rockwell portrayed the founders of Amway, (left) Richard DeVos and Jay Van Andel.

You can find the story just a breakfast jog away from the lake, on the north side of Route M21, which runs between Grand Rapids and Flint. Here is the headquarters of Amway Corporation, heart of a worldwide organization which includes subsidiaries in Canada, West Germany, France, the United Kingdom, the Netherlands, Ireland, Japan, Hong Kong, Malaysia and Australia, as well as in many Caribbean Islands, Puerto Rico and soon in Belgium, Switzerland and Taiwan.

Amway, short for *American Way*, is unique indeed. As you drive on #21 the ten miles from Grand Rapids, you pass scores of huge ground-devouring business layouts, which, directed by practical dollars-and-cents reasoning, add up to—give or take a few million cinder blocks—the same architectural monstrosity easily recognized as a "plant."

Not so, Amway. It is a complex of administration/manufacturing/laboratory/distributing entities which cover some 1,000,000 square feet on a 300-acre terrain, but there any resemblance stops. The first surprise is its centerpiece, around which the rest of the plant is grouped. This is "The Center of Free Enterprise," an eye-arresting, three-storied dodecagon (a 12-sided polygon) set back nicely from the highway, with a flame-contoured sculpture out front and well-contrived road approaches, which has architectural elements suggesting a museum of the decorative arts set in a park-like atmosphere, a swinging estate residence designed in Arizona by Frank Lloyd Wright for a retired sea captain, or a student center on some affluent university campus.

This is no mere façade: It is, in fact, a bit of all of these. And herein lies our story. For Amway, to quote its own self-description, is involved with "a world of people, products, places, principles, a world of progress and potential."

Note, please, which comes first. *People.*

That's why you should read on. That's what makes a difference between Amway and so many of the industrial giants on the famous *Fortune* magazine top "500" list. (It is not there because Amway is privately owned.) But with current sales indicating a peak of one billion dollars for this fiscal year (up a whopping $300 million from last year), Amway's right up there with many of the more famous corporate names as to income.

We enter the Center and meet the two men who are behind this unusual façade (their names, of Michigan Dutch stock, are unusual in themselves): Jay Van

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Andel and Richard DeVos, chairman and president, respectively, of the corporation.

The Amway story actually includes the more than 300,000 associated distributorships all over the world who are independent business people, and more than 4,000 employees. But you have to start with Rich and Jay, who don't mind you, or any of their people, calling them that. They prefer it, in fact.

They were always a bit different. The two teamed for the first time when Rich, 14 and sick of riding the bus to Grand Rapids Christian High School, boldly offered to pay for the gas if he could ride along in 16-year-old Jay's "A" Ford back and forth from school. They struck up a deal.

Rich says today that most men make very few great decisions in life, that strings of small, seemingly insignificant moves carry them along the paths their lives take. That first one of his, paying Jay a whopping 25¢ per week for transportation, was the first of probably thousands they have made together since then, as best friends and business partners who have become multimillionaires through their own efforts. But this was the cornerstone of a remarkable accomplishment in relatively few years.

Today, as you meet them, you sense how they complement each other. Rich, "Mr. Outside," concerns himself mostly with sales and motivation. Jay, "Mr. Inside," is the master marketer.

This is oversimplification, of course. As the founders of the business who built it from the ground up, they can switch roles into any area, and have even switched titles from time to time, finally leaving Jay as permanent chairman, in part because he is the senior of the two. Meeting them in their adjacent offices, with adjoining conference rooms, you sense differing personalities simply from the decor, photographs and knickknacks scattered around. Except for the faultless and unobtrusively expensive tailoring of their clothes, you might take these two low-key, articulate and informal guys for a couple of professors rather than businessmen. Rich could teach in the school of drama—there's a touch of the theatrical about him, and great personal charisma. Jay, in his thoughtful way, could lecture right now on political science and economics at any university. Put these two contrasting personalities together and you have more than one-and-one-makes-two. You have a kind of psychic multiplication.

The great flair of these two men is no more evident than in the Amway boardroom they have designed, probably one of the most unusual of its genre in the whole business world. (That's the dome you see in the photograph of the Center included with this article.) A magnificent center table somewhat approaching a hockey rink in size sits on a custom carpet only a touch larger than Rhode Island, flanked by furniture groupings around the sides of the room for private discussions as needed. Above the floor level is a captain's walk which resembles a running track—climb a few steps up and you can stroll the perimeter of the room and view the Amway domain and the surrounding countryside as from an airport control tower.

We lunch informally in this corporate control tower, supplied from a built-in kitchen. Executives come and go in an easy informal flow, sit where they please. Conversation is sometimes across the table, sometimes one-on-one, but it is clear that here is where things get done.

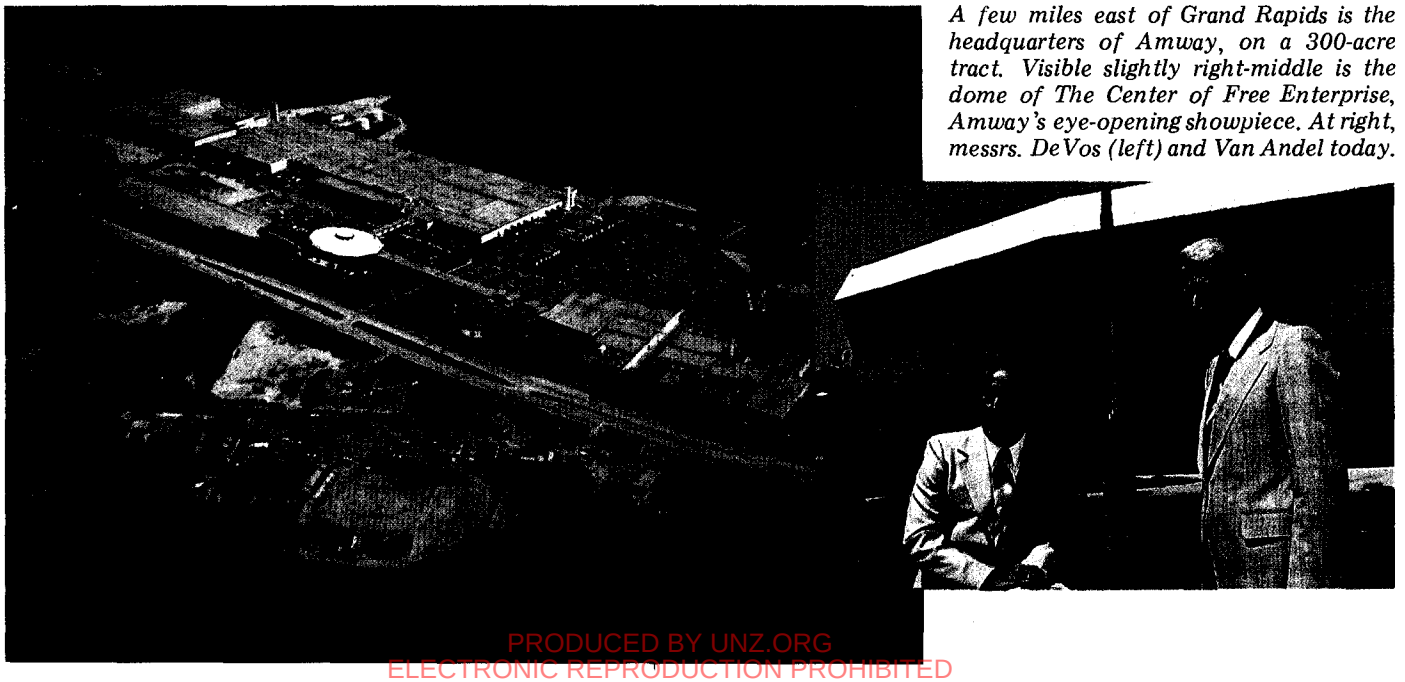
I am opposite Jay. A young executive type slides into the easy chair next to him.

Jay gives him a sideways grin.

"Got enough to do?" he says.

The man fields that with a return grin, then they dive into serious matters over the salad.

Jay comes in late. Obviously both he and Rich are very approachable. At least today, they are letting the problems come to them. But the dynamics of leadership are there all right, under the surface. The calm virtuosity of this company is astonishing. For example, from this boardroom came recent decisions which sound as if the Sheraton Hotels, NBC and Laurance Rockefeller suddenly put their heads together. Amway has just purchased the Pantlind Hotel in Grand Rapids (an elegant monument to a more formal age, designed by the man who also created Grand Central Station in New York) and is quietly modern-



A few miles east of Grand Rapids is the headquarters of Amway, on a 300-acre tract. Visible slightly right-middle is the dome of The Center of Free Enterprise, Amway's eye-opening showpiece. At right, messrs. DeVos (left) and Van Andel today.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The men at the helm of Amway thought big as the company grew. A family accent permeated their philosophy on personnel and products, so who else to interpret that but Norman Rockwell? Result: these warm advertising portraits, left.

izing it without extinguishing its atmosphere of past grandeur—this to make their visitors from out of state comfortable. Amway has just purchased the Mutual Broadcasting Company, now a medium for education as well as entertainment. Amway has just picked up a Shangri-la in the Caribbean: Peter Island, on which meritorious distributors and their families may romp and bask at company expense, transportation included, and thus avoid the hurry-schmurry of vacations usual to less fortunate mortals. Amway has the motor vessel *Enterprise* cruising among the enchanted isles, which it uses for seagoing sales seminars.

On the ground floor of the Center is the Hall of Free Enterprise, 55,265 square feet of it, which explains a lot about this Amway business. It is the front for a program funded by Amway which is aimed toward developing economic educational programs for grade schools, high schools and colleges. On the day of my visit, Amway is catching 'em young. The Hall resounds with the laughter of busloads of grade school kids oohing and ahing their way around the Hall. They approve the canteen, and well they might, since the chairs would not be out of place in the Men's Bar at the Waldorf Astoria. They gape at the original "Tree" of Economic Life from the 1964-1965 World's Fair in New York, which dramatizes what and how the nation produces. A large electronically animated display illustrates the flow of corporate funds and the origin and circulation of the money supply. The Bible, the Constitution of the United States, and the Declaration of Independence are pointedly on display for study. A reflecting pool soothes the Hall, with coins tossed in for luck. There is a towering piece of modern metal statuary and—to the delight of the children—bronze, life-size statues of Jay and Rich, the work of sculptor Charles Parks. The seated (Jay) and standing (Rich) figures were placed in the Center in 1974, as the gift and inspiration of the Amway Distributors Association. The two gentlemen had little choice but to put them on display, and although one may wonder how it is to pass a statue of oneself every day during working hours, this reporter is one who did not ask. However, I suspect that Jay and Rich get a bang out of it. Under the circumstances, if the people in a business want to erect statues to the top guys while they're still alive, instead of burning them in effigy, which is more usually the case, that says much for Rich and Jay. The sculptor did a fine job, by the way. The figures are pleasantly recognizable, and Jay's Gucci moccasins may set some sort of fashion standard for future generations.

Jay and Rich are men of faith and patriotism; you better believe it. It's worth a quick look back over their story, not to outline the perfunctory corporate history, but to see what there was in their roots which makes these two guys tick.

They were both born to Grand Rapids families in modest circumstances who lived by the ancient virtues of piety, frugality, hard work and patriotism, beliefs embedded in the children.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The summer after the boys met in 1940 and made the deal for Jay to drive Rich to school, Van Andel's father, who was an automobile dealer, conceived the idea of having them deliver two used trucks from his Grand Rapids shop to a place in Montana. He may have had some qualms about this, but he had confidence in these two up-and-at-'em kids. The daring duo, still only 14 and 16, drove the two-car caravan to Montana. Although neither of them used a razor as yet on his face, they had some close shaves on the highway. But they survived, and, more importantly, cemented a lifelong friendship with this shared adventure.

In World War II, characteristically they opted for the Air Force. Come peace, they went into a gung-ho business together majestically entitled The Wolverine Air Service, a flying school and air-charter bus service at Comstock Park, near Grand Rapids.

It was not quite that majestic in reality.

Says DeVos:

"We hit a snag. When we got our customers signed up and our instructors hired, we discovered that the runways at the little airport had not been completed yet. They were still nothing but giant streaks of mud. We improvised. A river ran alongside the airport, so we bought some floats for our Piper Cub and flew right off the water, taking off and landing on those pontoon floats. We were supposed to have offices there at the little airstrip, but they weren't built in time for our opening. Jay bought a chicken coop from a farmer down the road, hauled it over to the airstrip, whitewashed it, and hung a sign that read grandly: WOLVERINE AIR SERVICE. We were in business!"

In fact, business was so slack in between flights that the two entrepreneurs anticipated McDonald's by erecting a prefab building at the airstrip and setting up a hamburger kitchen therein. They took turns cooking and "carhopping" the food. Suffice to say, the restaurant business has never tempted them very much since.

After World War II, Rich and Jay started their own air service in Michigan, with adventurous but varying results. They even went into ventures in bread making and toy manufacturing. But soon the direct selling path opened, and Amway was born.

These two were rovers and chance takers. After two years on the airstrip, they unloaded the business at a profit and blew the wad on an old 38-foot schooner, the *Elizabeth*, full of romance and rotting timbers. They sailed from Norwalk, Connecticut, in December 1948 for a year-long cruise down the East Coast of the U.S., through the Caribbean and on to the fabled coast of South America!

It is not a voyage which you will find recorded in your local library under the title "Famous Annals of the Sea."

One problem, other than the schooner's timbers, was that the sailors decided to learn navigation as they went. This is not recommended procedure at Annapolis. They discovered that as the U.S. Coast Guard hauled them out of a pestiferous New Jersey swamp at the end of a rope, their rescuers shaking their seagoing heads and allowing as how "nobody has ever been this far inland in a boat this size before."

Undaunted, our heroes sailed on south.

But you can't sail vertically. They learned that as *Elizabeth* opened her seams and sank in 1,500 feet of water ten miles off the coast of Cuba. Rescuers picked them off from a watery grave and dropped the argonauts in San Juan, Puerto Rico.

Now hear this: *They did not turn back.* After a brief pause to pick up their insurance benefits from the unlucky Grand Rapids underwriter, the team spent another five months gallivanting around the Caribbean Islands, poking around Central and South America. They had a time.

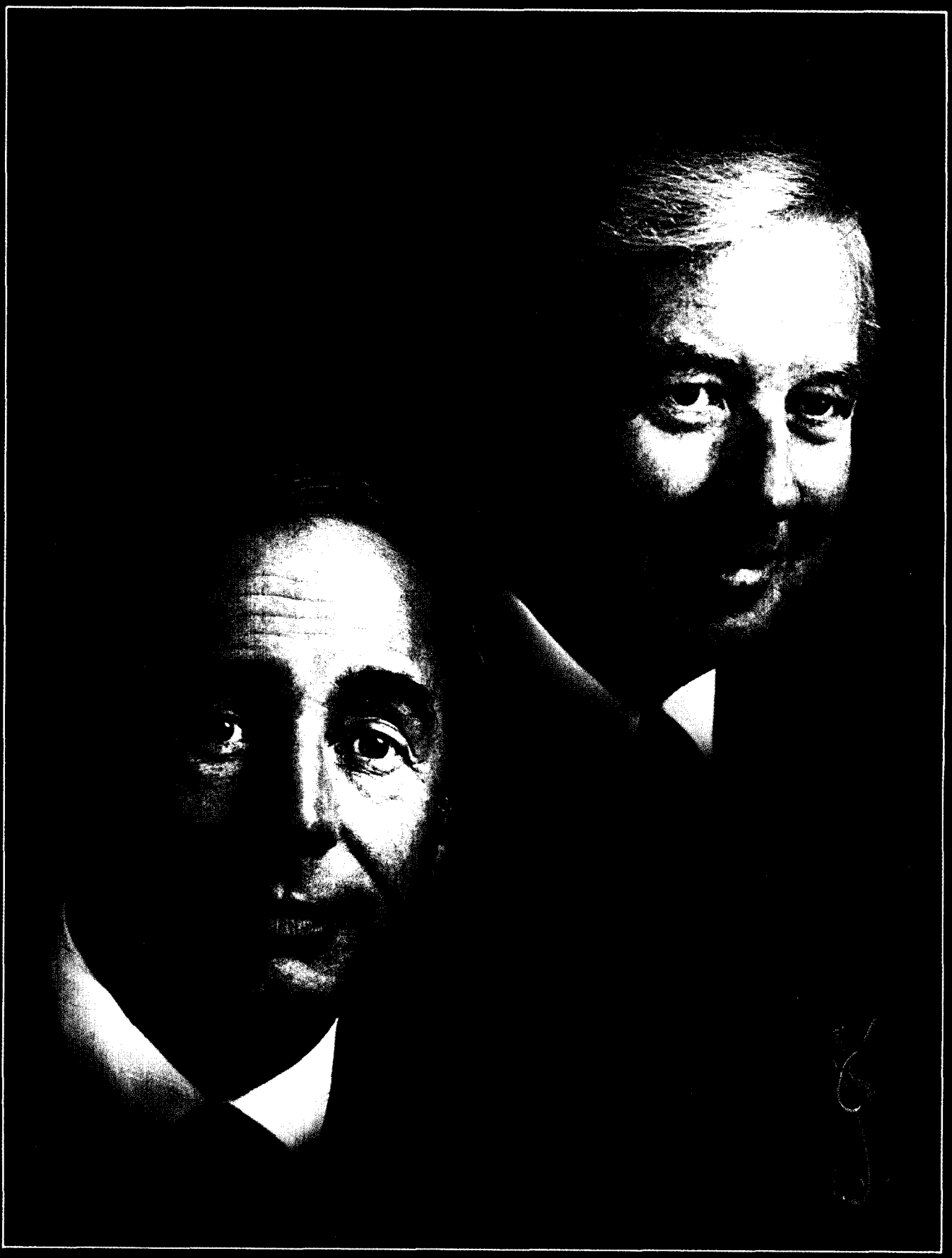
Arrived back home in Grand Rapids at long last, the little/big decision popped up.

A distant relative of Jay's from Chicago, Neal Maaskant, erstwhile immigrant from Holland, had just started a new business, selling a line of food supplements called "Nutrilite Products," and needed a few distributors. Neal was doing O.K. in his business, his happy-go-lucky young prospects could see, so they signed a contract with him with all the rights, honors and privileges appertaining thereto. The product they were selling was a box of Nutrilite food supplement capsules, a month's supply costing $19.50, and the next day they sold to their first customer. "He was an old man who ran a beer-and-wine, pick-up grocery on the lake nearby," DeVos recalls. "We asked him to buy a box and he did, just because he liked us. After we made that one sale, we didn't do another thing in that business for two weeks."

After that, our success story runs in a little straighter line. But what is important is that while the days of adventure *per se* may have been over for the two young fliers and sailors, their American Adventure was only just beginning.

The two worked hard at selling Nutrilite. They started other businesses, too. They started one called Stone Mill Products, which offered customers a "home-baked stone-ground loaf of bread." ('Way ahead of their times!) They launched the Grand Rapids Toy Company, specializing in rocking horses—and fell out of the saddle. Then they decided to drop the peripheral ventures and get back to Nutrilite and make it work. They found they could sell like mad,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The dream of Rich DeVos and Jay Van Andel was to build a company that would offer every person who seeks it a chance to change his life, that would offer those willing to work for it a chance to build their own business, set their own goals, make their own future. That, they say, is the American dream. . .
(Portrait by David B. LaClaire)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and they had sponsored a successful group of distributors. But the Nutrilite company wasn't backing them up. It was time to do their own thing. In late 1959, Jay and Rich organized Amway Sales Corporation, which they later merged with three other companies to form Amway Corporation. They were doing what they wanted to do. And as we now realize, with the wisdom of hindsight, they were superbly fitted to do it.

Boiled down to its essence, Amway is in the business of direct selling—in the home or office. This conjures up in the public eye, generally, an image of a hyped-up door-to-door salesman, not exactly putting his foot in the door in the time dishonored tradition, but overcoming the housewife by sheer gall and steamroller tactics so that she buys something she never wanted before the doorbell rang and will never use after the door has shut.

You can make a lot of money that way, if you have a group of hardrock salespeople who are experts at arm-twisting. But Rich and Jay had an entirely different concept, one of marketing ordinary household items which anyone could sell. Van Andel explains:

"In the direct-sales business, one must decide whether he wants an organization of highly specialized, professional salesmen, or a situation in which almost anyone can develop the business and make a profit. We opted for the latter approach. We wanted to provide an opportunity that virtually any hard-working person could take advantage of. With household products, the new distributor doesn't have the task of creating a demand for the product, of convincing the customer that he needs it. The demand is already there. All the distributor must do is say, 'Look, you're buying this product at the supermarket already. I want to offer you a product as good or better at a comparable price, and I'll bring it to your door, give individual service, and guarantee your money back if you're not satisfied.' Now that's not a bad deal. That is the kind of sales that anyone can do. Household products fit into our concept of a sort of 'Everyman' business, as opposed to a business for big-ticket, supersalesman types."

"Even in Malaysia they see a chance for individuals to advance themselves by their own efforts."

As we have seen, the first Amway tenet is that they are not selling a gimmick, but established items which every household needs to buy somewhere, and replenish with fair frequency. Amway markets over 150 different laboratory-tested home-, car-, and personal-care, cosmetic and other products, as well as Nutrilite vitamins and food supplements. Amway also markets hundreds of other brand items through the Amway Personal Shoppers Service Catalog. Commercial-size packages are also available to service that substantial market.

A myriad of products is represented under the Amway label, including laundry detergents, stain removers, fabric softeners, multi-purpose cleaners, dishwashing detergents, metal cleaners, silver polish, floor wax, furniture polish, rug shampoo, air freshener, bug spray, stainless-steel cookware, cosmetics, fragrances, soaps, toothpaste, mouth freshener, smoke detectors, and many more. To maintain high quality and the ability to meet delivery requirements, Amway manufactures the vast majority of these products in its own plant at Ada or in the plants of Nutrilite Products, Inc., at Buena Park and Lakeview, California. Yes, they purchased Nutrilite Products, Inc., only 13 years after leaving Nutrilite to start Amway.

Production departments include laboratories for research and development and for quality control, a graphic arts studio, a complete printing plant, computer services, warehousing, as well as manufacturing facilities for liquid, cream, lotion, aerosol, and powder products, for plastic bottle molding and plastic injection molding, and for folding and corrugating cartons.

Some 280 million pounds of finished products are shipped from Ada each year. In hauling much of this cargo, Amway's fleet of transportation vehicles travels the equivalent of twice around the world each week. An aircraft department, which includes two 23-passenger BAC 1-11's, three Cessna Citations and a helicopter, facilitates movement of personnel throughout Amway's far-flung operations, logging more than 420,000 air miles each year.

Amway provides its distributors with sophisticated know-how in the arts of selling. Once upon a time, Jay and Rich worked on the Ping-Pong table in the basement of Jay's home, putting together a rudimentary sales manual and collating it right there for their handful of distributors. Today, Amway has a sales education manual which would be a prize exhibit in any course of business administration, and conducts a continuous program of distributor education and seminars, bringing together product, sales and business specialists to exchange proven information on how best to serve customer needs.

Over 200 Amway-directed seminars, meetings and rallies are held each year in more than 80 different cities. Amway also assists distributors with their own meetings via specialized information and know-how on retailing, motivation, sponsoring and training programs, resulting in more than 5,000 distributor sales meetings weekly.

The Amway International Leadership Convention attracts some 5,000 distributor leaders each year. Regional conventions for all distributors attract 10,000 people to each of five locations throughout the spring.

In addition to providing sales and motivation materials, Amway supports distributors through advertising and public information programs which stress the fact that Amway distributors are independent personal-selling specialists who offer the finest in quality products and service.

Amway supports its sales techniques program with a manual describing how to increase a direct sales income by sponsoring Amway distributors: *Profes-*

Continued on page 113

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NR14/*The Optometrist*

NR1/*Magic Potion*

NR9/*Low and Inside*

NR21/*Doctor and Doll*

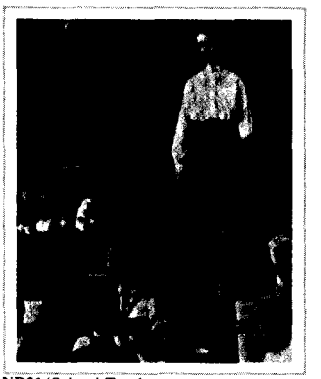
NR30/*Sunday Morning*

NR26/*At The Vets*

A nostalgic and truly remarkable pictorial biography of our century as presented by America's greatest illustrator.

NR34/*Girl At The Mirror*

NR35/*Defeated Candidate*



NR31/*School Teacher*

NR32/*Breaking Home Ties*

NR22/*Weighty Matters*

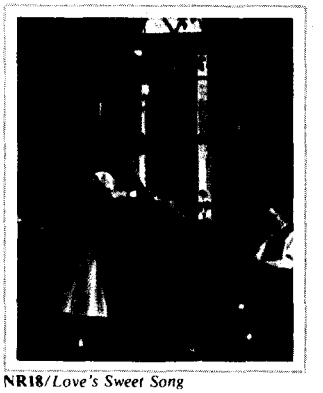
NR3/*Little Spooners*

NR15/*Missing Tooth*

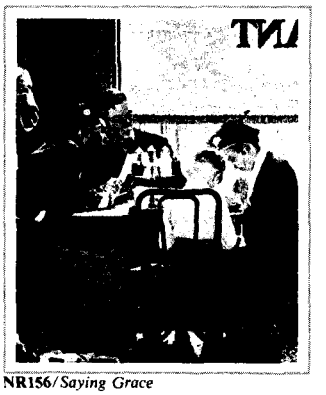
NR16/*At The Doctors*

NR36/*Three Umpires*

NR11/*Big Moment*



NR18/*Love's Sweet Song*



NR156/*Saying Grace*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A collection of memorable

Norman Rockwell prints

NR23/*The Runaway*

from The Saturday Evening Post

This beautiful collection of full-color Rockwell prints, each on genuine artist's canvas, represents a lifetime's talent. In this special edition of Rockwell's finest covers, no expense has been spared to get as close to the original paintings as possible. These pictures will brighten your home and remind you of the wonderful times a great artist recorded for the magazine that is America's town square.

Rockwell Prints
Dept. TP
P.O. Box 1144
Indianapolis, IN 46206

Please send me the following Norman Rockwell 11"x 14" unframed canvas reproductions at $5.98 each.

Print Code	Quantity	Price
	Total $	

☐ Check enclosed. ☐ VISA ☐ MasterCharge

Credit Card No. _____ Expiration Date _____

If Master Charge, enter 4-digit number appearing above your name: _____ _____ _____ _____

Signature _____

Name (print) _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

(Please allow six weeks for delivery.)
Indiana residents add 4% sales tax.

9H

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WORKING WITH WOODY ALLEN

The trials of film making with a smart introvert

by Ralph Rosenblum with Robert Karen

When Woody Allen approached me with the script for *Bananas* early in 1970, we were, in our respective crafts, in close to opposite positions in the motion-picture pecking order. Woody was just beginning as a director, whereas I had been cutting film for 25 years.

The working style that evolved as Woody and I edged our way around the ego traps and pitfalls of this subtle terrain might be described as a Dance of Deference. From the first moments we bent over backward in an effort not to force our opinions on each other. "Do you think we can bring that sequence in here?" I might ask. "Well, there's a problem with that," he would respond, "because we want to set up the laugh for the next shot." "Well, why don't we cut away before the sequence ends, go in for the laugh, and then come back?" When decisions had to be made, this invariably was the tone of the exchange.

If I pointed out that something in the script or the filming didn't work, Woody's impulse was never to become possessive and defend what he had done, but simply to get rid of it. Often I had to fight him to save a joke that was faulty but not beyond repair. Out of the extreme politeness and respect grew a partnership, and it was for his grace in partnership that I most valued Woody. It accounted for my willingness to cut five of his next six pictures and to tie my last years as an editor to the beginnings of his remarkable film-making career.

When Woody and I work, our conversation is generally quiet and sober with few displays of emotion, least of all enthusiasm. At times we have spent hours earnestly hashing out problems with the plot or the continuity or about what new material Woody needed to write or shoot. The tone of these conversations was easy and professional with surprisingly little kidding around, personal reflection, or anything approaching intimacy. Woody is very private, very reserved, excruciatingly—at times, maddeningly—controlled. He never snacks when he works; he never betrays what he's feeling. His paltry lunches, sometimes no more than a glass of club soda, are symbolic of his stoicism.

I do not count Woody as a close friend, and yet we have so much in common I feel emotionally allied with him. We are both Jewish, both from Brooklyn, both perennially joyless, pessimistic about our chances for happiness, and easily sucked into low spirits. We are both mostly self-educated and have similar passions, such as Russian literature and jazz. We both abhor pretension, whether it be in dress, choice of eating place or the obnoxious self-importance of many people who work in film.

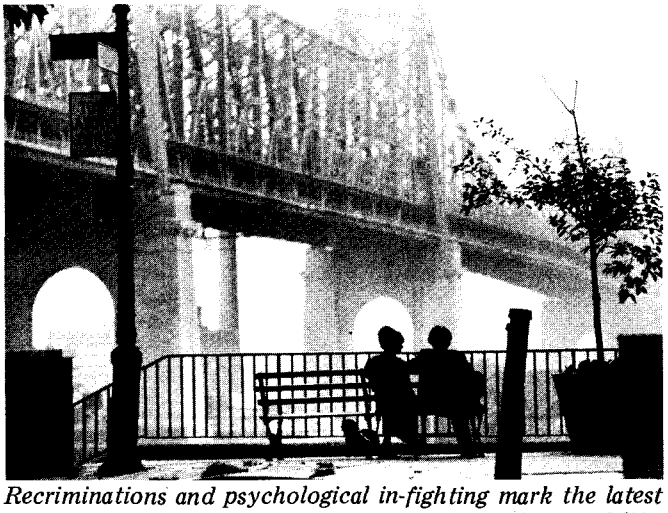
Having been a stammerer and always somewhat withdrawn and uncertain about myself, I immediately identified with Woody's extreme timidity, an issue that arose again and again as we moved through public places and faced his fans. With colleagues, silence is his primary tool for both protection and control, and it works an unsettling devastation whether on a room full of smooth executives at United Artists or a group of garrulous production people on the set. I knew from my own experience that this was the strategy of a proud but insecure man. As a boy I found that if I got angry, I stammered, I blocked, I made a fool of myself. But shut up, and the effect is potent. Maintain that silence, keep from saying the words that put others at ease, that grease the social flywheels, and more sociable people falter and even go to pieces. In Woody, I'd found a man who had taken my own nonverbal protection to its extreme, and I sympathized with all it represented.

Although our similarities remained unspoken, they were the hidden cement of our relationship. Our silent bearing, so threatening to other people, had the familiar quality of home to us. It was certainly rewarding for me to contribute to the films of a man whose struggles I identified with and whose material I liked and respected. And I believe it was comforting for Woody, who feels so out of step with the world, to work with someone who understood his references,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

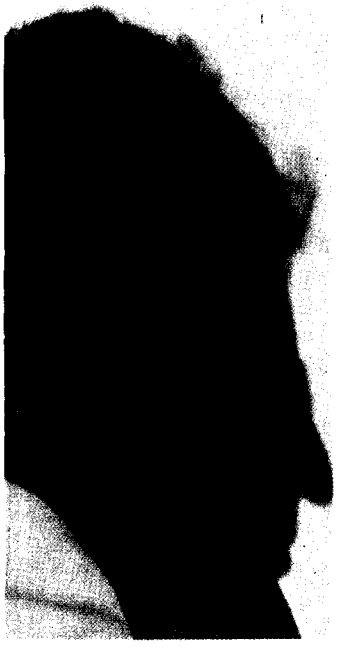
values, tastes and anxieties.

Woody has very little in common with the characters he portrays in his films. The insecurity and fears are truly his own, but the behavior is not. He is not a bumbler. He is not ingratiating. He rarely makes an effort to be affable to strangers. He is not particularly "Jewish" in his mannerisms, speech or personal habits. Despite his scuffed shoes, ill-fitting chinos, army fatigues and dilapidated felt hat, he is, when working, much more the style and image of the detached corporation executive. And interwoven with this are the shyness and the ambivalence about stardom. For despite his power, Woody has a fade-into-the-woodwork manner that becomes more and more incongruous the more famous he becomes. He is like an elephant in midtown, who, secretly believing he's a cockroach, pretends not to be there.



Recriminations and psychological in-fighting mark the latest Allen-Keaton partnership in Manhattan, *though in real life, Allen claims, "there's never been any strain between us; no fights, no falling out, almost never a bad word."*

None of the popular accounts I've read come near to capturing the man I know—cerebral, cautious, judgmental, shrewd at covering his tracks, with a gentle but very mindful, even calculating, interpersonal style. He is smart, very smart, *frighteningly* smart. Often he knows where the interviewer from the *New Yorker*, *Newsweek* or the *New York Times* is heading before the interviewer himself knows; and, thus, he is in almost as much control of his public persona as he is of his film persona. The public reports stress his unhappiness ("My one regret in life is that I am not someone else"), but despite all the words that have been written about his two decades of psychoanalysis, only a few intimates know the particulars of his pain. In the ten years we've worked together, including the occasional times we've socialized, we've never shared a heartfelt concern, an uninhibited laugh, an open display of despair or anger. Neither of us is spontaneous about feelings, and Woody is one of the few people I know who is substantially less spontaneous than I am.



The emerging new face of Woody Allen: The man who wrote Bananas *and* Sleeper *cut lines from* Manhattan *because "they stopped the flow. And they were too funny." At 43, a more serious Allen is "trying to advance in the direction of films that are more human and less cartoon."*

From what I have seen, Woody prefers to operate in a stoic professional manner, unencumbered by allegiances and obligations. On the other hand, he is exceedingly generous with the people he values. Ex-wives and girl friends star in his films, and actors with walk-on parts get title credits. My lead credits in *Annie Hall* and *Interiors* are, to my knowledge, the only instances in which an editor has been so honored. Marshall Brickman, the co-author of *Sleeper* and *Annie Hall*, said, when we interviewed him, "I want to repay my debt to Woody." He has helped make or advance the careers of many associates, and they love and respect him for it, and probably in many cases regret that they cannot quite touch him with their gratitude.

As a director, Woody is not free of egotism and all its attendant problems. These are givens in show business. But it is here that all his awareness and self-control have paid off most handsomely. For unlike so many directors I've known, Woody simply has not allowed the ego issues to get in the way. He's kept focused on his main concern, which is the work, and has refused to fall into playing The Director. Repelled by anything resembling authoritarian posturing, he's gone overboard at times to avoid it, appearing on the set in the frowsiest outfits and speaking in the softest, most uncommanding voice.

Woody seemed to understand that as long as he had the ultimate authority, he didn't have to fear the opinions of others. He was always ready to try it your way, and if your way succeeded, so much the better. Above all, he wanted to learn from the people with whom he worked, people with decades of experience in areas that were foreign to him—and he *has* learned, so that now, if need be, he could easily edit a picture on his own.

Although Woody works harder than anyone I know, he does not find much pleasure in it. He is in his best spirits when writing his scripts, because then, as he says, "You don't have to meet the test of reality." Otherwise, by Woody's own account, he does not enjoy film making, and he does not think highly of his own work ("I see his films," says Woody of Ingmar Bergman, "and I wonder what I'm doing"). At no matter what stage of production, Woody manages to focus on the negative.

On filming: "I don't enjoy the process. You have locations in freezing weather, or night shooting, and you're constantly worrying about cutting down on expenses. It's no fun to live in a hotel room in a foreign country or a different state and get up at six every morning. It's no fun at all."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

On editing: "When you're editing, you have the anxiety of making the film come out. You cut one scene maybe 20 times, you see it over and over—it loses its punch. . . . The cutting-room reality wraps itself around you like a wet blanket."

On finishing: "You can never seem to get the color the way you want it. When it comes time to take out the records you were working with and put in the real music, it's always a disappointment. When you're dead positive that this is the end, that it's finished, the distributors call up and say the first weekend's business is not what it should be. There's never a time when it's just a *fait accompli*, when the thing opens and everybody loves it, and audiences flock to see it—never."

Allen, who plays confused, 42-year-old Isaac Davis in Manhattan, *shares a soda with 17-year-old Mariel Hemingway, his first love interest after his wife, bitingly portrayed by Meryl Streep, leaves him "for another woman."*

But the most difficult aspect of film making for Woody is *people*—meeting them, dealing with them, managing them. When he arrives at 8:58 a.m. in a room full of sound engineers, sound editors and assistants at the mix, he does not join in the morning ritual of coffee and conversation, does not pause to receive their greetings, but rather moves double-time in the direction of his chair, keenly hoping to avoid the small talk. Unlike almost everyone else, Woody never eases gradually into work. If he had his way, work would begin the moment he arrived and continue for twelve hours a day, seven days a week with nothing but short, carefully timed meal breaks until the job was done. Socializing, schmoozing, kibitzing are anathema to him. He'd prefer not to have to be introduced to the sound editor's new assistant, and he will do amost anything to avoid a handshake. Those he gives—watery handshakes, no grip in them at all—seem to be moments of torture during which he won't know what to do with his eyes. He will either look away, or he will stare steadily into his opposite's eyes. Either way, the recipient will probably feel ill at ease.

All told, the impact of Woody's entrance will be to dampen whatever spirit existed in the room. Some, especially those who are working with Woody for the first time and are perhaps hoping to prove that they are capable of acting natural around a celebrity, will try to keep the spirit aloft, keep tossing cheerful morning words, for to fall silent now, they believe, would admit a degree of uptightness that can only make matters worse. But at 9:02 Woody's soft, flat, unreassuring voice—"Jack, can we begin now?"—unexpectedly pierces the awkward banter, sinking any hopes for a relaxed, fraternal atmosphere. Work begins at once, and for the next four hours no one will dare suggest so much as a coffee break.

Although he manages to have things his way, Woody appears none the happier for the experience. By and large, the more people he has to come in contact with, the more taxing he finds the production. Woody seemed particularly miserable during the making of *Love and Death*, much of which was shot in Hungary with the assistance of the Russian army. He found Budapest windy and cold, the Hungarian staff undependable, and the battle spectacles—with hundreds of extras and teams of special-effects men flown in from London—an ordeal. To make matters worse, his long stays in Paris, a city he loves, were compromised by the aggressive attention of the Parisian press.

About halfway into the filming I came to France and spent ten days screening the dailies and conferring with Woody about future photography. One night Diane Keaton, Woody, my wife Davida and I went out for dinner to a restaurant off the Champs Elysées. The moment we left the hotel the *paparazzi* burst out from behind parked cars, where they'd been awaiting Woody's exit. Walking backward, flashes constantly popping, they led us the full eight blocks to our destination, jamming themselves right through the restaurant's revolving door to get their final shots. An awful price to pay for fame, I thought, especially for someone as shy as Woody, who doesn't know how to handle praise, let alone adulation, and is nervous coming to dinner if any of the other guests are strangers.

An accomplished clarinetist, Woody soloed on Rhapsody in Blue, *the opening theme for the score of* Manhattan, *and plays Dixieland jazz Monday evenings at Michael's Pub, a casual Third Avenue night spot in New York.*

"I always had difficulty with people, men and women, on a social level," Woody told Frank Rich for an *Esquire* magazine profile in 1977. "Before, when I was shy and unknown, I thought that if I could only make it in some way, it would really

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

help relieve me socially and I could relax and go to parties and do things. But then, as soon as I did become known, *that* became the problem—I thought, '*My God*, I'm *well known*—I can't go out.' There are times when I feel like—though it isn't true—but I feel like a prisoner in my own home, when I feel like, oh, I don't want to go down and get the papers because some people will say hello to me. So I stay in.

"I was telling my analyst just a while ago that I had a certain admiration for Howard Hughes—I mean, I'm sure he was a *terrible* man—but what I was referring to was that he was living out a certain reclusive quality that I liked. Like Bergman living on that island, until all that mess happened. My idea of a good time is to take a walk from my house to the office and not for the entire walk have to worry about hearing my name being called from a passing car or being spoken to at all. That would be perfect."

Woody refers to his misery in public places in a scene near the beginning of *Annie Hall.* A hoody-looking character recognizes him outside a movie theater where he is waiting to meet Diane Keaton. As Woody squirms intensely, the man calls to his friends, "Hey, dis is Alvy Singer!" and presses him for his autograph. "Jesus!" Woody says when Keaton finally arrives. "What'd you do, come by way of the Panama Canal? . . .I'm standing with the cast from *The Godfather.*" Except for the jokes, the discomfort is true to life.

People find it impossible to accept that a public man can be so shy, that the lovable comic character of *Bananas, Play It Again Sam, The Front,* and *Annie Hall* is not open to their most outrageous advances. I have in mind a lunch break during the editing of *Sleeper.* Woody and I were eating at a Horn and Hardart cafeteria on Eighth Avenue near Fifty-seventh Street when two middle-aged women passed our table and stopped about ten feet down the aisle. After exchanging a few words with her companion, one began retracing her steps until she was standing alongside the movie star. "Are you Woody Allen?" she demanded. Quietly, without looking up from his food, he said, "Yes." At that she walked away, rejoining her friend, who was standing with her arms folded a few tables away. As Woody and I resumed our conversation, I noticed that the first woman, having conferred with her friend, was on her way back. "Are you *sure* you're Woody Allen?" she said, looking down at the top of his head. "Yes," he mumbled. Again she left, and I assumed his agony was over. But to my amazement, the second woman now loomed over us, staring boldly at the trapped man. "Can you identify yourself?" she said, whereupon I rose and made shooing motions, and the two of them left.

During the cutting of *Interiors,* Woody and I occasionally ate lunch at an obscure Hunan restaurant on Broadway in the Eighties. As we neared the restaurant, I saw a teen-age girl across the avenue who, by the shock of recognition on her face, had spotted him. Wild with glee, she started running, charged right through the restaurant doors, and arrived at our table just as we were sitting. She wanted his autograph. Woody said no without looking up, and she went away crushed. "Why don't you give her the autograph?" I asked. Woody just shook his head, as if to indicate the plethora of demands his public makes on him. They run up to him, they shout from buses, they accost him in lobbies, and they have no idea what he's like, that he's not the delightful bundle of uncertainty he portrays in his films, that he prefers to be left alone. ☒

From the forthcoming book *When the Shooting Stops,* to be published by Viking Press.

"I never know who's following me," says Allen, shown here on an afternoon stroll with a friend. On relationships, he says, "There's no significant woman in my life at this time, but I do take women out pretty often. If either of us doesn't have a nice time, we don't do it again."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ROLLING ALONG WITH TUMBLEWEEDS

Never was the West so wild as in Tom Ryan's Grimy Gulch, where seldom is heard an encouraging word from indolent Indians or curious cowpokes.

by Paul Pinella

Tom K. Ryan is a tall, quiet Midwesterner who neatly bottles his wit six days a week and parcels it out in small doses to millions of eager consumers. His product is called "Tumbleweeds," a comic strip now carried in over 450 newspapers, with one of the highest rankings in the country and gaining. As the man behind the drawing board, Ryan seldom takes a break from riding herd over the inhabitants of fictitious Grimy Gulch, but occasionally can be cajoled into pausing for a moment or two to reflect on his booming career. After all, he no longer has to fear this highly competitive field will pass him by. His fans wouldn't hear of it.

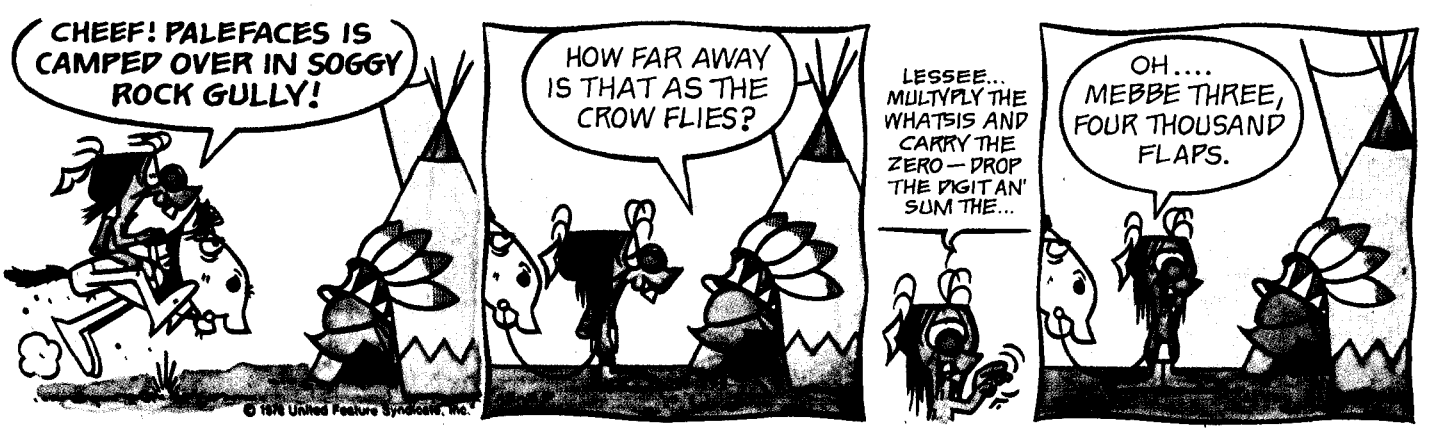
Had the cards fallen any other way, Ryan might not have become a cartoonist. Fresh out of high school in peaceful Muncie, Indiana (where he still lives), Ryan was offered basketball scholarships to both Indiana University and the University of Kentucky, but he turned them down. T.K. wanted to *draw* for a living. With a soft-spoken humility unexpected in such a large man, he says his entire high school team was offered scholarships "because we were so tall. But I didn't train, I didn't feel that ambitious toward sports." After one year at Notre Dame and two uneasy years at the University of Cincinnati, Ryan dropped out of school and later picked up precious art fundamentals through a correspondence course.

Fifteen years ago, he was busy raising his family in Muncie with money he brought home from free-lance commercial art. His talents had brought financial stability and even distinction of sorts; after all, he *did* design the helmet logos for the Green Bay Packers and New York Giants and the club emblem of the Dallas Cowboys! But the time seemed right to try something completely different, to satisfy a dream he'd had ever since a wise grandfather gave him a cartoon book when he was nine years old. Ryan decided to draw his own comic strip based on what had become a personal passion, the American Old West.

A spiritual side of Tom Ryan has been living out west ever since 1958, when this normally healthy man found himself at home in Indiana, sick in bed with the flu. Searching for ways to pass the time, he happened upon a dusty Zane Grey book that had been shelved for years. Captivated, he read the book from cover to cover. For the next seven years, Ryan devoured every scrap of western lore he could find as he slowly cultivated an awareness of the West that would eventually blossom every day on the funny pages.

Once Ryan was hooked on the Old West, the idea for "Tumbleweeds" tumbled back and forth in his subconscious for some time before the strip was finally committed to paper. But before "Tumbleweeds" there was Benny Beans, a local Muncie character that Ryan drew for the town newspaper. When he found the time, he developed Beans into a strip and tried unsuccessfully to peddle it to the major syndicates. "When I look back, I think it was kind of cornball," he says. "But just about that time Johnny Hart came out with 'B.C.' I was really taken by that strip because it was an entirely new approach, a sophisticated approach to humor." So the Old West, a fresh outlook and Ryan's own unique sense of humor were finally combined into something tangible called "Tumbleweeds." Now to sell it to others.

Breaking into the syndicates with his new strip turned out to be surprisingly easy. Easy because


CHEEF! PALEFACES IS CAMPED OVER IN SOGGY ROCK GULLY!
HOW FAR AWAY IS THAT AS THE CROW FLIES?
LESSEE... MULTYPLY THE WHATSIS AND CARRY THE ZERO — DROP THE DIGIT AN' SUM THE...
OH.... MEBBE THREE, FOUR THOUSAND FLAPS.
© 1978 United Feature Syndicate, Inc.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LOOK AT THEM SLOUCHING OFF TO BATTLE!...
WHAT HAVE I DONE TO DESERVE THAT APATHETIC, LAZY PACK OF WARRIORS?!
THE AMUSEMENT TAX ON SCALPS POPS TO MIND
© 1978 United Feature Syndicate, Inc.

he was fortunate enough to be in the right place with the right product, and at the right time. Once he had the idea for "Tumbleweeds," the concept was sent off to the L.A. Times Syndicate. They rejected it. Then Ryan heard about Lew Little, a feisty guy who was traveling about America in a camper, entertaining country editors and selling them on his fledgling syndicate at the same time. Little took "Tumbleweeds" under his wing in 1965 and the two grew with mergers and constant expansions until Little joined United Feature Syndicate, one of the largest syndicates in the world.

"If I had thought or known the odds I was up against in getting 'Tumbleweeds' published, I might not have even started," Ryan claims. The thought is uncomfortable. There are some 3,500 strips submitted to national syndicates each year. Of these, maybe eight or ten are eventually tried out. The final weeding leaves one or two at the end of the year. Yet "Tumbleweeds" has grown every year for the past 14. What makes it so popular?

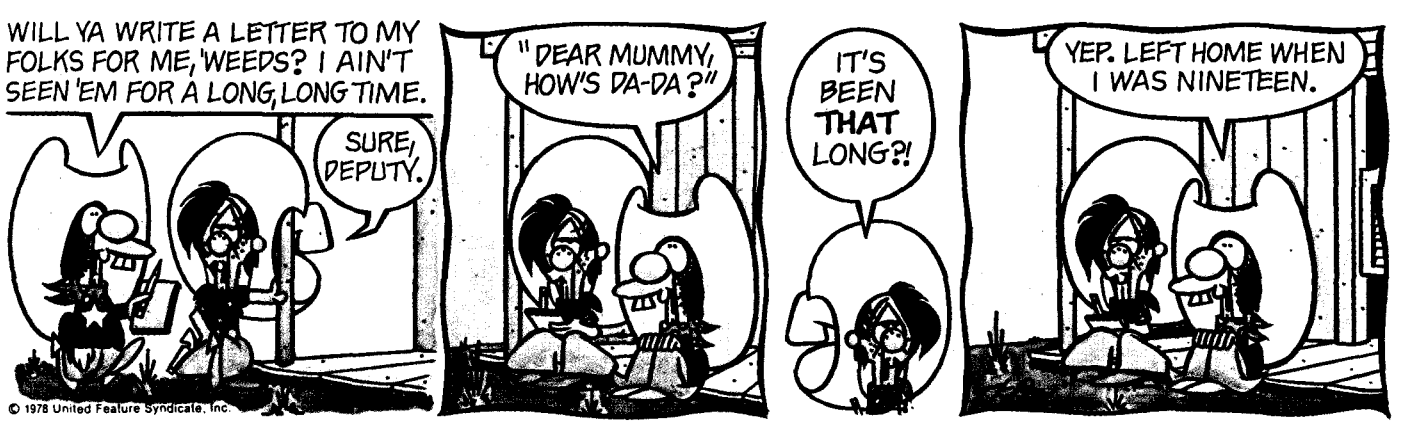
"Well, I think any good strip is based on the characterization involved. The people have to be able to relate to the characters, and they have to be human enough for the people to like," says Ryan. Millions do like "Tumbleweeds" and all the characters of Grimy Gulch, the imaginary isolated cow town that serves as the strip's center stage along with the Poohawk Indian camp. In all, Ryan has created at least 50 characters over the years, but only 20 to 25 are consistently revived.

Tumbleweeds is more than a familiar headline—he's also a cool, dry and slightly cynical cowpoke who good-naturedly plays the fall guy in some jokes, yet can dish them out as well. What modern-day office is without a Tumbleweeds type to keep the gang together? And then there's Hildegard Hamhocker, the only grown woman in the gulch and the only lady who wants Tumbleweeds for a husband (Tumbleweeds says no). There are the unforgettable others including Ace de Silk, gambler; Claude Clay, the undertaker; and Soppy Sopwell, town drunk.

To balance the cowboys in the Gulch are the Indians from the Poohawk tribe. Their chief, a long-suffering leader, has his hands full with Limpid Lizard, a one-toothed goofball who speaks in a phonic jargon all his own. And Lotsa Luck. "He's just a little gargoyle-looking thing, and he has nothing going for him except his tremendous ego and pomposity," reminds Ryan. Lotsa Luck can't speak his philosophic thoughts, so he scribbles them down on a pad for passersby to see. Ryan says he keeps Lotsa Luck around for artistic license. What other Indian would fill his teepee with a filing cabinet, sundeck and digital totem pole?

Ryan attributes his genius for cartooning to bits of information he picks up through his wife Anne, extensive reading, everyday living and watching TV. He leaves the rest up to his subconscious, which works around the clock, churning up ideas that eventually surface while he's sitting at the board. Ryan loves the West, but feels a full-time marriage to the land of his success might be too much. "I figure if I lived out west my strip would be too colloquial and I wouldn't have the fantasy outlook that I have here in Muncie," he reasons.

Unlike many professional come-


WILL YA WRITE A LETTER TO MY FOLKS FOR ME, 'WEEDS? I AIN'T SEEN 'EM FOR A LONG, LONG TIME.
SURE, DEPUTY.
"DEAR MUMMY, HOW'S DA-DA?"
IT'S BEEN THAT LONG?!
YEP. LEFT HOME WHEN I WAS NINETEEN.
© 1978 United Feature Syndicate, Inc.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dians and fellow cartoonists, Ryan is a purist who refuses to use gag men to help him come up with ideas. He does have an assistant who helps with the drawing, but the pen-and-ink routine is the easy part. Good ideas don't always flow freely. "If I'm in a slow mood, maybe I'll sit all day and not even get one idea—that's how things work. Two-thirds of my time is spent just trying to get ideas," he says. Ryan refuses to turn out other strips with other characters, even though the offers are there. "Tumbleweeds" is more than a full-time job.

Surely somebody out there is offended with Tom K. Ryan—he's made fun of practically everyone, everyone who claims to be human that is. Indians? Ryan seems to appeal to their very real sense of humor. In fact, one Indian agency in Washington, D.C., has peppered its walls with bits of Ryan's work. "They're certainly not stereotyped," he says. "I treat them as human beings with human foibles, not as Indians with Indian foibles. That's the way I treat everyone else in the strip."

To comment on society is one thing; to manipulate those comments into political messages, propaganda if you will, is another, and never the two shall meet. At least, not in the mind of Tom Ryan. "I feel the comic strip is primarily for entertainment. Anyone who weights a strip heavily with messages does so at the expense of the humor. Political comment is really meant to be on the editorial page," maintains Ryan. Which is not to say he doesn't like editorial cartoons—in fact, he delights in them, having once applied for such a job on an Indianapolis newspaper. Ryan calls editorial cartoons his second love and he keeps the idea of them alive in the back of his mind.

It's easy to get addicted to "Tumbleweeds." For the incurable addict, Ryan has provided an irresistible opiate, nine books of nothing but "Tumbleweeds" cartoons. Yet Ryan's associates at United Feature Syndicate have even more in mind. Nothing is firm yet, but some farsighted individuals in Hollywood have expressed interest in an animated "Tumbleweeds" cartoon, hopefully for adult nighttime viewing. Then there's the "Tumbleweeds" ballet, produced at the University of Oklahoma some years back, and the syndicate is also researching the possibility for a full-scale Broadway production. It's high noon over Grimy Gulch, and it's still a long time before the sun sets.

Ryan, at 52, is a fulfilled man. Everything he set out to accomplish he's done, with amazing and profitable results. "I can't see how I would want anything else," he says. "But a guy always thinks he does. Just as a comedian thinks that maybe he'd like to play serious parts, I've always thought, well maybe I'd like to write a serious book. But that's kind of ridiculous. I think that's just something you turn to because it's an escape from what you're doing. Or maybe you feel that what you're doing, a comic strip, is not worthwhile, not affecting the great things of this world.

"Then you get some letters from people and they say their day is not complete without waking up and reading 'Tumbleweeds.' You get letters like that one and you begin to realize that maybe you *are* doing some good through your work."

I reckon you're right, T.K. ☒

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Great Gift for Every SATURDAY EVENING POST Reader —

Genuine HAND-Enameled Silver Coin Pendants!

We would bet dollars to doughnuts that you have never seen money as beautiful as the coins shown in the photo!

Now, for a limited time, Coin Concepts is pleased to offer readers an unusual opportunity to purchase one or more of our classic Silver Coin Enameled Pendants.

The coins photographed represent the culmination of a highly creative and time-consuming process in which master craftsmen meticulously HAND-Enamel **both** sides of three of America's most beloved coins.

The extraordinary care taken by our artists enable actual letters and dates to be read. Indeed, the striking detail is superb! You can be certain that **only** the finest condition silver coins are selected by our craftsmen.

Each specimen is securely mounted in a 12-Karat Gold-Filled frame and looped upon an elegant 24-inch Gold-Filled chain. To ensure that the baked enamel lasts a lifetime, every coin is protected with a crystal-clear encased finish.

These pendants COMMAND attention by all! Each *one brings to life in BOLD COLORS an outstanding* memory of America's past. These pendants will indeed make a PERFECT GIFT for **any** man or woman who appreciates "distinctive and original" jewelry! Your selection includes:

A. **The Liberty Head Morgan Silver Dollar**—Minted from 1878-1921 of 90% pure silver, the Morgan Dollar is a favorite collector's item today. Colors available: Betsy-Ross Red (shown), Patriotic Blue, Buckshot Black and Prairie Green. Price: **$59.95**

B. **The Walking Liberty Half Dollar**—Minted from 1916-1947, this coin has been hailed as one of America's most beautifully designed coins. The skirt of Miss Liberty is patriotically enameled in red and white stripes amid a blue/black background (shown). Price: **$49.95**

C. **The John F. Kennedy Half Dollar**—minted since 1964, this coin features the forceful bust of the late President on the obverse, while the reverse depicts The Presidential Coat of Arms. Colors available: Prairie Green (shown), Betsy-Ross Red, Patriotic Blue and Buckshot Black. Price: **$44.95**

D. **NEW . . . Especially For Men!** Classic Silver Dollar Money Clip with Rhodium finish for durable wear. *Please specify which color you desire on the obverse* (front) of the silver dollar. (Clip not shown.) Price: **$45.00**

"I personally pledge that the quality and craftsmanship of our pendants are among the finest you've ever seen. Should you be dissatisfied with your purchase, simply return the pendant to us within 15 days for a full refund."

Jack K. Mandel
President
Coin Concepts

Our Customers Write:

". . . my favorite piece of jewelry." (D.B., Anaheim, California)

". . . FANTASTIC . . . the piece is beautiful." (Maj. F.B., Mexico)

". . . my husband insists on wearing it all the time . . . send another in red." (Mrs. E.B., Brooklyn, New York)

". . . a unique conversation piece everywhere I go." (Ms. I.T., Hollywood, Florida)

TO: COIN CONCEPTS, c/o P.O. Box 1144, Indianapolis, Indiana 46206

Please detach this to place your order.

Letter	Quantity	Item Description	Price	Total

Name (Please Print)		Total Purchases	
Address		Tax (NY Residents only)	
City	State	Mailing & Handling ($2.75 each*)	
Zip	Phone	Order Total	

Send check or money order only. Make payable to "Coin Concepts"
Please send no cash through mail, unless registered. Allow up to 4 weeks for delivery. 9H

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MY FOUR FREEDOMS

The artist tells how he conceived the inspiring paintings—and then had a tough time selling his idea to the government.

by Norman Rockwell, as told to Thomas Rockwell

Three months after our wedding Mary and I gave up the New York apartment and moved into my house in New Rochelle. Then Mary received a letter from a friend in California: She was so sorry to learn that Mary was unhappily married.

My *Post* cover of a husband and wife eating breakfast told the story, she went on. The husband was absorbed in his newspaper while the neglected wife—I'd used Mary as a model—stared wistfully into space. Obviously if I could paint such a cover, Mary and I weren't getting along.

It was a ridiculous assumption. In fact, Mary and I were very happy. For the first time in my life I understood what marriage means when two people really love each other. For one thing, I could talk to Mary about my work. Without her interest I might have gone under, because I was having difficulty with my painting.

Looking back, I guess the first sign of trouble was when I took up dynamic symmetry. Jay Hambidge, an illustrator with a scientific turn of mind, had decided that there must be some absolute principle which, if strictly followed, would invariably enable an artist to paint a beautiful picture. One day in the British Museum he had noticed some strange diagrams on the top of an ancient Greek column. He had deciphered them, he said, and found they contained the oracles' secret rules of beauty, which he called the theory of dynamic symmetry. By following this theory, anybody, even an amateur, could create a beautiful painting. A masterpiece, Mr. Hambidge claimed, was nothing more than an algebra problem.

Some of my friends embraced dynamic symmetry enthusiastically. "You'd better use it," they told me, "or your work will crumble." So I painted a dynamic-symmetry cover for the *Post* of March 28, 1931. Unfortunately the shape of the *Post* is not "dynamic," and as there seemed no hope of persuading the editor to change it, I gave up the theory after that one cover.

During the next few months my self-confidence ebbed rapidly. I painted one cover four times, using a different model each time, and then burned the canvases and discarded the idea entirely. I couldn't get a picture to gel in my mind.

Finally I decided that a change of scene was indicated. We took a boat for France, bringing along Jerry, our eldest son, born in 1932, in a wicker clothes-basket. But the change did no good. When we arrived home, after eight months, I was in a worse state than before. I'd ask everybody who came into the studio what was wrong with the picture. "I can't see anything wrong," they'd say. "It looks all right to me." No, I'd say, there's something wrong, I know there is; look closer.

I couldn't get at the source of my dissatisfaction, but I stuck to my easel, whether I liked what I turned out or not. Every day I worked from eight o'clock in the morning until five or six o'clock in the evening, with a short break for lunch. Eventually my self-confidence returned.

One of Norman Rockwell's greatest contributions to America was his moral inspiration. Yousuf Karsh's portrait shows him in the '40s before one of his Four Freedoms, Freedom of Worship.

About this time I began to do a great deal of magazine illustration. I can remember how thrilled I was when, in 1935, George Macy, publisher of the Heritage Press and Limited Editions Club books, asked me to illustrate Mark Twain's *Tom Sawyer* and *Huckleberry Finn*.

Right off I decided that this was the chance of a lifetime. These were classics. I read through the books, taking notes and making little rough sketches. Then I discovered that none of the illustrators who had previously done *Tom Sawyer* and *Huckleberry Finn*—and there had been quite a few—had taken the trouble to visit Hannibal, Missouri, where Twain lived as a boy. I decided to go to Hannibal for authentic details.

When I arrived I found that Mark Twain had swallowed up

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Hannibal. There were the Mark Twain Hotel, the Mark Twain Barbershop, the Mark Twain Meat Market, and the Mark Twain Soda Fountain.The house where he had lived as a boy had been beautifully preserved, and the little church he had attended still stood. In fact, the whole town had changed very little since his childhood. There was a Mark Twain Museum, and most everybody you ran across let on to be a Mark Twain expert.

I set about sketching everything—the houses, the church pews, the Mississippi at dawn and noon and dusk, even the cave Mark Twain had described. After a few days I had a sketchbook full of authentic details. Still I was troubled by the problem of clothes for the models I would use back in New Rochelle. How, in suburban Westchester County, was I going to get Huckleberry Finn's costume: "Huckleberry was always dressed in castoff clothes of full-grown men. . . . His hat was a vast ruin with a wide crescent lopped out of its brim; his coat, when he wore one, hung nearly to his heels. . . . "

You can't buy a straw hat and make it look old by rubbing dirt into it. A hat has to be worn in sun and sweated in and sat on and rained on; then it will be old, and look it. I coveted the hats and jackets and pants that I saw farmers wearing around Hannibal. But how could I get them? One day as I was driving through the countryside I overtook a man wearing a straw hat in a beautiful state of decay. His trousers were patched, stained, and tattered, his boots down at the heel and out at the toes. I stopped the car. "Will you sell me that hat?"

"Well, now," he said, scratching his head, "Ah don't rightly know. Iffen Ah sell this yere hat, Ah'll have to buy another. Don't see no profit in that."

"I'll buy you another," I said. "And you can have my hat to boot. And I'll do the same with your trousers and jacket."

The man looked at me shrewdly, sizing me up. "Store-bought?" he said. "Top quality?"

"Sure," I said.

"Don't mind iffen Ah do," he said. He climbed into the back of my car. I got in the front, and we swapped clothes. Then we drove into Hannibal and I bought him a new outfit.

That afternoon I cruised around the countryside, buying old clothes. By evening I had a carload: felt hats, straw hats, suspenders, overalls, sun bonnets, aprons, gingham dresses, overcoats, vests—all old and rotten, battered, tattered, and splotched. I even bought the hat off a man's horse.

The next morning when I walked out of the hotel, there was a crowd of people standing on the sidewalk, their arms piled high with old clothes. A little boy was all but buried under three moth-eaten overcoats. Everyone began shouting at me.

"Say, mister, lookee here!"

"This coat ain't fitten fur pigs, mister!"

"Quarter apiece!" yelled a lady, holding up a bundle of dusty aprons.

I retreated into the hotel, saying, "No, thanks very much. I've got enough, thank you." By noontime the crowd had drifted off, all but the little boy. When I ventured forth, he was sitting on the steps, his overcoats heaped beside him. So I bought them. As I discovered later, word had gone around that there was a crazy man in Hannibal buying old clothes for high prices.

When I got back to New Rochelle and started painting the illustrations, I congratulated myself. The clothes were perfect. With them and the authentic details I had gathered, the illustrations glided along like a raft on the Mississippi in flood. The originals are now in the Mark Twain Museum in Hannibal.

If I have an illustration to do in a special setting, I always try to get the feel of the place. Once, to prepare myself for an illustration of a blacksmith's shop, I spent a morning in a smithy in South Shaftsbury, Vermont, watching the blacksmith pound out horseshoes. Sitting in the studio, I may imagine a setting and think it real and complete, but when I search out the actual counterpart, I always find some detail that will make the illustration ring true. The sign outside the blacksmith shop was such a detail. It read *Practical and Artistic Shoeing.* I never could have thought up that.

When Norman Rockwell first conceived The Four Freedoms, *incredibly, no one in Washington was the least bit interested. This was his moving concept of* Freedom From Fear.

Nowadays authenticity in illustration—and television and the movies—consists of what everybody has decided should have been worn or used, whether it was or not. Take the TV Westerns. You'd think the West had an immense surplus of laundresses and tailors. Didn't cowboys ever wear dirty shirts or ragged vests?

I ran into this attitude in Hollywood once. At the time I had a studio in the Los Angeles County Art Institute. Samuel Goldwyn asked me to do a billboard for a movie based on the Hatfield and McCoy feud. To show me what he had in mind, he took me down to the set where the movie was being made and introduced me to the principals. The heroine wore an extremely revealing dress. The man—Farley Granger, if I remember rightly—was wearing a picturesque shirt laced up the front with leather thongs.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"I'll be glad to do your billboard, Mr. Goldwyn," I said, "but I couldn't use those costumes. They're not authentic. At that period Southern mountain girls wore long gingham dresses tight at the neck, and the men wore blue jeans and work shirts."

Mr. Goldwyn was furious. "Dammit," he said, "I have six months of research by six men, and *you* tell me the costumes aren't authentic." So I never did the billboard.

In 1936 I attempted another quasi-modern *Post* cover. I have forgotten everything about it, except that it wasn't good. But my blood was up, blinding me to its lack of merit, and I took it down to Philadelphia and submitted it to the *Post* editor, Mr. George Horace Lorimer. He stood looking at the painting for a long time without saying anything, his burly shoulders slightly hunched, his big hands folded behind his back.

"I don't know," he said at last. "Some of my editors tell me I should be more modern." I noticed that he was nervously squeezing the fingers of one hand with the other. "I'll tell you what," he said, walking to the window and looking out, "you leave it here. Let me think it over. All right?"

"Well, sure, Mr. Lorimer," I said. "Sure."

"I'll let you know," he said.

I was shocked. My cover didn't matter; I saw now that it wasn't very good anyway. But what had happened to Mr. Lorimer? This was the first time he had ever put off a decision. It wasn't in character. And that bit about his staff telling him he should go "more modern"—he had never doubted his own sense of what the readers wanted. What could have changed him? I didn't know, but it scared me.

A week later, Mr. Lorimer definitely rejected my cover, and I burned it cheerfully, for in the meantime I'd got back onto my own track and my work was going well. Several months passed. Sometimes I wondered about Mr. Lorimer, but everything seemed all right again and I dismissed my worries.

Then I had a note from Pete Martin, who had become art editor in the early 1930s, saying that Mr. Lorimer would like to see me. When I walked into Mr. Lorimer's office he didn't notice me until I was halfway across the room. Then he rose and said, "Well, Norman, I guess I won't be around much longer."

All of a sudden I felt kind of sick. "What's the matter, Mr. Lorimer?" I asked.

He walked to his desk and glanced absent-mindedly at a manuscript. "I guess I'm not the right man any more," he said. There were tears in his eyes. He had built the *Post*, made it a great magazine—his magazine. And now, after 37 years, he was retiring. I mumbled something about being terribly sorry.

"No," he said. "No. Perhaps I am growing old. Maybe a younger man. . . . " His voice trailed off. "You'll be all right, Norman," he said after a moment. "Wesley Stout is going to take over."

I couldn't believe that this was the Lorimer I knew, and of course it wasn't. He was 68 years old and visibly failing in health. I never saw him again. A year later, when he died, all I could remember was how strong he had been, how kind. It seemed to me like the end of a whole era.

I'm afraid I moped a bit. Then, in the summer of 1938, Mary and I sailed for England with our three sons—Jerry, age six, Tommy, five, and Peter, two. I wanted to visit all the English illustrators whom I admired so much.

First I called on Arthur Rackham at his London studio. He must have been about 70, a little bit of a man with a thin face and gentlemanly manner. Rackham asked me which illustration of his I liked best.

"That one you did for Hans Christian Andersen's *Fairy Tales*," I said, "of the house with one wall cut away so everything that's going on inside can be seen."

This delighted him. "You know I did that just a few years ago," he said. "When you get to be my age, it's very discouraging to have people say they like most of all something you did at 20. It makes you think you haven't progressed, just grown old."

The next day I visited Edmund Dulac. He was quite unlike Rackham—a suave, Continental man, residing in a fashionable apartment in a fashionable section of London. Then I went to see George Belcher. He had made a tremendous success doing drawings of charwomen, chauffeurs, and taxicab drivers. The Royal Academy had asked for a self-portrait, which he was painting when I visited him, by standing before a mirror. Though it was still early morning, he poured me out half a water glass of whiskey. He was a portly, red-faced man with a gruff, hearty manner. I thought he looked the archetype of an English country squire, partly, I guess, because he was wearing a pink hunting jacket.

After we'd talked a bit, he asked, "You a pretty good draftsman?"

"Oh, yes," I said, "I guess so."

"Here," he said, handing me a pencil and a piece of paper, "make a little sketch of me." When I had finished, he looked at it for a minute. "All right," he said, pointing to the

Freedom From Want *captured the moment of a family thankful as one. Rockwell tells the saga of the turkey: On Thanksgiving Day, "our cook, Mrs. Wheaton, roasted it, I painted it, and we ate it."*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

easel, "paint the eyes into this portrait. I'd do it myself, but I can't see without my glasses, and I don't want to paint myself with glasses. Look like a fool." So I painted the eyes in his self-portrait, and I am proud to say that I now have two eyes in the Royal Academy—blue ones, if my memory serves.

We spent the rest of our stay in England at the White Swan Inn near Oxford. I bicycled about the countryside, usually with either Jerry or Tommy on the handlebars. Those hours in the open air recalled my summers in the country as a child and made me think of buying a farm.

Back home, Mary and I saw a real estate booklet listing houses for sale in Vermont, and I jumped at the idea. I had lived in New Rochelle for 20 years, and I had the feeling that it was beginning to run dry for me there. I need change—new people, new surroundings—to stimulate me.

So Mary and I drove up to Vermont. Bert Immen, a real estate man in Arlington, showed us a farmhouse with an apple orchard, a river, two red barns, broad fields, and 60 acres of land. We bought it the next day.

After arranging with a builder to transform the smaller of the two barns into a studio and make some changes in the house, we left for New Rochelle, all excited. The winter dragged; we could hardly wait for summer. But after a time the snow changed to dirty slush on the sidewalks, the spring rains came, and finally we left for Vermont.

That summer lived up to all our expectations. At the bottom of the lawn the Batten Kill River formed a backwater perfect for swimming. Viewing the white house, the red barns, and the deep-green mountainside, I thought, *It looks like one of those potboilers my grandfather used to paint for the city trade.*

For a while it seemed we had found utopia. I took long walks on the mountains, climbing through the orchard of twisted apple trees and into the forest of birch and pine and oak. Our three boys swam in the river from sunup to sundown. And when I awoke in the morning and looked out the window, I saw not the crowded houses of New Rochelle, but the steep, forested side of Red Mountain, with the black scar of Rattlesnake Rock high up it.

The people we met were rugged and self-contained. None of that sham—"I am *so* glad to know you!"—accompanied by radiant smiles. They shook my hand and said, "How do," and waited to see how I'd turn out.

Dr. George Russell, the town doctor, once remarked to me, "You know, there really isn't a bad person in this town." And it was true. No robbery, for instance, had been committed in Arlington for 26 years. If a man was an out-and-out thief, his neighbors knew it and he couldn't live in the town. A mean-tempered man soon found himself isolated. His neighbors just wouldn't bother with him.

That summer I met 100 or 200 people I wanted to paint—Walt Squires, Clarence Decker, Nip Noyes—a whole raft of them. And ideas were jumping in my brain like trout on the Batten Kill at sunset. I'd found what I'd wanted—new people, new surroundings. The next summer we moved to Vermont to stay. Mary and I joined the Grange and took the oath of allegiance to the State of Vermont before Harvey McKee, the undersheriff, so that we could vote in the state. And so we settled into the life of the community.

During our second summer in Vermont, Mead Schaeffer, a fine illustrator, and his wife Elizabeth bought a place in Arlington. I had known Schaef slightly back in New Rochelle; in Arlington we became fast friends. We criticized each other's pictures, talked about art, and inspired each other. We were going to bring back the golden age of illustration, the glorious days of Pyle, Remington, and Abbey.

By 1942 I had been painting *Post* covers for 26 years. It had been a constant challenge. If a cover was unpopular, I would feel scared. Every new illustrator had become a potential threat. So for 26 years I had to prove myself all over again with each cover I did. One day in New York an art director of an advertising agency said that he'd heard the *Post* was "in the doldrums."

"Is that bad?" I asked him.

"I don't know," he said. "It could be."

Late one afternoon I had a phone call from Pete Martin, who was still the *Post*'s art editor. The morning papers, he said, would carry the news that Ben Hibbs had been appointed editor of the *Post*. I wasn't to worry; Mr. Hibbs liked my work. Would I get some sketches together to show him?

I worked up nine ideas; all, I thought, my very best. I wasn't taking a chance on any fillers; they might prompt Mr. Hibbs to reject the whole batch, and I'd be off the *Post*. Believe me, I put everything I had into those nine sketches, and I went to Philadelphia with an anxious heart.

The editor's office hadn't changed. There were the same pictures and furniture, the same large windows behind the desk, but instead of Mr. Lorimer or his successor, Wes-

Continued on page 103

Rockwell took six months to paint The Four Freedoms. *He recalled that he started this one,* Freedom of Speech, *over four times before he was successful in portraying its high purpose.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ST. JUDE'S HOSPITAL: THIS IS THE HOUSE THAT DANNY BUILT

Young patients have a hard time deciding which one is the patron saint of the hopeless—St. Jude or Danny Thomas. But everyone agrees they make a terrific team.

by Holly Miller

Danny Thomas doesn't seem like the kind of guy who would delight in cancelling Christmas.

A buoyant, energy-charged entertainer who prefers a bear hug to a handshake, and who twice declined to have his wonderful nose bobbed in spite of L. B. Mayer's assurance it would make him a star, Thomas admits to being a "crazy patriot," a "street fighter," and a "real cornball." Put him in a roomful of strangers and within five minutes he knows each person's name, has admired photos of everyone's grandchildren and has traded woeful tales about the aches and pains of middle age (the youthful "Danny boy" is now 65).

But cancel Christmas?

Right. What's more, when he ceremoniously struck the observance from the calendar, fans everywhere responded with enthusiastic letters, telegrams and, best of all, donations. Another goal achieved, they said; what's next?

As founder and chief fund raiser for St. Jude's Children's Research Hospital in Memphis, Tennessee, Thomas and the hospital staff used to host two Christmas celebrations each year—one in July and another in December. The reason was heartbreaking: Too many patients simply couldn't survive 12 months until the traditional date. When research efforts of the clinic resulted in days, weeks and even years added to their small charges' lives, Christmas in July wasn't necessary any more. So it was cancelled by Danny, the man whose persistence and faith have made miracles in Memphis almost commonplace.

"When I was starting out in show business and not getting very far, my wife would say, 'Why don't you get a *real* job? You'd make a great salesman,' " recalls Danny. "She was right; for some reason people always listened when I talked and believed what I said. I think that's why St. Jude's was built the way it was. There's nothing phony about it."

Nor is there anything phony about the achievements recorded by the hospital. In February, St.

Most children are treated as out-patients at St. Jude's. If necessary, the hospital assumes their hotel expenses. If, in some cases, admission is necessary, a certain visitor is apt to pop in anytime.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Jude's medical director Dr. Alvin Mauer announced that more than 40 percent of the children who enter the facility stricken with acute lymphatic leukemia can now be cured. *Cured* . . . that's a word seldom used in any discussion of the once uncontrollable blood cancer.

But cures are costly, especially at a research hospital where every scientist has an assistant and every assistant has a staff, where the sophisticated pharmacology department compounds its own medicines and the laboratory resources include an entire animal farm ("Coincidentally, we use Syrian hamsters," quips the Lebanese Danny). No income is collected on the premises since all treatment is administered free.

"St. Jude's is for children who are underprivileged physically, not financially. We don't charge anyone, not even the wealthy. We have no cash register and no bills receivable department," explains Danny. He estimates the daily cost of running the hospital is now $50,000—quite a burden for one man's shoulders.

"Yes, ma'am," he replies, "but I have broad shoulders."

Helping him bear the responsibility of underwriting the enormous operation is a mixed bag of generous individuals and dedicated groups. The founder of McDonald's hamburger chain once donated one million dollars' worth of stock in the golden arches; the women of Epsilon Sigma Alpha sorority added a million, then decided once is not enough and doubled their pledge. The men of Tau Kappa Epsilon have made St. Jude's their national philanthropy and Thomas an honorary "brother" ("Pretty good for a guy who only had one year of high school, don't you think?" he asks). Then there's ALSAC, the American Lebanese Syrian Associated Charities, whose sole purpose is to support the hospital.

"A friend once told me that if I wanted to make the dream of St. Jude's Hospital come true, I should have people of my own heritage be the basis of the fund-raising organization."

His friend was right.

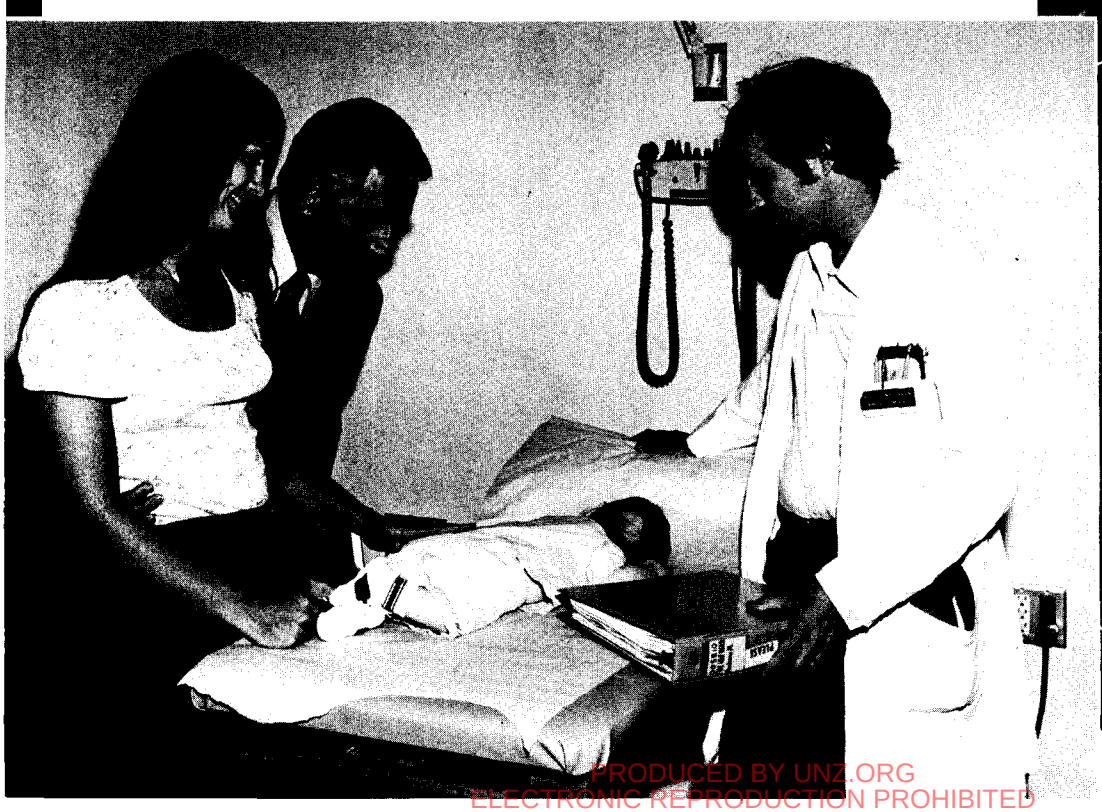
When the hospital idea was merely a thought bouncing around in Thomas' head, he traveled to Indianapolis to seek the support of Mike Tamer, a popular restaurateur and president of the Midwest Federation of American Syrian Lebanese Clubs.

"He was the catalyst," says Thomas. "Without him it would never have happened. He was the boss until the day he died." The Indiana connection was firmly established with the Thomas-Tamer friendship. Although eventually located in Memphis (Indy was considered as a possible site), the hospital had early roots in the Hoosier state. The national executives' offices were based there from 1957 until 1971, and the mail appeal headquarters still are housed in that state. In 1980, the St. Jude's Hospital national convention will bring workers, benefactors and staff back home again to Indiana.

Presiding over the gathering, offering pep talks, issuing bear hugs and acting the part of ubiquitous host will be Thomas, the magnanimous comedian who says of himself, "I'm not nearly as religious as I sound. I'm just a man of tremendous faith. As far as organized religion is concerned, I get to Mass on Sunday and that's the extent of it."

He first heard of St. Jude during lean days in 1940 when he was

(Below) St. Jude's specializes in catastrophic childhood diseases. "We never refuse anybody," says Thomas. "Once a woman brought a baby in a shoebox. It weighed eight pounds; six were solid tumor. Now the baby is a beautiful young woman." (Right) Danny and wife Rose Marie team up to promote the St. Jude's cause.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

eking out a living doing Al Jolson impressions and performing the sound effects for radio's Lone Ranger (he beats his chest to emulate horses' hoofs and you can almost hear the William Tell Overture). After a booking at a Detroit bistro he was cornered by an inebriated Irishman celebrating the miraculous recovery of his wife from cancer. The man had a pocketful of pamphlets telling the story of Jude, patron saint of the hopeless. It was St. Jude who was responsible for his wife's cure, the man assured Danny.

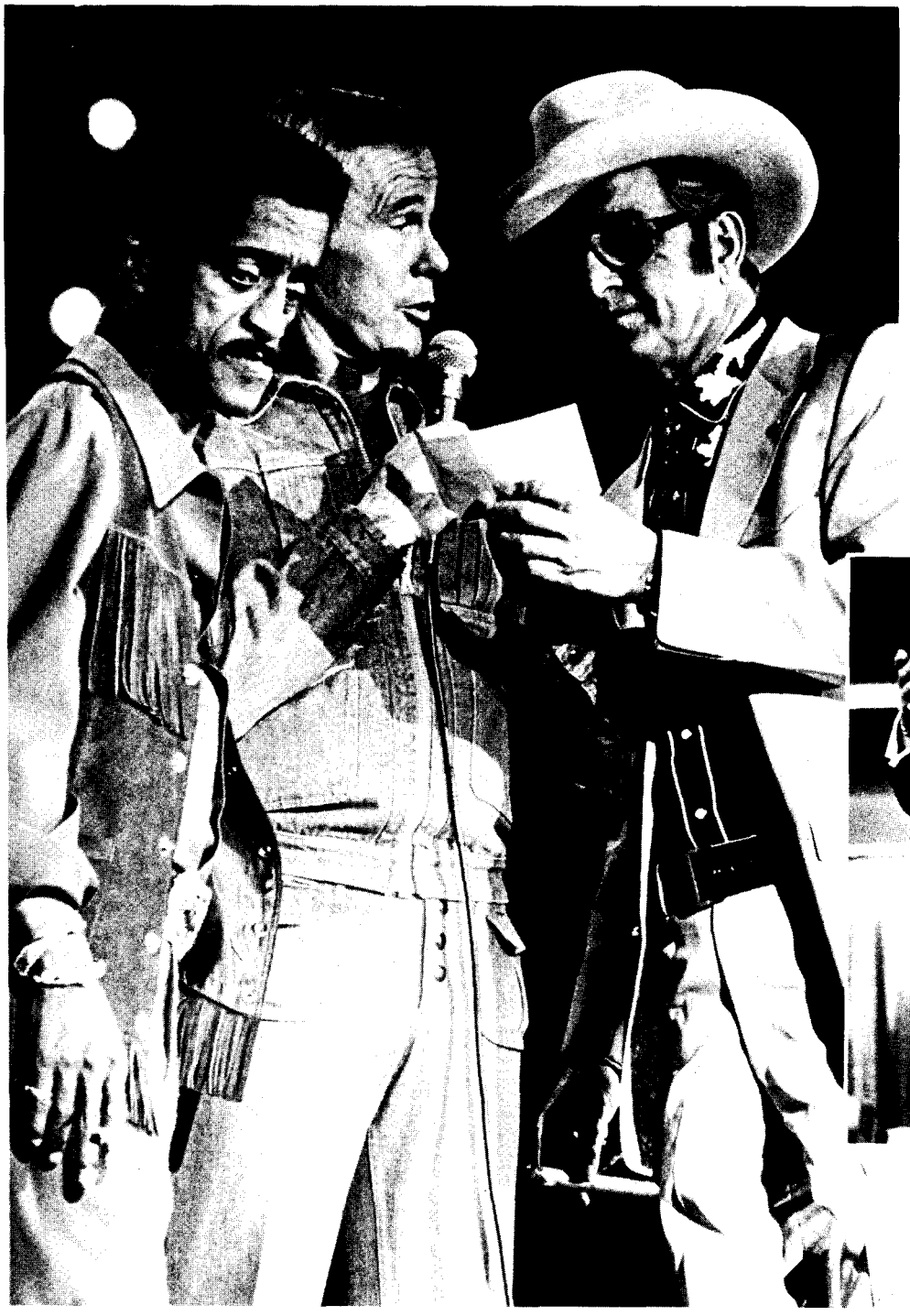
"He told me his story and handed me a pamphlet. As I found out later, when St. Jude does you a favor, you have to tell people about it. You have to propagate St. Jude's name, carry pamphlets, tell people. I'm sure this is a legend, even fiction, but that's how the tale goes."

Shortly after the encounter a discouraged Danny slipped into Detroit's Church of St. Peter and St. Paul and, recalling the pamphlet stuffed in his wallet, knelt and prayed to St. Jude. His career seemed at a standstill; the club where he was performing was scheduled to close forever in ten days. At the youthful age of 26, he felt hopeless.

"It disturbs me that since that time writers have told the story and made it sound like I prayed for fame and fortune . . . like I made a deal . . . 'help me become a big star, St. Jude, and I'll build you a shrine.' That's the furthest thing from the truth. My only hope was that I could stay in show business and make a living."

No lightning bolt zigzagged to earth; neither did the heavens open to reveal the sun, nor was the church filled with ethereal music. However, from that day on, the career of Danny Thomas seemed to take an upward course. A brief booking at Chicago's 5100 Club expanded into a three-year engagement. Only the tug of prominent New York nightspots and a stint with the USO lured him away from his comfortable niche in Chicago ("There was a love affair going on between the people and me and I never wanted to leave that city," he recalls).

Always in the back of his mind was his pledge to build a shrine to



The unstoppable Danny devotes all of his time to St. Jude's. Before hosting a recent West Coast telethon he predicted $400,000 in pledges. The guess was conservative . . . the final tally showed a whopping $780,446 in donations.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

St. Jude. At first, he envisioned a children's clinic propped up on stilts in some remote area of the world where medical care was nonexistent. Too dramatic? "Fortunately, I found no takers for that kind of project," he laughs.

Then he began to think of a research facility. To test the public's interest in such a project, he organized an initial fund-raising effort: the Midwest premiere of his film, *I'll See You in My Dreams.*

"We raised $51,000 that night. It's funny how that number has haunted me for years. I catapulted out of the 5100 Club in Chicago, we collected $51,000 at the first benefit and St. Jude's Research Hospital is built on Highway 51 in Tennessee. Coincidence upon coincidence."

The dream of over 20 years was realized on February 4, 1962, when over 10,000 well-wishers jammed Highway 51 to officially dedicate the facility that was destined to become the largest childhood-cancer research and treatment center in the world. In keeping with its founder's wishes, it opened as a nonsectarian hospital —except for its name.

"I didn't want a Catholic institution, or a Christian or a Jewish one. But it had to be named St. Jude. The only religious aspect of the hospital is in the front of the building—a ten-foot white marble statue of St. Jude that I brought from Rome."

And so the obligation was met, the pledge fulfilled. Danny Thomas had propagated St. Jude's name just as the legend specified. In short, he was off the hook. Or was he?

"As I walked out of the hospital that day, I subconsciously turned to the statue and tipped my hand as though to say, 'There it is.' But no one quits. You have to die to quit. Just as the research and care goes on 24 hours a day, so does the fund raising."

Telethons are set, sweepstakes are organized, the annual $300,000 Danny Thomas golf classic has become a tradition and a celebrity auction in Los Angeles this year promises to add even more to the coffers. All these efforts are necessary in order to meet the hospital's annual budget which this year totals $18 million. Danny's long-range goal is far more staggering: He estimates if St. Jude's could accumulate $300 million in trusts, it could be self-supporting. As optimistic as he is, he admits this goal cannot be achieved in his lifetime, but he's determined to lay the groundwork and oversee the gathering of initial donations.

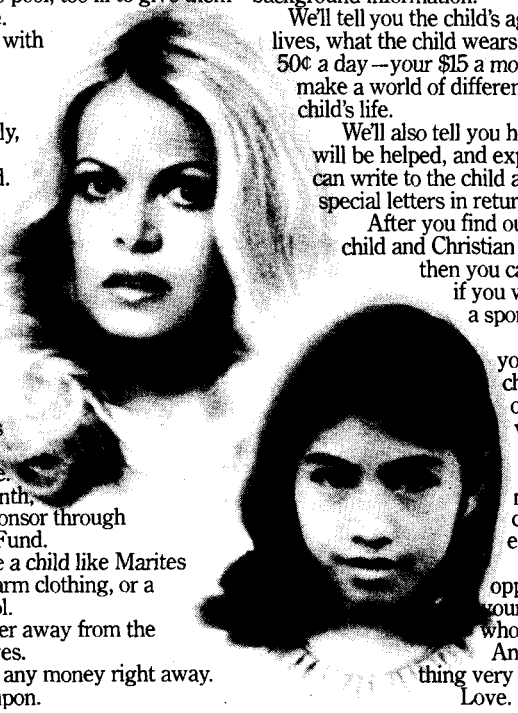
"I don't want to be known as the do-gooder for the Indians, or for the save-the-whales cause. Thank God, that's why I've been effective with St. Jude's. It's the only thing I do. People have asked me to work on different projects, but I say, 'Please, you work your side of the street and I'll work mine.'

"We're doing remarkably well saving children's lives, but I'd like to do better. I'd like to get ahead. When the people give me that $300 million, I will be off their backs. They'll have one less charity to give to. That's forever."

But *$300 million*? That's quite a heavy burden for anyone's shoulders.

"Yes, ma'am," Danny Thomas replies, "but I have broad shoulders." ☒

Why Sally Struthers helps support someone else's child.



There are so many children in this world whose parents are too poor, too ill to give them the basic needs of life.

Innocent children with little hope of a better tomorrow.

Unless someone else, outside the family, can help.

Sally Struthers did. She became a sponsor through Christian Children's Fund.

Four years ago, Marites was an eight-year-old little girl who had to go to work just to survive.

Now, because Sally helped, Marites is going to school.

And she has hope.

For just $15 a month, you can become a sponsor through Christian Children's Fund.

You can help give a child like Marites nourishing meals, warm clothing, or a chance to go to school.

Without taking her away from the family she dearly loves.

You needn't send any money right away. Just send the coupon.

We'll send you a child's picture and background information.

We'll tell you the child's age, how the child lives, what the child wears, and how your 50¢ a day—your $15 a month—can help make a world of difference in this poor child's life.

We'll also tell you how the child will be helped, and explain how you can write to the child and receive very special letters in return.

After you find out about the child and Christian Children's Fund, then you can decide if you want to become a sponsor.

Simply send in your first monthly check or money order for $15 within 10 days.

Or return the photo and other materials so we can ask someone else to help.

Take this opportunity to open your heart to a child who needs you.

And receive something very special in return.

Love.

For the love of a hungry child.

Dr. Verent J. Mills
CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND, Inc., Box 26511, Richmond, Va. 23261

I wish to sponsor a ☐ boy ☐ girl. ☐ Choose any child who needs help.

Please send my information package today. NSAPN 0

☐ I want to learn more about the child assigned to me. If I accept the child, I'll send my first sponsorship payment of $15 within 10 days. Or I'll return the photograph and other material so you can ask someone else to help.

☐ I prefer to send my first payment now, and I enclose my first monthly payment of $15.

☐ I cannot sponsor a child now but would like to contribute $_____

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

Member of American Council of Voluntary Agencies for Foreign Service, Inc.
Gifts are tax deductible. Canadians: Write 1407 Yonge St., Toronto, Ontario M4T 1Y8.
Statement of income and expenses available on request.

Christian Children's Fund, Inc.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

True Grit

continued from page 39

a canvas bucket and sent me down the hill about 200 yards for water. I carried my gun along. I had to stop and rest about three times coming up the hill. I had the gun in one hand but it was not enough to balance the weight of the heavy bucket.

Rooster was squatting down building a fire and he watched me. He said, "You look like a hog on ice."

I said, "I am not going down there again. If you want any more water *you* will have to fetch it."

Rooster set about preparing our supper. Here is what he brought along for grub: a sack of salt and a sack of red pepper and a sack of taffy—all this in his jacket pockets—and then some ground coffee beans and a big slab of salt pork and 170 corn dodgers. I could scarcely credit it. The corn dodgers were balls of what I would call hot-water cornbread. Rooster said the woman who prepared them thought the order was for a wagon party of marshals.

He made some coffee in a can and fried some pork. Then he sliced up some of the dodgers and fried the pieces in grease. Fried bread! That was a new dish to me. He and LaBouef made fast work of about a pound of pork and a dozen dodgers. I ate some of my bacon sandwiches. We had a blazing fire.

"The door was flung open and there came two fiery blasts from a shotgun."

I said, "Would you two like to hear the story of The Midnight Caller?"

But they were not interested in hearing ghost stories and I put my slicker on the ground as close to the fire as I dared and proceeded to make my bed with the blankets. Rooster and LaBouef drank some whiskey but it did not make them sociable and soon they got out their bedrolls.

Rooster had a nice buffalo robe for a ground sheet. It looked warm and comfortable and I envied him for it. He took a horsehair lariat from his saddle and arranged it in a loop around his bed.

LaBouef watched him and grinned. He said, "That is foolishness. Snakes are asleep this time of year."

"I have known them to wake up," said Rooster.

I said, "Let me have a rope, too. I am not fond of snakes."

"A snake would not bother with you," said Rooster. "You are too little and bony."

Exhausted as I was, I had trouble falling asleep. I said my prayers but did not mention my discomfort. This trip was my own doing.

When I awoke, big moist snowflakes were sifting down through the trees. It was not quite daylight but Rooster was already up, boiling coffee and frying meat. He was concerned about the snow and hurried us along in breaking camp. He directed me to wear my slicker.

Along about noon we stopped at a stream on the lee side of a mountain to water the horses. While we were stretching our legs we heard some flapping noises down the stream and LaBouef went into the woods to investigate. He found a flock of turkeys roosting in a tree and shot one of them with his Sharps rifle. It was a hen weighing about seven pounds. LaBouef cut its head off and gutted it and tied it to his saddle.

Rooster allowed that we could not now reach McAlester's store before dark and that our best course was to bear west for a dugout that some squatter had built not far from the Texas Road. No one occupied the place, he said, and we could find shelter there. Tomorrow we could make our way south on the Texas Road, which was broad and packed clear and hard from cattle herds and freighter wagons.

After our rest we departed in single file with Rooster's big horse breaking the trail. By and by the snow let up and yet our progress was still limited to a walk. It was good dark when we came to the dugout. We had a little light from a moon that was in and out of the clouds.

The dugout stood at the narrow end of a V-shaped hollow or valley. I had never before seen such a dwelling. It was small, only about 10 feet by 20 feet, and half of it was sunk back into a clay bank, like a cave. The part that was sticking out was made of poles and sod and the roof was also made of sod, supported by a ridgepole in the center. A brush-arbor shed and cave adjoined it for livestock. A "cockeyed" chimney of sticks and mud stuck up through the bank at the rear of the house. It put me in mind of something made by a water bird, some cliff martin, or a swift, although the work of those little feathered masons (who know not the use of a spirit level) is a sight more artful. We were surprised to see smoke and sparks coming from the chimney. Light showed through the cracks around the door, which was a low, crude thing hung to the sill by leather hinges.

We had halted in a cedar brake. Rooster dismounted and told us to wait. He took his Winchester repeating rifle and approached the door. He made a lot of noise as his boots broke through the crust that had formed on top of the snow.

When he was about 20 feet from the dugout, the door opened just a few inches. A man's face appeared in the light and a hand came out holding a revolver. Rooster stopped. The face said, "Who is it out there?" Rooster said, "We are looking for shelter. There is three of us." The face in the door said, "There is no room for you here." The door closed and in a moment the light inside went out.

Rooster beckoned to LaBouef to join him. He took off his deerskin jacket and gave it to LaBouef and sent him up on the clay bank to cover the chimney. Then Rooster moved about 10 feet to the side and got down on one knee with his rifle at the ready. The jacket made a good damper and soon smoke could be seen curling out around the door.

The door was flung open and there came two fiery blasts from a shotgun. It scared me nearly to death. Rooster returned the volley with several shots from

Continued on page 100

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FOR OFFICE, HOME OR AUTO

Big Bands are Back!

ON 8 TRACK, RECORD OR CASSETTE

MAIL OR PHONE TODAY — Library Orders will be Shipped UPS

How many times have you wished you could return to the glory of the big band era? Now, Soundstage Productions takes you back with the finest music ever recorded. These **full length songs** are from name people like **Louie Armstrong, Ted Weems, Ink Spots, Judy Garland, Bing Crosby, Glenn Miller, Frank Sinatra** and the great orchestras of the past, which contain members of the original bands.

The Soundstage collections of outstanding music have been assembled to bring you **16 selections on each 8 track, cassette, or record.** Most other tapes offer only 8 or 10 selections. This fabulous double **SOUNDSTAGE** collection has been electronically reenhanced with todays modern recording techniques to give you the full stereo effect* that recordings of the past could not offer.

Each of the double length Soundstage tapes is available at **$7.98** per unit. If you purchase the entire library **— 10 tapes —** the price is **$65.00**, a savings of **$14.80.** With your library order, you will also receive a **free** leatherette carrying case worth **$9.00**. Remember that each of the series contains **16** selections or **160** great moments from the past in the complete Soundstage libray. This item makes a great gift.

SOUNDSTAGE I
SONGS (ARTIST)

Take the "A" Train (Duke Ellington Band)
Northwest Passage (Woody Herman)
Rusty Dusty Blues (Count Basie)
Bei Mir Bist Du Schoen (New Orleans Jazz Band)
Tangerine (J. Dorsey Orch.)
Pennsylvania 6-5000 (Glenn Miller Orch.)
Strings of Pearls (Glenn Miller Orch.)
I'm Getting Sentimental Over You (Mel Torme)
Lady be Good (Count Basie and the Orch.)
When You Were Sweet Sixteen (The Ink Spots)
Music Makers (The Harry James Orch.)
The Last Time I Saw Paris (Johnny Desmond)
Garden in the Rain (The Sportsmen)
I"ll Be Seeing You (Kate Smith)
Let's Get Away From It All (Tommy Dorsey)
Sunrise Serenade (Glenn Miller Orch.)

SOUNDSTAGE II
SONGS (ARTIST)

Blueberry Hill (Louis Armstrong)
Boogie Woogie (Tommy Dorsey Orch.)
It's the Talk of the Town (Johnny Desmond)
Navy Fight Song (Glenn Miller Orch.)
I've Heard That Song Before (Harry James Orch.)
Sing, Sing, Sing (Benny Goodman Orch.))
To Each His Own (The Inkspots)
Study in Brown (Les Brown Orch.)
Moonlight Serenade (Glenn Miller Orch.)
I Surrender Dear (Mel Torme)
Yankee Doodle Boy (Norman Brooks with the Al Goodman Orchestra)
You Made Me Love You (Judy Garland)
When Saints Go Marching (New Orleans Jazz Band)
Green Eyes (Tommy Dorsey Orch.)
Dancing in the Dark (Artie Shaw Orch.)
In the Mood (Glenn Miller Orch.)

SOUNDSTAGE III
SONGS (ARTIST)

You'd Be So Nice to Come Home To (Kate Smith)
Got a Pebble in My Shoe (Ella Fitzgerald)
Don't Get Around Much (Duke Ellington)
I've Got a Crush on You (Frank Sinatra)
This Can't Be Love (Johnny Desmond)
Somewhere Over the Rainbow (Judy Garland)
Don't Fence Me In (Shep Fields Orch.)
Moonlight Cocktail (Glen Miller Orch.)
So Rare (Jimmy Dorsey Orch.)
Bugle Call Rag (Benny Goodman Orch.)
If I Didn't Care (Ink Spots)
Twilight Time (Les Brown Orch.)
Heartaches (Ted Weems)
Taking a Chance on Love (Tommy Dorsey)
Red, Red Robin (Sportsmen)
I'm Getting Sentimental (Tommy Dorsey)

SOUNDSTAGE IV
SONGS (ARTIST)

Ghost of a Chance (Mel Torme)
When I Take My Sugar (Shep Fields Orch.)
Side by Side (Kate Smith)
Harbor Lights (Shep Fields Orch.)
Woodchoppers Ball (Woody Herman Band)
Swanee River (Tommy Dorsey Orch.)
Best Things in Life Are Free (Frank Sinatra)
Elmer's Tune (Lawrence Welk Orch.)
Cuddle Up A Little Closer (Ink Spots)
Muskrat Ramble (New Orleans Jazz Band)
Little Brown Jug (Glenn Miller Orch.)
That Old Devil Moon (Johnny Desmond)
Somebody's Taking My Place (Ted Weems)
Sophisticated Lady (Duke Ellington Orch.)
Wish You Were Here (Judy Garland)
Don't Squeeze Me (Lena Horne)

SOUNDSTAGE V
SONGS (ARTIST)

Velvet Moon (Harry James Orch.)
I Wonder Why (Bing Crosby/Judy Garland)
I Had the Craziest Dream (Harry James)
Ain't Misbehavin' (Fats Waller)
A Slow Boat to China (Dick Haymes)
I'll be Around (Anita Ray)
Tuxedo Junction (Glenn Miller Orch.)
Song of India (Tommy Dorsey Orch.)
Blue Skies (The Sportsmen)
Habanera (Glenn Miller Orch.)
Perfidia (Billy Daniels)
If I Had You (Benny Goodman Orch.)
Red Sails in the Sunset (Sportsmen)
Swing Low (Tommy Dorsey Orch.)
People Will Say We're In Love (Kate Smith)
Rock-a-Bye Basie (Count Basie Orch.)

SOUNDSTAGE VI
SONG (ARTIST)

You Do Something to Me (Frank Sinatra)
Kalamazoo (Glenn Miller Orch.)
All of You (Johnny Desmond)
Me and My Shadow (Shep Fields Orch.)
Caledonia (Woody Herman)
All or Nothing at All (Billy Daniels)
Oh, Look at Me Now (Dick Haymes)
At Last (Glenn Miller Orch.)
Coffee Time (Les Brown Orch.)
But Not Like You (Benny Goodman Orch.)
Sunday Kind of Love (Anita Ray)
April in Portugal (Ted Heath Orch.)
I've Got the Sun in the Morning (Bing Crosby)
This Love of Mine (Tommy Dorsey Orch.)
Linger Awhile (Shep Fields Orch.)
The Man With a Horn (Harry James Orch.)

SOUNDSTAGE VII
SONGS (ARTIST)

It Isn't So (Ted Weems)
Rock-a-Bye Your Baby (Judy Garland)
Chatanooga Choo Choo (Glenn Miller Orch.)
Maria Lena (Tommy Dorsey Orch.)
April in Paris (Count Basie Orch.)
The Poor People of Paris (Lawrence Welk)
Don't Worry 'Bout Me (Mel Torme)
Poor Butterfly (Benny Goodman Orch.)
Marie (Tommy Dorsey Orch.)
Isle of Capri (Shep Fields Orch.)
Sentimental Journey (Les Brown Orch.)
American Patrol (Glenn Miller Orch.)
Peanut Vendor (Stan Kenton Orch.)
Just You, Just Me (Frank Sinatra)
My Heart Stood Still (Dick Haymes)
Frenesi (Al Goodman Orch.)

SOUNDSTAGE VIII
SONGS (ARTIST)

Serenade in Blue (Glenn Miller Orch.)
When My Sugar Walks (The Sportsmen)
So Far (Dick Haymes)
Prelude to a Kiss (Duke Ellington Orch.)
Stompin' at the Savoy (Benny Goodman Orch.)
There are Such Things (Tommy Dorsey Orch.)
Got the World on a String (Bill Daniels)
A Fine Romance (Shep Fields Orch.)
Sweet Georgia Brown (New Orleans Jazz Band)
Cherokee (Charlie Barnett Orch.)
Full Moon Empty Arms (Lawrence Welk Orch.)
I Know Why (Glenn Miller Orch.)
It Ain't Necessarily So (Pres Prado Orch.)
Temptation (Artie Shaw Orch.)
Caravan (Duke Ellington)
Moonglow (Al Goodman Orch.)

SOUNDSTAGE IX
SONGS (ARTIST)

I Found a New Baby (Benny Goodman Orch.)
I've Got My Love To Keep Me Warm (Les Brown Orch.)
I'll Never Smile Again (Tommy Dorsey Orch.)
Let's Put Out the Lights (Shep Fields Orch.)
I Can't Believe That You're In Love (Mel Torme)
After You've Gone (Benny Goodman Orch.)
Blue Champagne (Glenn Miller Orch.)
Stardust (Al Goodman Orch.)
Strictly Instrumental (Harry James Orch.)
Opus #1 (Tommy Dorsey Orch.)
Tenderly (Kate Smith)
I Can't Get Started (Johnny Desmond)
Polka Dots and Moonbeams (Frank Sinatra)
Fiesta in Blue (Count Basie)
This Time the Dream's on Me (Dick Haymes)
Chasing Rainbows (Lawrence Welk Orch.)

SOUNDSTAGE X
SONGS (ARTIST)

Ten O'clock Jump (Count Basie Orch.)
There Must Be a Way (Shep Fields Orch.)
Anvil (Glenn Miller Orch.)
I Can't Give You Anything (Mel Torme)
Who's Sorry Now (Kate Smith)
I Don't Want to Walk (Anita Ray)
Sunny Side of the Street (Tommy Dorsey)
Come Rain or Come Shine (Kate Smith)
Sleepy Lagoon (Harry James)
Drigo's Serenade (Glenn Miller Orch.)
There's a Small Hotel (Johnny Desmond)
Don't Be That Way (Benny Goodman)
Champagne Waltz (Lawrence Welk Orch.)
Once in A While (Tommy Dorsey Orch.)
Begin the Beguine (Al Goodman Orch.)
Why Was I Born (Frank Sinatra)

*Duplex monophonic or full stereo

ORDER TOLL - FREE

24 hours for faster service

1-800-453-24(illegible)
NATIONWIDE

1-800-663-25(illegible)
UTAH Only

SOUNDSTAGE PRODUCTIONS
12420 W. HAMPTON AVE.
BOX 369 DEPT. - SE-11
BUTLER, WI 53007

☐ ***ENTIRE LIBRARY $65.00*** - *I wish to order the* entire library. I have enclosed **$65.00** (plus **$3.00** postage & handling), plus **$2.60** sales tax where applicable. Includes **free** $ 9.00 case.

☐ **INDIVIDUAL SELECTIONS** - I wish to order individual tapes as indicated. I have enclosed **$7.98** for each selection ordered plus **$1.50** postage & handling 1 - 5 units — **$3.00** - 6 or more, plus 31¢ sales tax per selection where applicable.

PLEASE CHECK: ☐ American Express ☐ Visa ☐ MASTER CHARGE ☐ Carte Blanche

☐ 8 TRACK ☐ CASSETTE ☐ RECORDS

Card # _____

Expires _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Phone (_____) _____ Age _____

Signature _____

FREE

With the entire library order you will receive, as a free bonus, a handsome carrying case for storing your tapes. This case has a retail value of $ 9.00

SOUNDSTAGE Check Selections

☐ 8 TRACK ☐ CASSETTE ☐ RECORDS

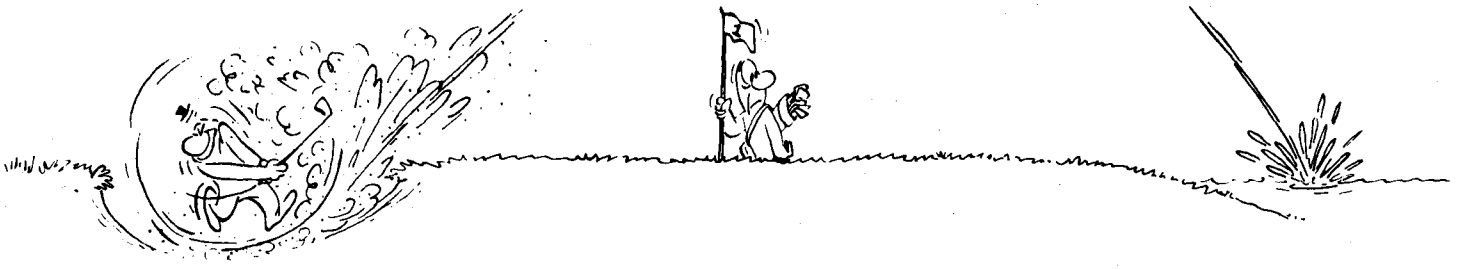
I	II	III	IV	V
☐	☐	☐	☐	☐
VI	**VII**	**VIII**	**IX**	**X**
☐	☐	☐	☐	☐

☐ **Dealer Inquiries Invited**

© SOUNDSTAGE PRODUCTIONS 1979 SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR MONEY BACK

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

POST SCRIPTS



Will Shakespeare, Auto Expert

Inept driver: ". . .to ride day and night, and not to deliberate, not to remember, not to have patience to shift. . ."

Henry IV, Part 2,
Act V, Scene 5

Car maker's ambition: "Then may I set the world on wheels, when she can spin for [my] living."

Two Gentlemen of Verona,
Act III, Scene 1

Now's the time to buy: "A time, methinks. . .to make a world-without-end bargain in. . ."

Love's Labour's Lost,
Act V, Scene 2

Listening to a used-car salesman: "These are but wild and whirling words. . ."

Hamlet,
Act I, Scene 5

Car ad (the status approach): "Wilt thou aspire to guide the heavenly car. . . ?"

Two Gentlemen of Verona,
Act III, Scene 1

Auto maker reaches for mass market: "He woos both high and low, both rich and poor, both young and old. . .Ford."

Merry Wives of Windsor,
Act II, Scene 1

Should parking meter fees be raised? "Sell the mighty space. . . for so much trash?"

Julius Caesar,
Act IV, Scene 3

Traffic jam: "I can no further crawl, no further go. . "

Midsummer Night's Dream,
Act III, Scene 2

I'm sure I'll start the car this time: "If I begin the battery once again. . ."

Henry V,
Act III, Scene 3

Slowpokes in front: ". . .thou drone, thou snail, thou slug. . . !"

Comedy of Errors,
Act II, Scene 2

"Traffic confound thee, if the gods will not!"

Timon of Athens,
Act I, Scene 1

"He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moveth not; [I think] the ape is dead. . ."

Romeo and Juliet,
Act II, Scene 1

Traffic sign: "Be warned. . .they that. . .ride not warily, fall into foul bogs."

Henry V,
Act III, Scene 7

Auto repair estimate: "If you have tears, prepare to shed them now."

Julius Caesar,
Act III, Scene 2

—William Garvin

Short but Sweet

The speeches droned on and on at a Jaycee luncheon, but finally the toastmaster introduced the last speaker. "We are running out of time, so I've asked the doctor to be brief. As you know, the subject he's going to talk about is sex."

The doctor rose to his feet, shuffled through his notes and said, "Gentlemen, it gives me great pleasure."

Then he sat down.

—G. G. Crabtree

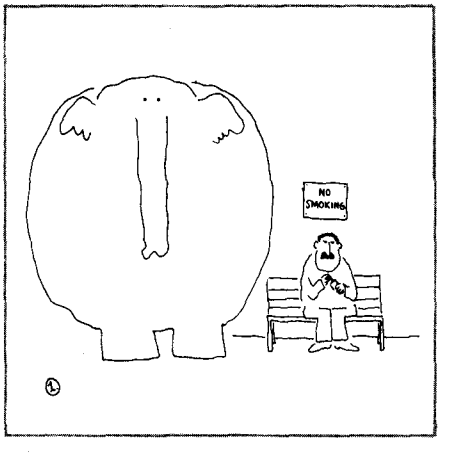
Artistic License

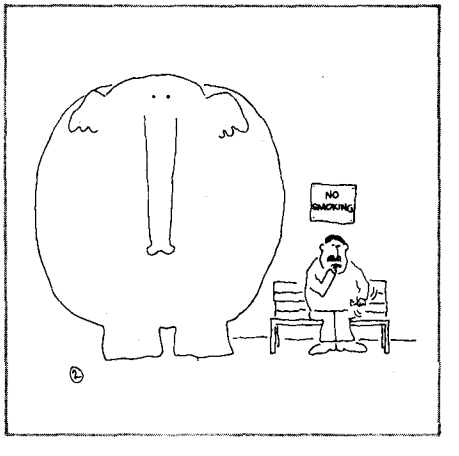
On a sunny spring day in 15th-century Italy, Lisa Tinselini was feeling low and decided to seek medical attention. After a thorough physical, the doctor said, "You've been posing for that lecherous old Leonardo again, haven't you?"

"Yes, but how did you know that?"

"It's pretty obvious. You have mono, Lisa."

—Robert E. Tinsley





PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Collateral Space

A man went to a loan company and asked how much interest he would have to pay for a six-month loan of $25. "Two dollars and fifty cents," the credit manager said.

"That's fine," the man said. "I'll take the loan, but I want to leave my new automobile here with you as security until I pay back the $25."

The credit manager protested that such security was not necessary for a small loan, but the man insisted on leaving his car. The next day he mentioned the transaction to a friend.

"They must think you're crazy," the friend said. "Whoever heard of somebody leaving a new automobile with a loan company for six months for a loan of $25?"

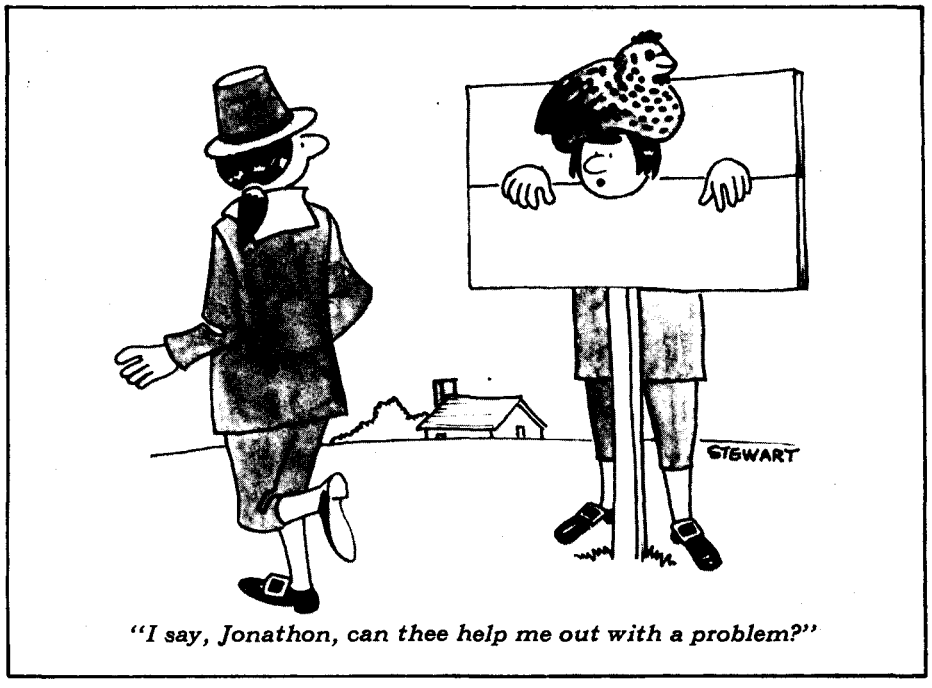
"Let them think I'm crazy," the man said. "Tomorrow I'm going to Europe for six months. Where else could I park my car for that length of time for only two dollars and fifty cents?"

–Henry E. Leabo

A Matter of Leverage

The busy politician was hurrying to a political meeting where he was scheduled to deliver a speech. Late, unprepared and searching for a subject, he noticed the word PUSH on the door as he entered and decided to use it as his topic. When called on to speak, he said, "Friends, all you need to win in this campaign is written on that door." His listeners looked to where he pointed. The word they saw on the door was PULL.

–Dorothea Kent



"I say, Jonathon, can thee help me out with a problem?"

Little Nipper

Visiting her young son in the hospital, the mother asked him, "Well, son, how do you like your new nurse?"

"I don't. I hate her," answered her son. "I'd like to grab her and bite her on the neck, just like Daddy does."

–Lucille J. Goodyear

Presidential Pardon

"I hope you will continue to like me if we don't win the playoffs," the college football coach joked with the president of the college.

"Oh, I'll continue to like you," the president replied. "I'll just miss having you around."

–Lane Olinghouse

Devil's Advocate

"I would rather vote for the devil than you," the voter told Abraham Lincoln.

"I'm sure you would," Lincoln replied calmly. "But in case your friend doesn't run, maybe you would then vote for me."

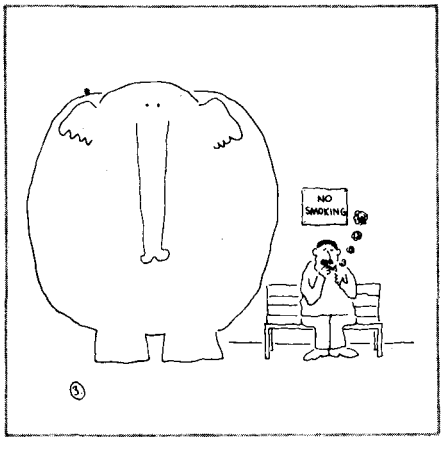
–George E. Bergman

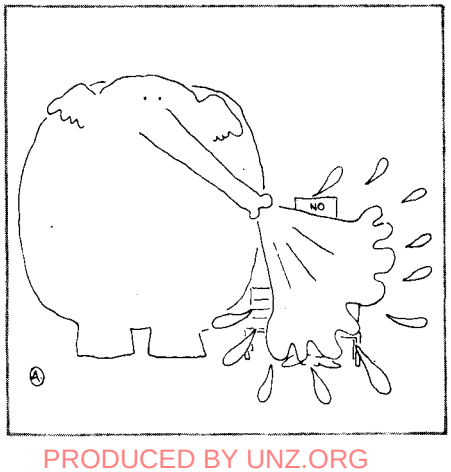
New Stripes

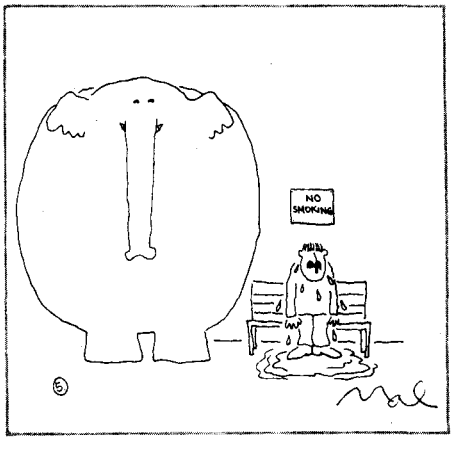
Two women were bragging about their children, and one remarked, "You've talked about everyone but your son Bill. Tell me, how's Bill doing in the army?"

"Great!" declared her companion. "They've just made him a court marshal."

–Honey Greer







PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Uncle Stavos

continued from page 57

and I saw at least three glasses smashed against a window, a floor, a ceiling—in the first hour. In another half an hour there wasn't a face in the house that hadn't flushed bright orange—except for my dear departed Uncle's. But it wasn't because he was forgotten. At one point, giggling and gargling cognac, I went and poured him one. He never drank it, however.

By eleven o'clock not a creature in the house could walk without an exaggerated wobble—from five-year-olds to eighty-five-year-olds. A distinct stagger was even witnessable in the movements of my mother, who had been nipping quietly but steadily for the greater glory of her noble, silent brother. In spite of her apparent festiveness, however, those of us who knew her best could see that Evangelina—another one of those squat, dark Caucasians (I think Greek olives stunt the growth and turn the skin black)—was definitely hoarding a worry in her vast chest.

The problem turned out to be pretty serious: Her baby sister Harriet, a light and lively 70-year-old, had not shown up at the reception. None of us had really noticed until Evangelina pointed it out in her flamboyant fashion. To her it was no excuse that my aunt was living out in Minnesota at the time. Nor was Harriet forgiven simply because a platoon of her children and grandchildren, most of whom lived in the East, had come in black. (Even my cousins didn't know what had happened to Harriet.)

By not showing up, Harriet apparently managed to offend both the present *and* the past, the living and the dead. Realizing she could not fully enjoy Stavros' reception until she met this family responsibility head-on, Evangelina had wobbled with a certain amount of credibility to the festive table and faced the merry mourners. As though making still another toast, she raised her glass of retsina—a vigorous thirst quencher and emergency substitute for turpentine—and did her duty with one straightforward, official statement: "From this night on, Harriet, you parrot, don't you dare to call yourself a sister to me!" Instantly Evangelina was feeling better, as if she'd just exorcised her ample flesh or had just finished a long and deeply felt prayer.

The dancing broke out like a brush fire in one corner of the parlor. And within a few minutes, odd-shaped dancers in odd attitudes were raging from one end of the room to the other, attempting Greek, American, and unidentifiable steps.

By 1:30 a.m. the radio station that had been providing the exotic, frenzied melodies of a *bouzoukee* band was off the air; only a few stubborn stompers—mainly soloists—continued stumbling to the electrical static which had replaced the music. Most of the other celebrators were dozing or dumbfounded, though some had begun to cuddle up, attempting to demonstrate that the early bird gets the worm!

The family philosophy of loving in the face of death is simple and, to my way of thinking, makes sense. The party is viewed as an act of love, on the part of the dead and the living. Beyond that, the departed one, as Stavros used to explain it, is an entire world closer to the Highest Love than any of us breathers; hence we shouldn't merely show our respect to the carcass but should pay tribute to Love as well by getting close to some fine vision of loveliness.

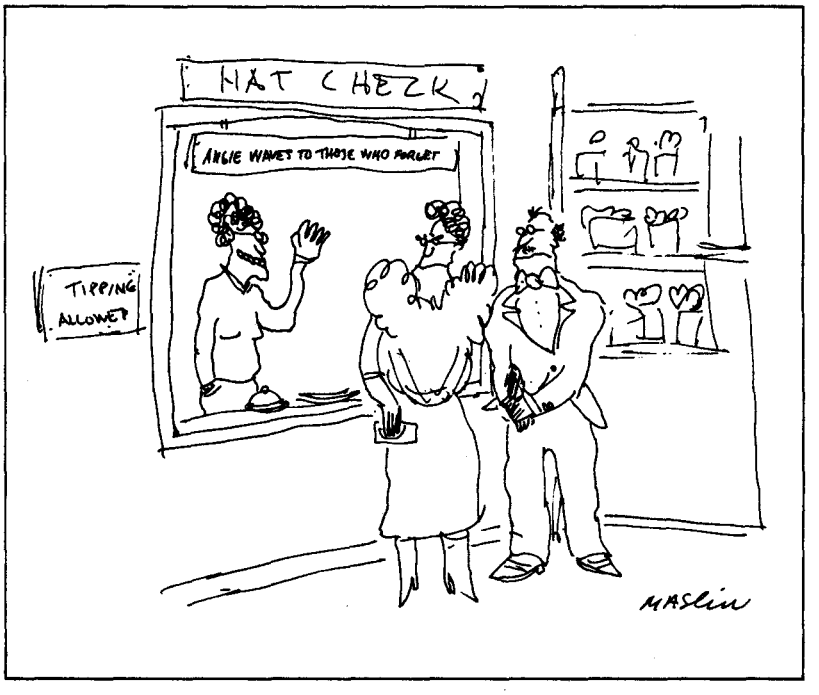
The actual method of expressing love is not stipulated by Hestiakos ritual. Loving is considered too individual, I guess, to be regulated by custom. To one ancient duet, for instance, loving meant humming Rudy Vallee tunes while sunk halfway into our plush sofa—with their heads so close together the gentleman's hearing aid wire got tangled in the lady's hair net; down the hall I saw a middle-aged twosome performing what seemed to be a fertility rite in the bathtub: He was scratching her bare back with a dried-out, clawlike root—mandrake, I presume; and the young generation had squatted in pairs on the oriental rug like Indians, and were passing the aphrodisiac—a blend of sake and tequila—and entering into the realm of love more slowly, with more respect and considerably more dignity than their elders.

To this day I can't figure out why that smooth young gal started giving me the eye at Stavros' party. After all, I have never been much to look at—what with a set of teeth that came in remarkably uneven, and ears that grew to ridiculous lengths to trap sounds that I would never need in my life: I had no aspirations to be a detective or CIA officer. Nor could she have started ranging toward my corner because of my physique, which is practically nonexistent. Some things, I have since learned, just shouldn't be questioned.

Even though I must've been at least 15 years older than her—and therefore considerably more experienced and self-assured—I was intimidated by her beauty. I attribute this to the fact that I—like my father—had become somewhat shy in the shadow of my mother. Anyway, before there was time to think of what to do, I was confronted by her egg-shaped face and long-stemmed body—both of which I admired to an embarrassing degree, and neither of which I recognized. The American in me reared for an instant, and in the time it took her to lick her lips I was practically in love.

Wondering who had invited her, what her name was, if she had a boyfriend, and all sorts of other things, and not wanting silence to come between us, to ruin a good start, I took a crack at her outer perimeter: "Are you a friend of the family?"

To get around my inquiry she wrapped her delicate, vinelike fingers around my hand and started tugging me across the room. To be honest, there's nothing like a straightforward young woman—her mass of hair spilling every which way like honey-coated sunlight—to shut a shy man's mouth. I followed her meekly and sat down on the floor with her, directly behind the table on which Stavros was flattened out, virtual-



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ly cut off from the world. Who would've thought that this stunning young woman (I never did get her name) was destined to become the catalyst of my uncle's miracle?

There had been so much to do for the funeral party—people to invite, groceries to order, chairs to borrow, clothes to iron, furniture to polish, onions to cut—that my mother never had a chance to think about the implications of her brother's death. But around three in the morning, resting alone in the kitchen for a few minutes, she noticed a clump of wilted lilies sticking out of a garbage bag, and those forlorn flowers reminded her that Stavros was the last Hestiakos in Brooklyn. Not the last container of the blood, but the last bearer of the banner. Soon the only trace of the name would be on a modest tombstone, which they would stick into a patch of powdery dirt between a Chinese laundry and a Spanish grocery.

A great sense of being alone in the world—not as an individual but as a Hestiakos—rushed into Evangelina's heart and quickly overflowed, soaking her eyeballs. And it was this spilling over that brought Evangelina to the realization that she (who else was there?) had to do something to save the family name. Her mind began to spin like a roulette wheel, and when it stopped she knew what course to take.

After zigzagging through the tangled lovers and dead drunks to reach Uncle Stavros, my mother took hold of the lapel of his dark blue, borrowed suit jacket, and began her incantation in a low, vibrating, obviously smashed voice: "Brother, I won't let you to sleep till you find yourself a woman. I know you are tired. I am sorry. I have the family to think to."

Evangelina watched Stavros for some sign. There was none, but she was not deterred. "You can't to sleep yet," she declared. "Many healthy ladies have come to see to you tonight." By healthy she meant fat and ripe, and she yanked his lapel to show him she meant business.

My head felt like a sponge at the bottom of the Aegean Sea, and I was squinting at this Greek mother of mine, this believer of ghosts and miracles, this vision seer, when the beauty next to me poked her pointy elbow into my ribs: She showed me a rope that apparently had been used to bind my uncle's body to the wide board on which he'd been carried to the table, and on which he was still in repose.

Stavros had not been discovered by Evangelina, the day his heart quit beating, until several hours after the fact. By that time rigor mortis had taken a stubborn hold on his legs, which were bent up toward his chest. (He liked to sleep that way.) So the resourceful Polish undertaker had probably tied down Stavros' chest and thighs in order to straighten out his body, to keep it flat for the party. Only after my mother had shaken the corpse, shifting the silky wrapping, did the rope become visible from where the gal and I were sitting, snuggled against the wall behind the table.

Mother Evangelina's appeals became more and more urgent, violent almost, as if she were losing her grip on a drowning man. "I see you in there," she cried, looking up my uncle's wide nostrils. "Wake up! I am going to introdoots you to a nice widow."

The louder her voice grew, the less the dim-eyed mourners seemed to listen. I think they were annoyed that their loving had been interrupted; however, a few did swivel their heads in her direction—out of respect for the dead, I suppose. The only person in the room who truly seemed interested in what was going on was my vivacious young partner, who was staring intensely at my mother through green keyhole eyes.

"Get up!" Evangelina demanded, her voice sluggishly desperate. "Get up and pick a bride to yourself."

Suddenly, before I fully understood what was going on, the angel beside me snatched a glittering knife from the table and cut the rope—my uncle's body sprang up to a sitting position, and my mother, well, she absolutely fainted into a temporary little death of her own. I guess miracles can be too much even for believers sometimes.

You never saw such a traffic jam. A Greek was stalled in a corner, a Catholic in the doorway; an Arab was stuck in a chair, a Jew in a window, an Italian in a closet. Legs were spinning but getting nowhere. Arms were flapping as though trying to fly. Huge red and white eyeballs gleamed everywhere. But the strange thing is that no one cried out, as though everyone had simultaneously lost the power to emit sound.

Oddly enough, Cousin Wei—who had slept throughout most of the ritual—was the first one to get moving toward the door, as if in his sleep he had somehow known that something supernatural was going on around him, as if he'd been subconsciously ready to make his getaway at just the right moment. He would not be party to any miracle, not if he could help it. Not a Chinese Greek Methodist like him. Especially one who was losing his hair. And once he made it to the front door, they all gushed out of the place.

Although I saw with my own eyes how it had happened, the spectacle of my dead uncle sitting up, grinning queerly, still gave me goose pimples. And there must've been an awfully funny expression on my face, for my partner was laughing so viciously at me she finally rolled under the table and disappeared behind the hanging tablecloth. I never saw her again.

Though my mother did not succeed in digging up an heir, she later seemed quite content with the way things had turned out, having come to the conclusion, I guess, that a miracle was just as good as a namesake. For a miracle was simply another form of immortality, perhaps more lasting than a family name. Naturally that miracle became a big part of her life. If you asked her whether or not it was raining outside she would answer, "It was the moss beautiful miracle I ever saw." Or she might even interrupt your conversation with someone else by saying, "Did you see the way he smiled at everyone?"

Evangelina isn't the only one who believed in that fine miracle, though. Before they cleared out that morning,

"Tonight's concert is in three movements: allegro, adagio, and punk rock."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

there were dozens of believers in the old house. Considering the condition of the mourners at the time, and the dim love lighting, this is not difficult to understand. What I can't figure out is why they continue to believe, at least the ones I still see around.

Just this morning I ran into Abdul in downtown Brooklyn, and we got to talking about that famous miracle. Apparently he is still quite impressed by the feat, and I must confess here and now that I did nothing to shatter his illusion. I keep the truth to myself. I always will. If I didn't, it might get back to my mother. And I feel it is my duty as a loving son to protect my mother's fantasies, especially at her age, especially since there are no more Hestiakoses walking the face of Brooklyn. ☒

Station I.D.

continued from page 63

face by Clarabelle.

"Is that all?" Miss Loomis shouted. "How dare you say such a rude thing? There are a few other people in this class besides you, you know. You should be grateful you're getting anything at all." Raymond shrugged at his modest portion of cake.

"Look at me," Miss Loomis demanded. Raymond looked at Miss Loomis. His expression didn't change. He appeared to think of Miss Loomis about what he thought of the cake: There wasn't enough there to satisfy him. And Miss Loomis found Raymond as unsatisfactory as he found her. There was a special classroom upstairs in our school for students who were special in an unfortunate way. Miss Loomis felt Raymond belonged there; you could tell from the way she sighed over his papers. The last straw was probably Raymond's big sneeze.

Miss Loomis was supervising us in art—making mud puddles with watercolors—when the terrific sneeze blew everything apart. Raymond had a cold. He had been sniffling all day. He might as well have been a dog following a trail of gunpowder with his nose; all that sniffling was building up to an explosion. Raymond tried to stop himself with his hand, but it was no use.

Chuff. Plumes of snot shot from Raymond's nose. One strand spread from his thumb to his chin. Others gleamed like glass noodles on his shirt collar, his lips, his inkwell. ☒

"*Raymond*," Miss Loomis shrieked. She darted over to him.

"Here," she said, producing a Kleenex from her pocket. "Wipe that mucus off your face." Raymond looked dazed.

"Leave the room until you've cleaned yourself up," Miss Loomis said. Raymond walked out wounded and Miss Loomis went to her desk and sat down. Her face was as altered as it would have been had Mr. Sullivan the custodian appeared in the hallway naked. The class was turning inside out, from the pressure of restrained laughter. A week later Raymond was upstairs, newly registered in the special class.

I think what Miss Loomis finally could not tolerate about Raymond was his ungovernable body. He was a year older than the rest of us, and his hands and feet were already enlarged in the growth pattern of early adolescence. Raymond wore black motorcycle boots. A big comb jutted arrogantly from his back pocket. Raymond was more man than boy. For Miss Loomis, who all her life had been untouched by a man, getting out of her sight Raymond's big, clumsy hands must have been a great relief.

Television developed in me a sympathy for faraway places: the dusty Southwest that the Lone Ranger galloped over, Sergeant Preston's Yukon, Superman's Metropolis, the India of Gunga Ram. There in front of the television set, I was constantly taking off.

Buffalo Bob knew how far a child can travel in his imagination. For several weeks Buffalo Bob and Howdy searched in exotic places for a platinum platypus. They found clues to follow under rocks in caves that would have been familiar territory to Sinbad. The platinum platypus was the Maltese Falcon in a clown suit. The object of the quest simply became more dignified with age.

Dreamer that I was, I was never a favorite of Miss Loomis. Her pet was Frances Randall. Frances Randall wore her hair in the style of a woman 50. She was smart, and always got straight *A* grades. As one might expect, she grew up to be an attorney. But that wasn't the end of Frances' story. My mother heard that not long after Frances got out of law school she began living out of wedlock with a divorced automobile salesman.

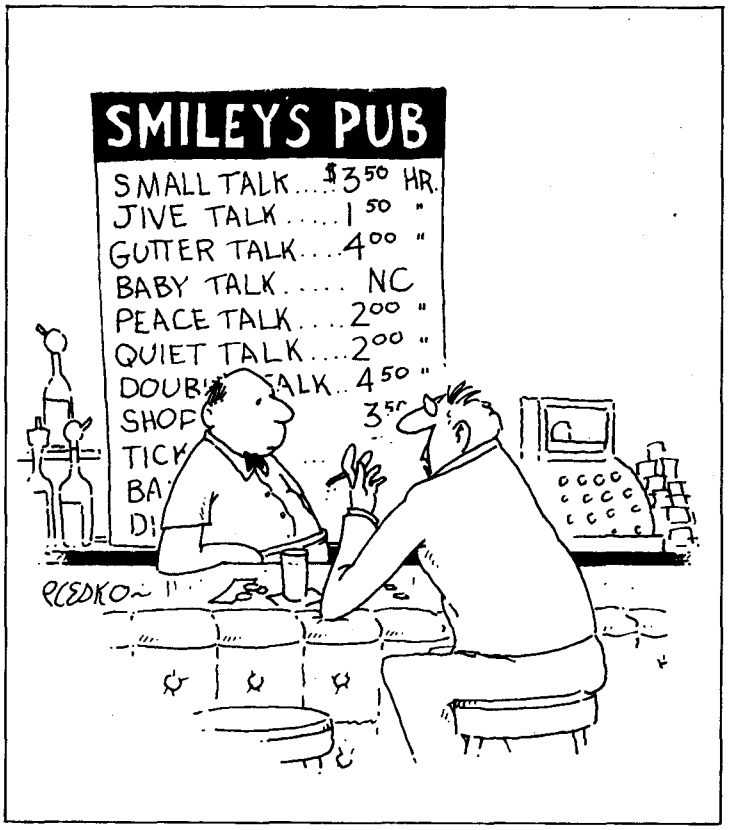
"Well, she's finally having her fling," my mother said. I wasn't surprised. Frances had once slipped and told me she watched "a little bit" of television Saturday mornings. Frances' fling might well have been the result of Froggie's lingering influence. I'm sure Froggie would have slept around if he weren't made of rubber. He had the laugh of a very dirty old man—and he was always plunking his magic twanger.

It would be oversimplifying things to suggest that Miss Loomis would have been a better teacher if only some guy had twanged her. I guess the best that can be said of her is that she tried hard. That was what she said to me, when she handed me my last report card, with its middling grades: "You're a good hard worker." I took that encouragement, even then, as an insult. I was anything but a "good, hard worker." I was a dreamer. Which Miss Gray might have told me at the end of sixth grade, a year later. She didn't have to, though. In her classes, dreams were implicitly understood.

God help the "good, hard workers" of this world, the frightened people who frantically pile up sandbags but still get swept away by the floods of Armageddon. The people who suffer visitations from Froggie, who has more disguises than the devil.

What a terrible difference fear makes—that some hear in Froggie's laughter the falling down clatter of chaos, and others hear only a carnival noise, and join the rebellion that is happiness.

From the forthcoming book *Station Identification*, to be published by M. Evans & Co.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

POST PEOPLE

Ed Asner

Q The first successful dramatic series on television to show life on a big-city newspaper, the "Lou Grant" show, soared to the number-one position in the Nielsen ratings. Why did you feel the need to enlist psychiatric help amid all this success?

A "In the first few episodes, the ratings were very touch and go, and the tension among the staff was understandably high," recalled Asner. "The prophets of doom, the sad sympathies they offered, the shakes of the hand. I was drowning in that swamp. Last year, it was a tunnel existence. I was not happy with what I was doing—with the long hours, the enormous pressures, the constant struggle to keep an audience. It really affected my family life. I felt like less than an ideal father and husband. Before, I always felt, 'Ah, I can hack it alone. I will survive my neurosis if it doesn't hurt anyone around me.' But when it got to a point when that just wasn't the case, I went for treatment."

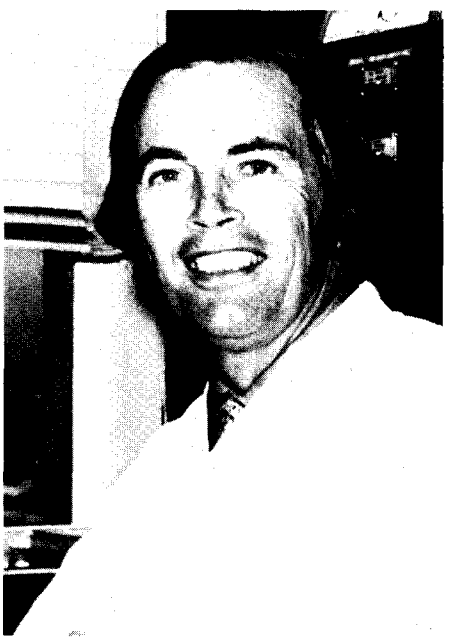
Ed Asner

Q *By Myself* is the title of your best-selling autobiography. Is it also the way that you intend to stay or do you look forward to another relationship?

A "If love is going to come along in your life, it comes along. I don't think that you can look for it. A new man? I'm not waiting for that. There's a good chance it won't happen now, at my age. It would be nice to have some terrific relationship, but more than that, to give me a real big emotional lift, I think I'd rather have a terrific new play."

Lauren Bacall

Lauren Bacall



Christian Barnard

Q Do the mounting tensions and political turmoil reported in the world press ever tempt you to leave South Africa?

A "No. Whatever else I am, I'm a patriot," says Christian Barnard. "Every time I go overseas I come back and think, 'Thank God I can live in South Africa.' If people demonstrate against apartheid, I'm with them. But if I see them demonstrating against South Africa, I can't join them. It's fashionable these days to hammer this country. There is a profound worldwide ignorance about the actual conditions in South Africa today."

Christian Barnard

Liz & John Warner

Q How does the role of Elizabeth Taylor, the world-renowned actress, compare with that of Elizabeth Warner, the Senator's wife in the social whirl of Washington society?

A "In both roles you are constantly 'on.' People are observing you, listening to you. You can't really be at ease and off," she explained. "But the main difference? In show business you rely on somebody else's thoughts. And you ask for a retake—not a recount, a retake. In politics, it's real life, and you only have one chance. It's your words. Your ideas. And if you goof, you have to live with it."

Elizabeth Taylor Warner

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FOOD

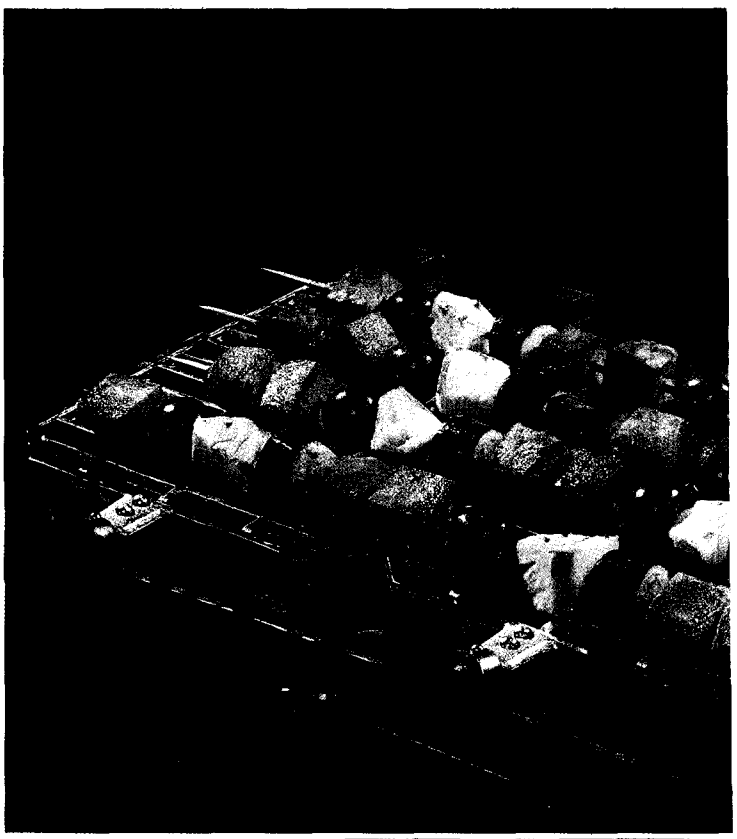
UNSTUFFING THANKSGIVING

A holiday menu boasting the choicest of trimmings to celebrate Thanksgiving with a light touch

by Charlotte Turgeon

Thanksgiving is taking on a new look. The energy crisis is dictating even that phase of life. Geographically scattered families can no longer justify driving many miles for a single meal and are suddenly finding themselves subdivided into units of three, two or even one. Does that mean that Thanksgiving should go by the board and the holiday feast be forgotten? Certainly not! Thanksgiving is the one national holiday that honors the founding fathers and it's a day with national traditional observances that must be maintained, come hell or no gas.

No one should be alone on a holiday, but a holiday shared with one person can be just as meaningful as one with 20. And a festal meal does not have to be a big deal. In fact if there is one thing wrong with the old-fashioned Thanksgiving dinner it is that it is too big. Nutritionally speaking it doesn't make much sense to pack a week's budget of calories into a single meal resulting in a postprandial stupor that leaves people uncomfortable and grumpy and with very little sense of gratitude. The creamy soups, butter-rich stuffings, marshmallowed sweet potatoes and many helpings of pie are only served to be regretted later. No! Thanksgiving needs a light touch but it still has to have in some form the foods which tradition records were eaten in Plymouth, Massachusetts, way back then. So here is a menu suggestion for two people, all prepared in advance so that there's no muss or fuss on the holiday itself.



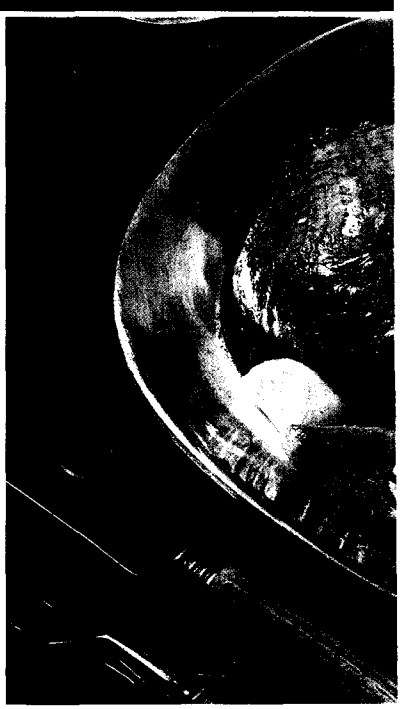
Thanksgiving shish kebabs? This delicious yet simple change of menu may start a new tradition at your home.

MENU

Fruit Salad
Turkey for Two
Savoury Brown Stuffing
Stuffed Acorn Squash and/or
Succotash Pudding
Cranberry Timbales
Celery Curls
Pumpkin Whip
Thanksgiving Oatmeal Giant Cookies
Nuts and Port

Wine: Spanish Port, Beaujolais Villages (French) or Gamay Beaujolais (California)

Shop on Tuesday, cook on Wednesday and enjoy on Thanksgiving day. Plan your table carefully. Use a



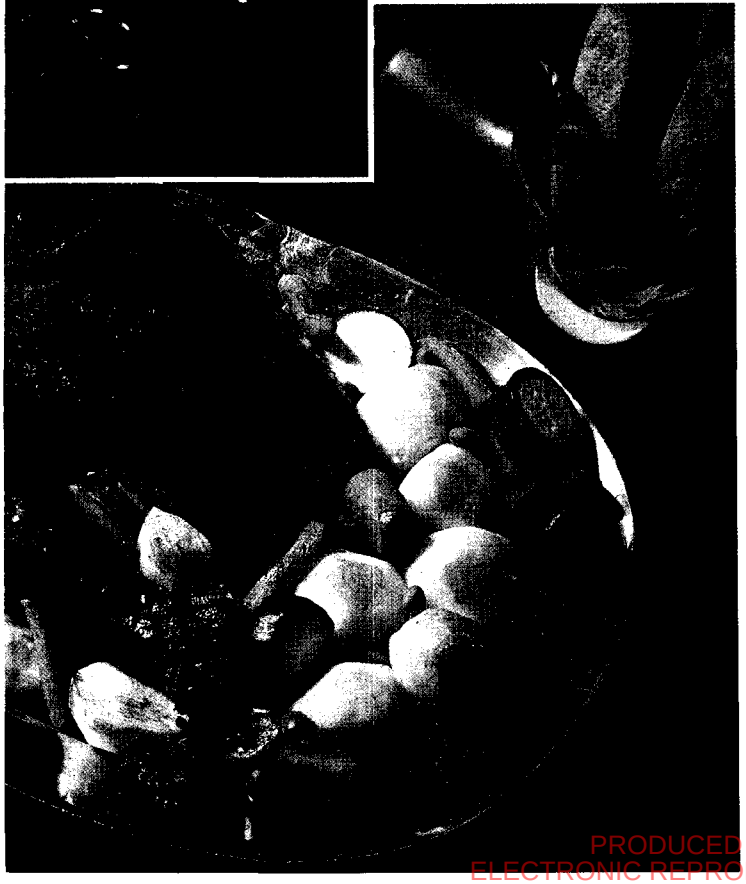
With our ever-growing interest in nutrition, it's nice to know that turkey is high *in protein but* low *in calories.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

small table—even a card table—and place it where it seems the coziest. Cover with a damask cloth or reasonable facsimile thereof. Use your best china and glass and let the silverware shine brightly. For a centerpiece have a small cornucopia or bowl with unshelled walnuts, pecans and hazelnuts.

One of the greatest gastronomical contributions to the food market in recent years is the turkey parts provided by some national distributors (such as the Louis Rich Company of Iowa) and several local distributors. Sold fresh and frozen in small amounts, these turkey parts allow everyone to enjoy the nation's favorite bird without coping with the whole beast. Low in calories, ready for cooking, they are easy to prepare. They can even be found in the form of ham and sausage thanks to culinary wizardry. For those fortunate enough to have a microwave we give directions. This is microwaving at its best because the quantities are small and the cooking times very brief, but it's also perfectly simple to prepare the whole meal using a conventional stove. As in most meals, especially those with a holiday or festive meaning, wine adds a celebratory touch.

To attain the combination of high flavor and low calorie, it is important to have a good supply of chicken broth homemade or canned.



Whenever you and your companion decide to dine, turn on the oven to 350 degrees F. and let a bountiful but comparatively low-calorie Thanksgiving dinner cook itself, while you sip an apéritif.

Fruit Salad

1 cup fresh pineapple chunks
Lettuce leaves
1 nectarine
1 purple plum
½ cup seedless grapes
2 tablespoons Herb Magic Tarragon-Green Pepper Lite dressing (available in gourmet shops) or French Vinaigrette

Arrange the pineapple on lettuce leaves on individual salad plates. Cut the nectarine and plum in slices and place on the pineapple. Dot with grapes and chill in the refrigerator.

Just before serving, spoon a tablespoon of preferred dressing over each serving.

Turkey for Two—Savoury Brown Rice Stuffing

2/3 cup natural brown rice
1 quart chicken broth
2 tablespoons butter or margarine
2 tablespoons chopped onion
4 tablespoons diced turkey pastrami
1/8 teaspoon pepper
¼ teaspoon poultry seasoning
Turkey Breast Tenderloin Steaks (6 ounces)
2 tablespoons cornstarch
2 tablespoons water
¼ teaspoon Kitchen Bouquet or Gravy Master
Parsley

Conventional oven: Bring the rice and 2 cups of chicken broth to a boil in a small heavy saucepan. Cover and simmer very slowly for 45 minutes.

Heat the butter or margarine in a small skillet and sauté the onion and pastrami until the onion is soft. Add to the cooked rice and stir in the pepper and poultry seasoning, using a fork to stir. Taste for seasoning. Arrange in 2 small mounds on an oven-serving platter.

Bring the remaining broth and ¼ cup of water to a simmer. Put in the tenderloin breast steaks. Cover and simmer very gently for 15 minutes. Transfer the steaks with a slotted ladle to the rice.

Boil down the broth until it measures 1 cup. Add the cornstarch dissolved in water and stir until thickened. Color with the Kitchen Bouquet or Gravy Master and pour over the turkey. Cool and cover with aluminum foil. Refrigerate overnight.

Before serving: Bring the turkey dish to room temperature. Bake 25 minutes at 350 degrees F. Garnish with parsley.

Microwave oven: Stir the rice, 2 cups of chicken broth, the butter or margarine, onion, pastrami, pepper and poultry seasoning in a 1½-quart casserole. Cover and microwave on high for 30 minutes, stirring well after the first 15 minutes. Remove from the oven.

Place the turkey steaks in a shallow nonmetal dish with 2 cups of the chicken broth and microwave 4 to

Continued on page 121

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LYNCHBURG
HARDWARE & GENERAL STORE
Box 322, Lynchburg, Tenn. 37352

COUNTRY CLUB CAP

This is a comfortable, practical sportsman's billed cap with a Jack Daniel's Country Club Patch and appropriate gold braid. It fits all head sizes and is guaranteed to start interesting conversations on the 19th hole or backyard barbecue. My **$7.50** price includes postage and handling.

Send check, money order, or use American Express, Visa or Master Charge, including all numbers and signature.

(Tennessee residents add 6% sales tax.)
For a color catalog full of old Tennessee items, send $1.00 to above address.

NEED HELP GETTING UP?

try a Cushion-Lift® chair

America's leading lift chair

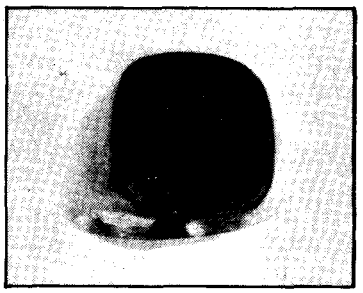
Now you can get up at the touch of a button — easily, securely, and without pain or effort. No more waiting for help . . . you can be independent again.

- Medicare coverage in most cases
- Free home demonstration — no obligation
- Free color brochure

CALL TOLL FREE:
1-800-558-2151

ORTHO-KINETICS, INC.
P.O. Box 2000 SEP-11
Waukesha, WI 53186
Wisc. call collect: 1-414-542-6060

POST SAMPLER

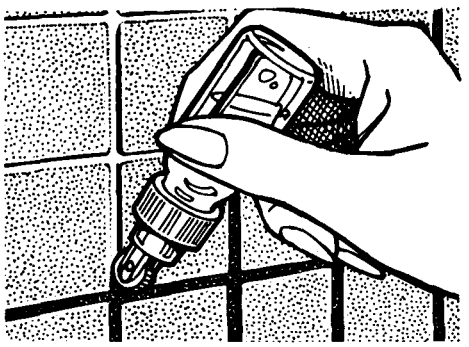


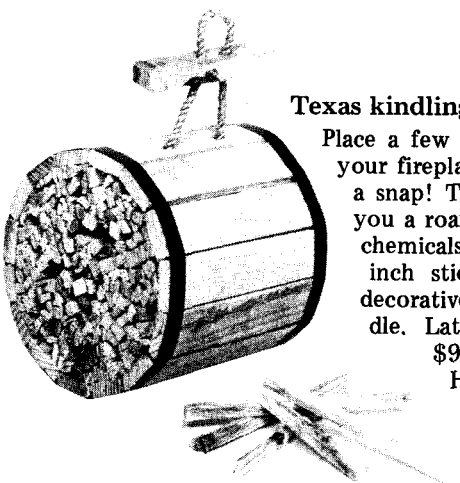
Patriotic ring

A beautiful sterling silver ring engraved with the Great Seal of the United States makes a ring to wear with patriotic pride any year. Price is a very low $49.00. Also available in solid 14K gold for $175.00. Add $1.00 for p&h. Indicate ring size. Heraldica Imports, Inc., Dept. SE, 21 West 46th St., New York, NY 10036.

New tile grout whitener

Do you look at your bathroom and wonder how you'll ever get the dirt and discolorations out of the grout? Our new grout dirt remover and whitener will restore your tile grout like new. High-strength formula, yet nontoxic, this new product will do the job or your money will be refunded in full. Only $4.95 (two for $8.95) prepaid. American Novelty Company, Box 878, Georgetown, TX 78626.



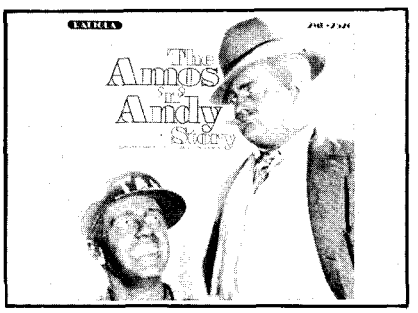


Texas kindling

Place a few of these fragrant, dry pine splints in your fireplace or grill and starting a fire becomes a snap! The dry southern pine sticks will give you a roaring fire in minutes without the use of chemicals to ignite the fuel. About 170 eight-inch sticks come in a metal round keg. A decorative fireplace fixture with its rope handle. Later on, the keg becomes a planter. $9.95, two for $18.95 plus $1.85 post. Holst, Inc., Dept. SP-119, 1118 W. Lake, Box 370, Tawas City, MI 48763.

The Amos 'n' Andy story

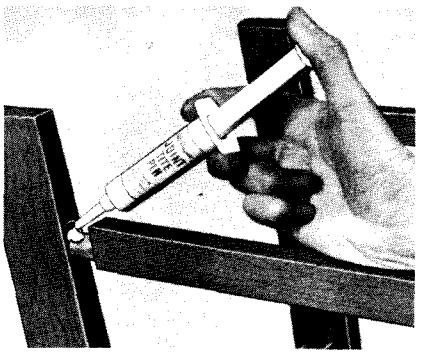
Two full hours of radio's all-time favorites. Complete broadcasts and rare recordings from the 1920s through 1950s. With "The Kingfish" and all the other characters from the show. Comes on two LP records, cassettes, or cartridges (specify which) for $6.95 + 75¢ p&h from Radio Yesteryear, Dept. 110, Sandy Hook, CT 06482.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New furniture joint sealer

Now, furniture repairs are made easy! This brand-new product can easily repair any chair or table joint. Simply squeeze a few drops of this new patented quick-setting glue and press the joints together . . . dries in just minutes. Joint Tite holds fast and strong. Send $4.95 or just $8.95 for two: Merit Joint Tite, Box 878, Georgetown, TX 78626.

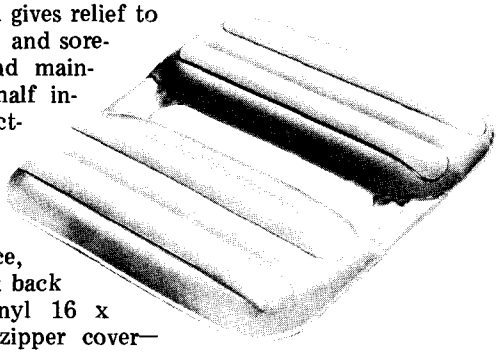


Psoriasis treatment suit

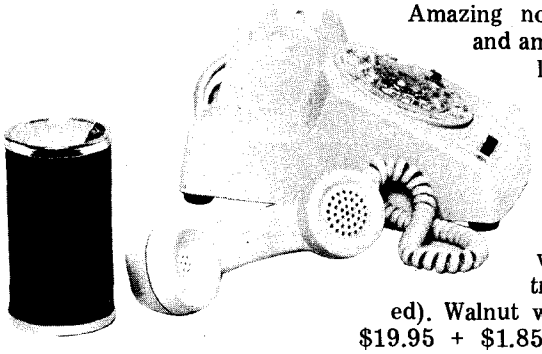
Lightweight, non-toxic Vinyl two-piece suit. Elastic at all openings seals in body heat to make medication penetrate deeper. Eliminates wrapping in plastic. Eliminates staining clothes and sheets. Used at Duke University Hospital, many others. Washable. Lasts for months. At your druggist or order direct. Sizes: S 28-34, M 36-40, L 42-44, XL 46-48, XXL 50-56. $6.95 plus $1.00 postage. Slim-Ez Suit Co., 157 6th Ave. N.E., Dept.SEP-11, St. Petersburg, FL 33701. Dealers invited.

Comfort cushion

New Twin-Rest Seat Cushion gives relief to sensitive areas. Fights fatigue and soreness. Avoids side-rocking and maintains balance because each half inflates separately with contact-free center space. Unlike embarrassing "ring cushions," it fully supports each thigh independently. Deflates for travel. Ideal for car, home, office, sports, wheelchair. Great as a back cushion, too. Handsome vinyl 16 x 17"—$6.95. Green percale zipper cover—$2.95 extra. Add 50¢ p&h. Better Sleep Inc., New Providence, NJ 07974.



Hello phone



Amazing no-connection loud-speaker and amplifier for any phone. Just lay receiver down by side. Great for family calls, business conferences, or yourself while working. You hear voices across the room, talk back from anywhere. No wires or connections. 9V transistor battery (included). Walnut wood grain, chrome finish. $19.95 + $1.85 p&h. Holst, Inc., Dept. SP-119, 1118 W. Lake, P.O. Box 370, Tawas City, MI 48763.

Medical Update is a valuable monthly bulletin that saves you money and keeps you tuned in to what's happening in areas of vital personal interest to you and your family: How to save money on drugs. Advances in surgery. Health tips. Food and nutrition. Preventive medicine. Vitamins. Exercise. Birth control. Sexual medicine.

Subscribe now for only $10 per year. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back. The Medical Education and Research Foundation, Inc. is a non-profit organization.

Medical Update

c/o The Medical Education
and Research Foundation, Inc.
1000 Waterway Blvd.
Indianapolis, IN 46202

Please enter my subscription to **Medical Update** at the low rate of only $10 per year.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

☐ Payment enclosed ☐ Please bill me

H9

If you have a special little niece, a grandson or other favorite child

Give the gift that turns on a child's mind.

Give HIGHLIGHTS, the world's most honored magazine for children 2 to 12. All through the year, each issue at least 42 pages and illustrated in color. Stories, games, articles, crafts, hidden pictures ... fun. But fun with a purpose: to help pre-readers to pre-teens learn to read and reason.

Gift rate valid to 12/25/79: 1 year, $12 + 13¢/copy postage & handling ($1.43) = **$13.43.** (Postage & handling: Canada, 23¢/copy; other foreign, 33¢/copy.)

Highlights® for Children
2300 W. 5th Ave., P.O. Box 269, Columbus, Ohio 43216
Please send HIGHLIGHTS as my gift to:

child name(s) and age(s)

address *apt. no.*

city *state* *zip*

Sign gift card "From _____."

11 • NSZN

your name

your address *apt. no.*

your city *state* *zip*

$_____ enclosed ☐ Bill me (no need to pay till Jan. 1)

•• UW-C • NDZ 45

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Enjoy Old Time Radio at Its Very Best!!

ONE FULL HOUR on LP Record, Cassette, or Cartridge at the Lowest Price Ever!

53. THE SHADOW. Who Knows What Evil Lurks in the Hearts of Men? Two complete programs of Radio's Master of Darkness from the 1940's. Murder and mayhem - with all of the original commercials and announcements. The Weed of Crime Bears Bitter Fruit - The Shadow Knows!

56. THE LONE RANGER. The Masked Man and his Indian Companion Tonto Ride Again! A complete broadcast, with commercials, wild Indians, bad guys, and "Silver" - the fiery horse with the speed of light! Plus a second complete western radio adventure.

66. THE MAGIC RADIO. A Radio That Tunes in Programs of the Past!!! Rare Radio Memories with Fibber McGee & Molly, Amos 'n' Andy, Eddie Cantor, Al Jolson, Major Bowes, and many more. They say that old radio shows never die, and these recordings, made with Radiola's "Magic Radio", will bring back an earful of fabulous memories.

— OTHER SHOWS AVAILABLE —

5. **SHERLOCK HOLMES.** With Basil Rathbone and Nigel Bruce. (1939) Plus a 2nd radio mystery.
6. **AFTERNOON KID SHOWS.** Complete episodes of Capt. Midnight, Jack Armstrong, Buck Rogers, Dick Tracy.
7. **LUX RADIO THEATRE.** - To Have and Have Not with Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall. (1946)
8. **DOWN IN ALLEN'S ALLEY.** Fred Allen at his very best. (1940's)
16. **INNER SANCTUM** (1949) and also **THE HERMIT'S CAVE** (1944)
20. **THE GREAT GILDERSLEEVE** (1949) and also **OUR MISS BROOKS** (1949)
27. **LIGHTS OUT** (1943), and also **THE WITCH'S TALE** (1939)
31. **1945 NEW YEAR'S DANCING PARTY.** Live broadcast with Armstrong, Dorsey, Goodman, Ellington, Basie, many more.
39. **BABY SNOOKS & DADDY.** (1938-1950), with Fanny Brice. Comedy classics with Radio's Little Monster.
55. **FIBBER McGEE & MOLLY.** 2 complete shows from 1940 and 1941 (with Fibber's Famous Closet)
58. **GANGBUSTERS.** 2 shows from 1940 and 1946 plus Gangbusters Nationwide Clues.
74. **AMOS 'N' ANDY.** 2 complete broadcasts (1948-1949) with the Kingfish and all the other favorite characters.

To order, circle your choices on coupon.

Clip Today and Mail to:
THE RADIOLA COMPANY
Sandy Hook, Conn. 06482

Send me the selections I've circled — and hurry!
Enclosed is my check or money order for $_____
Please add applicable sales tax. (Sorry, no COD's.)

Selections	Price	Shpg & Handlg	Total
Any Single Selection	$ 2.95	75¢	$ 3.70
Any Three Selections	$ 8.35	$ 1.00	$ 9.35
Any Five Selections	$12.50	$ 1.50	$14.00
All Fifteen Selections	$36.25	$ 1.75	$38.00

Check choice here:
☐ LP Record ☐ Cassette ☐ Cartridge

Circle selections: 5 6 7 8 16 20 27 31 39 53 55 56 58 66 74

Name_____
Address_____
City_____
State_____ Zip_____

You can CHARGE orders over $5 on Most Major Credit Cards. Just give Card Number, Expiration Date and Sign Your Name!
OR CHARGE IT TOLL FREE 800-243-0987 OPERATOR 110

ATTACK CAT

Satisfaction Guaranteed by ADAM YORK

WALL HANGING IN FINEST GENUINE COWHIDE

magnificently silk-screened by hand

There he is 'meditating' among the flowers. Is he ready to purr—OR TO POUNCE?? You never know with a cat, so it's best to warn everybody that his eyes are upon them. Beautifully detailed, thick genuine cowhide wall hanging captures all the mystery and grace of the world's most wonderfully wiley animal. Superbly hand silk-screened with rich, earthy colors. Casts a magical, feline spell in living room, bedroom, entry hall or den. 12"x15" with real leather thong.

Only $7.50 Gift Special! 2 for $14.00

A must for every home that's guarded—and governed—by a cat!

ADAM YORK, Dept. UZ-2014, 340 Poplar St., Hanover, PA 17331

Please rush ___ Genuine Leather Attack Cat Wall Hangings (Z924860) @ $7.50 plus 90¢ postage and handling.
☐ Gift Special! Two for only $14.00 plus $1.50 postage and handling.
Enclosed is $_____(PA residents add sales tax)
CHARGE IT:
☐ American Express ☐ Diners Club
☐ VISA/BankAmericard ☐ Carte Blanche
☐ Master Charge Interbank No._____
Acc't. No._____ Exp. Date_____

PRINT NAME_____
ADDRESS_____
CITY_____ STATE_____ ZIP_____
☐ Check here and send $1.00 for year's subscription to our full-color catalogue of distinctive gifts, (Z999995X). We ship within forty-eight hours; delays notified promptly. Delivery guaranteed within sixty days or your purchase price refunded.

© Adam York/UNIQUE Products Co. 1979

APRON HOOP

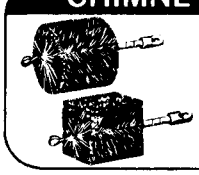
Here's the esay way to make an APRON. Just stitch two hems in a straight piece of cloth and slip on the hoop. The plastic APRON CURVET comes in three sizes: small, 20-28" waist; medium, 28-34" waist; large, 34-44" waist. The pattern is included. $1.75 each postpaid. Great fund-raising item for churches, clubs, etc. One dozen, $14.00 plus $1.00 postage and handling.

The Country Store,
P.O. Box 1144,
Indianapolis, Indiana 46206.

High School at Home
DIPLOMA AWARDED . . .
If you are not attending school, phone or send for FREE HIGH SCHOOL BROCHURE and a look at SAMPLE LESSONS. . . .
No obligation!
American School, Dept. 1140
850 East 58th Street
Chicago, IL 60637
CALL FREE 1-800 621-5809
Illinois Residents Call 800 972-5858

Now Available
Norman Rockwell Collectibles Value Guide only $8.95 *(add 75¢ postage and handling)*
From the Saturday Evening Post Library
P.O. Box 528B, Indianapolis, IN 46206
or local book stores

CHIMNEY BRUSHES



REMOVE DANGEROUS CREOSOTE, GET FULL CHIMNEY DRAFT. KEEP IT SAFE! LITERATURE, PRICES 25c (NO STAMPS). LANDERS CO., BOX 211C SPRINGFIELD, MASS. 01101

wanta see my TATTOO?
Revamp Your Style With... Removable Tattoos

It's the fashion fascination . . .
Took the discos by storm . . .
Easy to apply, easy to remove
They're even showerproof!
Terrific stocking stuffer

To order your exciting assortment of 12 removable tattoos (roses, butterflies, hearts, etc.) Send $6.00 post paid to:
TATTOOS by JOYCE, INC.™
410 Tenth Ave. Dept. S1
San Diego, CA 92101
Calif. res. add 6% sales tax

BEAT the RACES
FREE 28 PAGE BOOK
Lifetime INCOME FROM THE FLATS AND TROTS
UNLIMITED INCOME FROM RACING
BOB ELIAS box 47, dept. 58
Brooklyn, N.Y. 11219

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NOW! GET 4 REAL OLD BUFFALO NICKELS ONLY $1

Send $1 for 4 old Buffalo nickels issued before 1938. (One set to a customer.) Plus the most wonderful price lists of U.S. and foreign coins & paper money. ADULTS ONLY. LITTLETON COIN CO., DEPT. F-83 Littleton, New Hampshire 03561

COLLECTION OF UNITED STATES STAMPS ALL 50 TO 95 YEARS OLD—ONLY 10¢

Get-acquainted Special—A collection of 10 different old U.S. stamps, each issued at least 50 years ago. ADULTS ONLY. Send 10¢ Big lists also included MYSTIC STAMP CO., Dept. E-78 Camden, New York 13316.

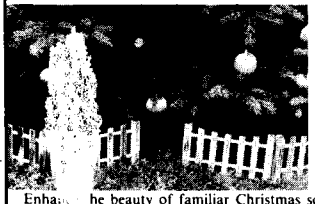
Sale on scarce dates

Lincoln Cents-15¢ each

1910	17	18	19	19S	20	25		
1926	27	28	28D	29	29D	30		
1930D	34	35	35D	35S	36	36D	36S	37
1937D	37S	38	39	39S	40	40D	40S	41
1945D	45S	46	46D	46S	47	47D	47S	48

Minimum order: $1. Money-back guarantee. Plus price lists of U.S. coins. ADULTS ONLY. Circle dates and send to Littleton Coin Co., Dept. TM-61 Littleton, New Hampshire 03561

CHRISTMAS TREE FENCE

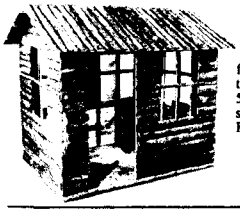


The Final Touch to Tree Trimming

5" × 14'

Enhance the beauty of familiar Christmas scenes under your tree this year. Make the bottom as lovely as the top! Great for use all year round with doll houses, train displays and other miniature settings. Features center gate, rustic motif and appealing "dip" in each section. Fence is free-standing and hinged for easy storage. ONLY $13.95 plus $1.50 postage and handling. Pa. res. add 84¢ sales tax. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Wally's Wagon,
Dept. 704-SEP/F79, New Kensington, PA 15068.



GENUINE CEDAR WOOD PLAYHOUSE

Sturdy, all weather, log cabin playhouse will last from generation to generation. 4' × 5' × 5½' - $78.95, 5' × 7' × 6½' - $138.95; with shutters & door - $212.95. FOB Candon, NJ.

Kids love 'em!
Cedar Products
Box 84, Dept. SEP-8
North Baldwin, NY 11510

OLD PUEBLO TRADERS since 1946

LADIES CAVALIER PANT BOOT in **GENUINE GLOVE LEATHER.** Smooth, no-seam vamp; adj. buckle strap. Resilient ribbed sole and 1" heel. **BROWN, CAMEL, BLACK, WHITE, NAVY, BONE.** Comb. sizes: 6-10½N, 5-10½M & W.

KRAUS Originals "like wearing gloves on your feet"

$28.95 plus $1.95 p&h

SAVE on 2" covered heel and platform sole in **CAMEL, BLACK, BROWN, BONE.** Full & half sizes: 6-9 + 10N, 5-9 + 10M, & W. **$22.95** plus $1.95 p&h

Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Back!

FOR CHARGE ORDERS CALL 602-795-1281

OLD PUEBLO TRADERS, Dept. SANCV
600 S. Country Club, Tucson, AZ 85716
ENCLOSE $1 FOR FASHION CATALOGUE (refundable with first purchase)

AZ res. add 6% tax

COLD ALL WINTER LONG?

Wherever the winters are cold, with temperatures in the "teens" and "wind-chill factors" even lower, people are talking about Damart Underwear.

And no wonder! Damart is the unique underwear that keeps you amazingly warm, dry and comfortable no matter how cold it gets, no matter how hard the wind blows. No matter how long you stay out! You'll have to run your fingers over Damart Thermolactyl to discover how soft it is! You'll be thrilled at Damart's light weight that lets you move so easily.

Damart does this with a new miracle fabric—Thermolactyl. It's knitted to let *perspiration out!* No other underwear does this! You can wear Damart indoors too, and turn your thermostat into the 60's. You'll feel perfectly comfortable and enjoy dramatic savings in home heating costs.

Damart will be supplying *The 1980 U.S. Winter Olympic Team* with Thermolactyl underwear! Damart is so comfortable that the Mt. Everest climbing expedition wears it. So does the Chicago Bears Football Club, New England Patriots and Philadelphia Eagles.

Our free catalog tells the full Damart Thermolactyl story and displays the whole Damart line for men and women, *including tall sizes.* Send for your FREE copy now!

UNITED STATES OLYMPIC COMMITTEE

SUPPLIER 1980 U.S. WINTER OLYMPIC TEAM

THE PROOF IS IN THE WEARING

Damart Thermawear, Inc.

WHEN IN THE BOSTON AREA, VISIT OUR PORTSMOUTH, N.H. STORE. (603) 431-4700

THERE IS NO WARMER UNDERWEAR MADE!
Fill out and send to:
DAMART, INC. Dept. 12019
1811 Woodbury Ave.
Portsmouth, N.H. 03805

YES! Rush me your **FREE DAMART** Catalog . . . I want to enjoy the fantastic warmth of Thermolactyl Underwear, a DAMART® exclusive. (I understand there is no obligation.)

PRINT NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP

© 1979, Damart, Inc.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SOLID WOOD BED KIT

Now you and your family can build an heirloom in your own home. Aerogon Industries is offering a special direct-from-the manufacturer sale on these traditional style, unfinished wood beds in kit form.

Solid Wood Construction
All posts and headboards are turned from high quality solid wood

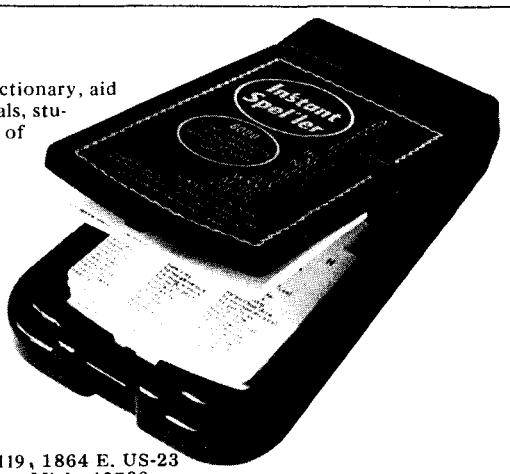
Easy to Assemble
Instructions include complete information for assembly and finishing

Write for FREE Brochure

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
Telephone _____

Aerogon Industries, Inc. P-11
6309 Westline Drive, Houston, Texas 77036 • P.O. Box 36462 • (713) 772-2844

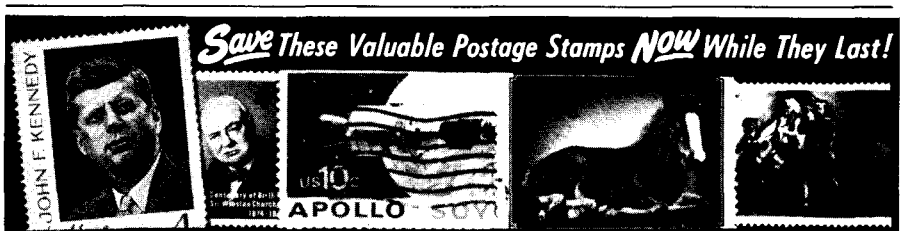
INSTANT SPELLER



Faster and handier than any dictionary, aid to businessmen and professionals, students, secretaries. Puts a world of words right at your fingertips. The 6,000 most commonly misspelled words are correctly spelled, divided and accented. Works on touch method. Press down release tab with pointer on first letter of word wanted. In a flash find your answer. No pages to turn. For every home, or office. Great Gifts $4.97 plus $1.00 p&h. two for $8.97 plus $1.50 p&h.

Send check or M.O. 15 day money back guarantee

J. W. Holst, Inc. Dept. SP-119, 1864 E. US-23 East Tawas, Mich. 48730



Save These Valuable Postage Stamps NOW While They Last!

1,000 STAMPS $2.95

GUARANTEED WORTH OVER $30 AT STANDARD CATALOG PRICES!

Start an exciting collection and enjoy the World's Most Rewarding Hobby! Get 1,000 All-Different U.S.A. and Foreign Stamps from British and French Colonies, Germany, Russia, Red China, etc., including Space Stamps, Olympics, John F. Kennedy, Diamond and Triangle-shaped Stamps and many other Old and New Issues. Sold to you for only $2.95 if you agree to look at other unusual selections of exceptional values from our Free Examination Approval Service. Approvals with no obligation to buy and cancel service anytime. But in any case, these 1,000 Stamps are yours to keep when you send $2.95 NOW!

Kenmore Stamp Company, Milford OT-437, N.Hampshire 03055

FOR TOTAL COMFORT
Electric Adjustable Beds

BUY FACTORY DIRECT
Save $100 or more

The only bed that forces you to relax and ease your everyday tension. People with back, leg, circulatory problems find great benefits. Get complete details on how to get the most out of sleeping. Send for free color brochure showing all sizes, Twins to Kings, the beds that totally relax you from head to toe and ease everyday tension.

ELECTROPEDIC PRODUCTS Dept. P
907 Hollywood Way, Burbank, CA 91505
or call (213) 849-3188 collect

For All Your Cat-Owning Friends
The Perfect Gift

CATS Magazine

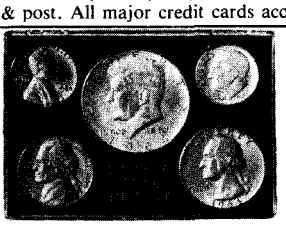
Each month filled with news, stories, articles on care and health, poems, and pictures about America's number one pet.

It will please every cat lover twelve times a year. Only $10.45 for each 12-month subscription. Enclose your remittance with your order or we'll bill you. Gift card and December issue will be sent to arrive just before Christmas. (Sample issue $1.25).

CATS MAGAZINE—Dept. SE-9
P.O. Box 83048, Lincoln NE 68501

U.S. COINS BY THE POUND!

Rather than sort overflowing vaults, these coins are sold by the pound! A GOLD PIECE of the world included! All coins 30-150 years old. May include Indian, Lincoln cents; silver dollars; 2¢; 3¢; pcs etc. 1 lb.—$16.50; 2 lbs.—$30; 5 lbs.—$72; 10 lbs. (plus 2 gold pcs) $130. Add $2 for ins. & post. All major credit cards accepted.



LAST U.S. SILVER COIN SETS

Never again will silver be used in coin mintage! Most has been remelted so these UNCIRCULATED coin sets will increase in value yearly! 1964-$9.50; 1963-$10.00; 1962-$10.50; 1961-$11.00; 1960-$11.50. All 5 sets-$49.50. (limited offer; 1955-thru 1959-$98). Mounted in holders. Major credit cards accepted (add exp. date). Add $2 for ins. & handlg. **Centre Coin Co., Box 1, Dept. SP-11, Sherman Oaks, CA 91413.**

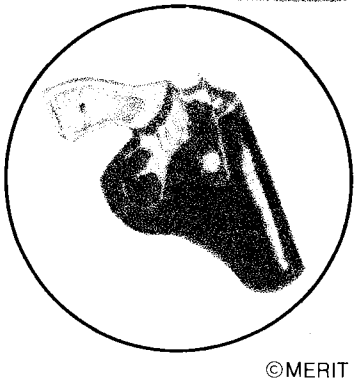
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

STOP ATTACKERS

INSTANT PROTECTION

SPECIAL MATCHING CUSTOM MADE HOLSTER

Leather—with snap button protective strap for safety.
JUST $9.95 each



Defend yourself and your loved ones against rapists, attackers, muggers—even vicious animals with our high quality, precision made .22 caliber non-lethal tear gas revolver. Solid metal construction—made by skilled European craftsmen. Size 6" by 4", weight 13 ounces. Easy to carry in *pocket or purse—or in handy holster.* No federal firearms license required. Fires as quickly as you pull the trigger. Very effective against one or even a gang of attackers. Effective range 10-15 feet.

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER

These deluxe revolvers regularly sell for $40.00—But as a special introductory offer to new customers we are selling them at these *low* prices:

$29.95 save over $10.00
$27.95 each for two (save $24.00)
$24.95 each for three (save $45.00)

HIGH STRENGTH CARTRIDGES

Box of 10 cartridges—has a shelf life of 10 years.
Only $4.95/box (Two boxes for $4.45 each).
(Three boxes for $3.95 each).

©MERIT

MERIT ● DEPT SP-11 ● BOX 878 ● GEORGETOWN, TX 78626

Sure I want protection, send me:

___Revolvers ..... $____
___Box(es) of cartridges ..... $____
___Holster(s) ..... ____
Please add postage and insurance $2.95

TOTAL AMOUNT ENCLOSED (NO C.O.D.'s) $

Name _____

Address _____

City and State _____ Zip ____

☐ I'm in a hurry—send by priority mail, I'm enclosing an extra $2.00 for postage.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Classified Directory

Advertise personals, vacations, rentals, books, art, gourmet items, employment opportunities, real estate exchange and any item of general interest. Rates—$2.50 per word, 1-time insertion; $2.40 per word, 3-time insertion; $2.30 per word, 6-time insertion. For further information contact: Alana Hall, Classified Advertising, The Saturday Evening Post, 1100 Waterway Blvd., Indianapolis, Indiana 46202. Phone (317) 634-1100.

Arts & Crafts

Macrame hangers. Beautiful handmade 5-ft. plant hangers $14.95 ea. Colors—white, eggshell, beige, brown, avocado, rust. Satisfaction guaranteed. Macrame by Mindy, 615 E. Gurley, Prescott, AZ 86301.

Kits: Ship 'N' Bottles. Early American ship models (pine). To $14. Catalog 30¢. Shipyard, Box 171S, San Lorenzo, CA 94580.

"Rules of the Game" artwork. Posters, $3.00, prints $1.50, postpaid. Game of Life portrayed like football. Highly acclaimed for boys by many coaches, parents. Check with order: Rules of the Game, 2200 South Jennings, Ft. Worth, TX 76110. Prompt mailing.

Five crocheted granny-square afghan patterns grafted from popular quilt designs. $2.00, SASE. S Proulx, Box 591, Lapeer, MI 48446.

Dolls! Doll repair parts, wigs. Catalog 50¢. 9918 Lorain, Cleveland, OH 44102.

Pine cone crafts: Illustrated instructions, lighted Christmas tree, wreath. Easy, inexpensive. $1.00, SASE. Mountain Crafts, Box 3083, Greeley, CO 80633.

Recipe and instructions for bread dough Christmas ornaments plus color picture for decorating guide. $3.00, Ornaments, Box 26505, Lakewood, CO 80226.

Wildlife collectors: Four-color, limited-edition prints —18" × 24". One Mallards, one Widgeon. Two for $32.50. UPS delivered. Satisfaction guaranteed. Ambassador Wildlife, Box 30607, Charleston, SC 29407.

Automotive

New luxury car without cost! Free details. Codex-M, Box 6073, Toledo, OH 43614, (419) 865-5657.

Automobile gas mileage increased dramatically, easily! Details *free!* Techneering, Box 12191SP, Norfolk, VA 23502.

Bargains/Wholesale

Diamonds. These are small but superb quality diamonds, used only in fine jewelry, below the retail price. $24.95 ea. General Marketing, P.O. Box 642, Abilene, KS 67410.

Books/Publishers

Publish your book! Join our successful authors. Publicity, advertising, beautiful books. All subjects invited. Send for fact-filled booklet and free manuscript report. Carlton Press, Dept. EYW, 84 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011.

Free book. Prophet Elijah coming before Christ. Megiddo Mission, Dept. 12, 481 Thurston Road, Rochester, NY 14619.

Publishers' overstocks, bargain books. 3,000 titles, all subjects! Free catalog: Hamilton, 98-60 Clapboard, Danbury, CT 06810.

Self-improvement books! Fascinating! Authoritative! Achieve success . . . happiness . . . wealth! Free catalog! Dependable, Box 2016-SE, Columbus, OH 43216.

All about minutes. A complete manual on how to take minutes of meetings. $6.95. Moneyback guarantee. Training Program Specialists, Box 614A, Mt. Juliet, TN 37122.

Miniature books. Free catalog. Mosaic Press, Dept. 42, 358 Oliver, Cincinnati, OH 45215.

Business Opportunities

Stay home! Earn money addressing envelopes. New genuine offer 15¢. Lindco, 3636-SP Peterson, Chicago, IL 60659.

Earn $750.00 stuffing 1,000 envelopes. Details: Rush stamped envelope + 25¢. ASHCO, Box 4394-SE4, Corpus Christi, TX 78408.

If you work for a large corporation, you could earn approximately your present income *without working another day in your life.* Sincere information—only $7.95. Send to M. McCroskey, P.O. Box 434, Gatlinburg, TN 37738.

$20,000 monthly possible. Work leisurely from the comfort of your home with low investment but operate this highly profitable mail order business, part time or full time. Make it your perfect way to beat inflation. This is the answer to your pursuit for wealth and happiness—truly a cheerful contentment for life if you manage this lucrative and well-paying business faithfully. Write for free details. Dinehdeal, 6638 N. 20th Avenue, Phoenix, AZ 85015.

How to start, fund, manage a nonprofit organization. (212) 873-7580.

We need you. Respected national firm offers startling, new, simple, moneymaking plan. No gimmicks! Work from home—own hours. Become our money agent. Secure funds for yourself and others. Earn big fees. $100.00 and more per day possible. Full staff to guide and assist you. Free details: Diversified Financial Corporation, Dept. 34-D-11, 1145 Reservoir Avenue, Cranston, RI 02920.

Cable FM broadcast station. Investment/experience unnecessary. Free details. CAFM, Box 130-P11, Paradise, CA 95969.

Home import mail order business. Start without capital. Free report. Mellinger, Dept. S113B, Woodland Hills, CA 91367.

$200 weekly. Home mailing program. All-time, Box 25131-PE, Tamarac, FL 33320.

Collection Problems

Collection problems? Our professionally prepared series of collection letters can help. Series of 5 letters $5.00. Foster & Foster, 811 S. Union St., Olean, NY 14760.

Color Slides/Films

Super 8, videocassettes, and 16mm full-length features and digest films in color and black/white. Rock movies, Jack Nicholson, Sherlock Holmes, Bogart, Selznick, hundreds of titles. Free illustrated catalog. Niles, Box 1576-SR, South Bend, IN 46634.

Do It Yourself

Save money improving your home. Send $4.50 to Housepainter's Manual, 1115 Centennial Rd., Narberth, PA 19072.

Education/Instruction

College students! Improve your grades. Send $1.00 for 356-page term paper catalog. 10,250 topics. Research Assistance, Box 25097S, Los Angeles, CA 90025. (213) 477-8226.

Head Start reading for preschoolers by reading clinician. Illustrated manual shows you how! $4.95. Wescon, 329 E. California, Pasadena, CA 91106.

Adults! Finish high school at home. No classes, low cost. Call (800) 621-5809 (Illinois residents, 800-972-5858) or write American School, est. 1897, Dept. 31040, 850 E. 58th St., Chicago, IL 60637.

Employment Opportunities

Australia—New Zealand: 50,000 jobs! Guidebook, employment listings $2.00. AUSTCO, Box 4116-S, Hayward, CA 94540.

Parttime piece work. Webster, America's foremost dictionary company, needs home workers to update local mailing lists. All ages, experience unnecessary. Send name, address, phone number of Webster, 175 5th Ave., Suite 1101-ZZ-83, New York, NY 10010.

Foreign Newspapers

Worldwide English newspapers. 65 countries! Sampler: 3/$1.98. *Free* brochure. Multinewspapers, Box DE-1A, Dana Point, CA 92629.

Health & Beauty

Lose weight—guaranteed! No drugs! No exercises! No strange diets! No starving! Simple instructions, $5.00. Research Unlimited, Box 2000, Dayton, WA 99328.

Hair Farming® ! Helps reduce excessive hair loss; promotes stronger, healthier hair. Fast, fast relief! No chemicals. Guaranteed results 30 days. Exciting facts free. Rogly Research, Box 570726, (SEP79), Miami, FL 33157. Write today! See our ad in the "Shoppers Section."

Weight Loss Tricks, a pamphlet explaining ten ways to trick your mind and body into eating less. Send $2.00 to Weight Loss Tricks, P.O. Box 385, 3815 Susan Dr., San Bruno, CA 94066.

Imported Goods

Decorative Peruvian blankets! Traditional designs in tan/white, chocolate/white, charcoal/white. Reversible. Size: 5' × 7'. 75% pure alpaca wool. Moneyback guarantee. Only $59 *including* postage! Send Master Charge No. or check: Christal/Quera, 715 El Camino Real, San Bruno, CA 94066.

Indian Artifacts

Wanted anything American Indian. Potawatomi Museum, R. 3, Angola, IN 46703.

Jewelry

Australian opal $2.00. Larger $4.00. Genuine gemstones $1.00 each: garnet, jade, tigereye, small ruby, emerald, sapphire. Al Johnson, 727 North Foote, Colorado Springs, CO 80909.

Literary Services

Writing, research. Superior library facilities! Professional staff. Confidential. Writers Unlimited, Box #4391, Washington, D.C. 20012, (202) 723-1715.

Dissertations, theses, writing, editing, typing. All subjects. Confidential. We deliver what others promise—that's why we're number 1! Intellex, Box 5000, Dayton, WA 99328.

Loans by Mail

Borrow from home—any amount, any purpose, within 30 days. Competitive rates. Also, you can earn unlimited income as our money agent. No experience —own hours. National company to assist every possible way. No gimmicks! Free details: Financial, Dept. 34-C-11, 1145 Reservoir Avenue, Cranston, RI 02920.

Meat

How to buy meat for your home or freezer—old-time professional's advice. Send $5 for details—Meat Consultant, P.O. Box 906, Aztec, NM 87410.

Miscellany

Fishing worms from vermiculture gardens. $0.50 per hundred. Shipped promptly in U.S.A. only. (804) 732-8414.

Handpaint novelties for fun or profits. Send SASE to Shelley Roger, N. Gate Apts. #71, Bldg. #10, Crowley, LA 70526.

Ideas, inventions, new products wanted for presentation to industry. Free Invention Disclosure Kit-SEP, IMI, 701 Smithfield, Pittsburgh, PA 15222.

Amazing hair restorer—no transplant. Send $4.00 for leaflet to John O'Flaherty, Watergrasshill, Cork, Ireland.

Bloodhounds, AKC champion bloodlines. Dr. James L. Crandall, Rt. 1, Hayden, AL 35079. Phone (205) 429-2955.

Money-Making Opportunities

$200 hourly possible working at home manufacturing promotional and fund-raising buttons. Financing available. Details 25¢. Spartan Products, 2011 Santiam Hwy, Dept. SP, Lebanon, OR 97355.

High income. Start immediately. Reputable nationwide mailorder company. Proven program. L & S Opportunities, Box 10R, Penacook, NH 03303.

Pass any credit investigation. Secret techniques, procedures and guidelines, plus special loan application. No gimmicks! National company. Free details: Loan Department 34-E-11, 1145 Reservoir Avenue, Cranston, RI 02920.

Make money buying scrap gold! Details: Meredith, Box 11216 E, Reno, NV 89510.

Notices

Save on prophylactics. 24 assorted: $4.50. Catalog free. Valdisco, Shelf 382, Orem, UT 84057.

Christian? Single? Meet and correspond with other singles throughout the world through a publication called "Contact." Write Single Christians Fellowship Int'l, P.O. Box 10338, Dept. S, Bradenton, FL 33507.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Of Interest to All

Advice given to those sincerely requesting it. This is completely personal. $3.50 for brief analysis, $10.00 for in-depth consideration. Larrem, P.O. Box 346, Cobb, CA 95426.

Luckiest number combinations. Exactas, trifectas, dogs, policy, horses. List $3.00. Sports, Box 309, Temple City, CA 91780.

Free daily Bible reading chart, free Bible correspondence study course, free cassette tape, "A glorious future for the world." The Christadelphians, Box 36, Colfax, CA 95713.

Jesus Christ loves you and wants to be your hope. C/o Douglas King, P.O. Box 1302, Salt Lake City, UT 84101.

Personalized cigarette packet jackets. Soft pack covers only. Distinctive and eye-catching. Imprinted with your name. Full information. Write Studio George, 1712a Eglinton West, Toronto, Ontario M6E 2H5, Canada.

Quit smoking in 1 week. Forget will power. All you need is our Non-Smokers Handbook ©. For $15 you will get full instructions on how to use your subconscious mind to quit in 1 week. H.F. Enterprises, Dept. A, Box 1407, Fontana, CA 92335.

Overweight? Lose eating crave! 2 kitchen ingredients. No fasting. $2.00. Celluzzi, Box 7029-32, Riverside, CA 92513.

Benjamin Franklin accomplished wonders using his personal daily prayer. For a beautiful calligraphic parchment rendition send $3.00. Franklin, P.O. Box 565-p, Dearborn, MI 48121.

Depression—its cause and cure. An extremely clear explanation and explicit insight to overcome depression. $3.00. Dr. B. J. Cannon, 1511 El Dorado Blvd., Houston, TX 77062.

Of Interest to Women

Sew perfect fit shirts, jeans, blouses easy! No paper patterns! Details $5.00. Alice Allen, Fort Rockvale, Silesia, MT 59080.

Save to 90% weekly on groceries! Guaranteed! Information: Rush self-addressed, stamped envelope plus 25¢! Martens Ent., 1046 Greenwood Ct., Rm7SEP, Oshkosh, WI 54901.

Delicious pecans, walnuts, fruitcake. Carrolltrees Farm, Box 428-SEP, Carrollton, GA 30117.

Old Radio Programs

Free catalog: Quality radio tapes. Carl S. Froelich, Route One, New Freedom, PA 17349.

Free catalog: Cassette Library Center, P.O. Box 5328, Baltimore, MD 21209.

Old radio programs on cassette tapes. Send 15¢ stamp for catalog. P.O. Box #16365, St. Louis, MO 63125.

Once Upon a Radio. Top sound quality and selection! Catalogs—$2. Box 1000-P, Des Moines, IA 50311.

Golden Age Radio. Complete taped shows. Box 25215-K, Portland, OR 97225.

Real Estate

Big free summer catalog. Over 2,600 top values in farms, ranches, acreages, recreational properties, businesses, town and country homes coast to coast! United Farm Agency, 612-WB West 47th, Kansas City, MO 64112.

Free! Big fall-holiday catalog. Over 5,400 country properties described, pictured. Land, farms, homes, businesses, recreation, retirement. Selected best throughout the U.S.! Over 700 offices, 43 states, all across America! Yours *free* from the World's Largest! Strout Realty, Inc., 7 S. Dearborn (Dept. 5450), Chicago, IL 60603.

Homeowners, don't sell, rent or mortgage your home until you read this exclusive digest of real estate secrets. Prominent expert reveals many explosive facts for greater financial rewards. Send $5.95 to Callie Publishing Co., Dept. SP1, 543 West 43rd Street, New York, NY 10036. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Recipes

Holiday recipes. Holiday fruitcake, persimmon pudding, blackberry dumplings and pepper relish. $5, SASE, Homemaker, 7911 Corey Ct., Southport, IN 46227.

Boston clam chowder. Dynamite collection of 10 rich party full-meal soups: cheese, potato, chicken, broccoli and others. $3.00. Shirley, 1786 Edgemont, Roseville, CA 95678.

Black walnut fruitcake—simple but flavorful. Send $1.00. Box F249, Akron, OH 44308.

12 easy authentic German recipes. $3.00. Recipes, Box 1021, Cape Girardeau, MO 63701.

Chocolate candy cake, plus "best cookie" recipe. SASE, $2.00. Chase, 80 Penwood, Murray Hill, NJ 07974.

Bran muffins, healthful, delicious. Refrigerate 7 wks. $1, SASE. Marilyn, 1054 East Gaillard, Azusa, CA 91702.

Cherished recipes—Japanese fruitcake and fabulous fruitcake. $2.25. Gal-Ri Gifts, 1909 Ann, Sissonville, WV 25320.

Delicious herb bread recipe—unique flavor. Send $1.50, SASE. 16080 McBee Rd., Dallas, OR 97338.

Party appetizers, different, delicious. Ten recipes, $2.00. *Pinoak Press, Box 1754-P, Champaign, IL* 61820.

Wild violet jelly—using real flowers, easy, unique. $1.00, self-addressed, stamped envelope. Pat, 5839 Shirley Dr., Bethel Park, PA 15102.

Gourmet budget recipes $3.95. Peterson, 18515 Mayall, Northridge, CA 91324.

Taralli recipe (Italian pretzels). Send $1.25 to Maryland, 424 No. 11th St., Newark, NJ 07107.

Retirement Village

Retired? Unique village—live independently, inexpensively. Ranch house—life lease $7,500, or $75 monthly, plus improvement charges, modest monthly fees. Apartments too. Bristol Village, Waverly, OH 45690.

Schools & Camps

Learn auctioneering. Free catalog. VA approved. Col. Gordon E. Taylor, Reisch World Wide College of Auction, Inc., P.O. Box 949, Dept. 1, Mason City, IA 50401.

Songs Wanted

Songs, poems. Your songs or poems may earn you money. Free examination. Columbine Records, 6340 Sunset Blvd., Suite 1221, Dept. SP, Hollywood, CA 90028.

Stamp Collecting

55 different selected United States stamps only 50¢, approvals. Carver, 420 Overlook Rd., Mansfield, OH 44907.

One! Two! Three! cent stamp approvals. Regardless catalog. Kloster, 4164 52 St., San Diego, CA 92105.

220 valuable, beautiful, exciting, mysterious international stamps only 25¢, with approvals. Stamps, 7215 Westminster, Westminster, CA 92683.

Free catalog: 3,000 different packets! Ullery, 1016 Meridian, Mishawaka, IN 46544.

Travel/Vacations

Roam the world by freighter. Deluxe accommodations. Cheaper than staying home! TravLtips, 163-09 Dept. F29N, Flushing, NY 11358.

Marco Island, Florida, on the Gulf of Mexico 104 miles west of Miami. Two-bedroom condos. Rent from $900/2 weeks to $1,500/month. All months available except February. Bill Shaughnessy, Realtor, Box 1028, Marco, FL 33937; (813) 394-3118.

Custom-engraved luggage identification tags; now required by airlines; black, red, blue; set of three: $7.50. Graphic Communications, 3030a North Palm, Slidell, LA 70458.

Weight Reduction

Logan's Diet Letter—monthly dieter's encouragement/idea letter. 3 months $8.00, $24 yearly. 5723 Troost, Kansas City, MO 64110.

I lost 140 lbs. after innovative surgery to reduce intake capacity. $6.00 for details. VV Gwaltney, P.O. Box 4101, Ft. Myers, FL 33903.

Winemaking/Beermaking

Beermakers, winemakers, free catalog, recipe. Finest ingredients, equipment, service. SPI, Box 784 EP, Chapel Hill, NC 27514.

The Saturday Evening Post
Book of Sea & Ships
only $8.95 *(add $1.00 postage and handling)*
From The Saturday Evening Post Library
P.O. Box 528B, Indianapolis, IN 46206

A 16" x 20" graphite portrait of "The DUKE" faithfully portrayed as we knew and loved him by renowned portrait artist, Frank Morton. Lithographs of luxurious quality are available to serious collectors and admirers in limited quantities for $15.00* each. For the more ardent collector who knows the growing value, an "Exclusive Signature Edition" is also available for $50.00* each. Only 2500 will be personally signed and numbered by the artist.

*Plus 6% sales tax (Calif. res. only) and $2.00 shipping and handling charge on the total order. Allow 2-3 weeks for delivery. Future offers subject to price change. Send your order and payment (check, M.O., Visa or M/C, include exp. date) with your name and address to:

MORTON COLLECTORS GALLERY
Offer #119, 5012 Shirley Dr., La Palma, Ca. 90623.
Satisfaction Guaranteed

NATURAL GIFT ITEMS for the Whole Family!

HAIR FARMING® KITS—Complete programs for men and women with hair loss problems. 3 month supply.

HAIRBRUSHES, BATHBRUSHES, NAILBRUSHES. Beautiful wood finish with boar bristles. Plus, toothbrushes for home and travel.

new hope

HAIR FERTILIZER®—Vitamins for the hair. Best formula available. 50 or 90 day supply.

—Save a Whale—

JOJOBA COSMETIC LINE. Shampoos/conditioners, skin creams/lotions, lip balms, suntan lotions. All pH acid-balanced and enriched with protein.

Write today for free information in time for the holidays. Rogly Research, Box 570726, (SEP1179) Miami, Florida 33157.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

True Grit

continued from page 82

his rifle. There was a yelp of pain from inside and the door was slammed to again.

"I am a federal officer!" said Rooster. "Who all is in there? Speak up!"

"A Methodist and a son of a bitch!" was the insolent reply. "Keep riding!"

"Is that Emmett Quincy?" said Rooster.

"We don't know any Emmett Quincy!"

"Quincy, I know it is you! Listen to me! This is Rooster Cogburn! Columbus Potter and five more marshals is out here with me. We have got a bucket of coal oil! In one minute we will pour it down the chimney and burn you out! Chunk your arms out clear and come out with your hands locked on your head."

"There is only three of you!"

"You go ahead and bet your life on it! How many is in there?"

"Moon can't walk! He is hit!"

"Drag him out! Light that lamp!"

"What papers have you got on me?"

"I don't have no papers on you! You better move, boy! How many is in there?"

"Just me and Moon! We are coming out!"

A light showed again from inside. The door was pulled back and a shotgun and two revolvers were pitched out. The two men came out with one limping and holding to the other. Rooster and LaBouef made them lie down on their bellies in the snow while they were searched for more weapons. The one called Quincy had a bowie knife in one boot and a little two-shot gambler's pistol in the other. He said he had forgotten they were there but this did not keep Rooster from giving him a kick.

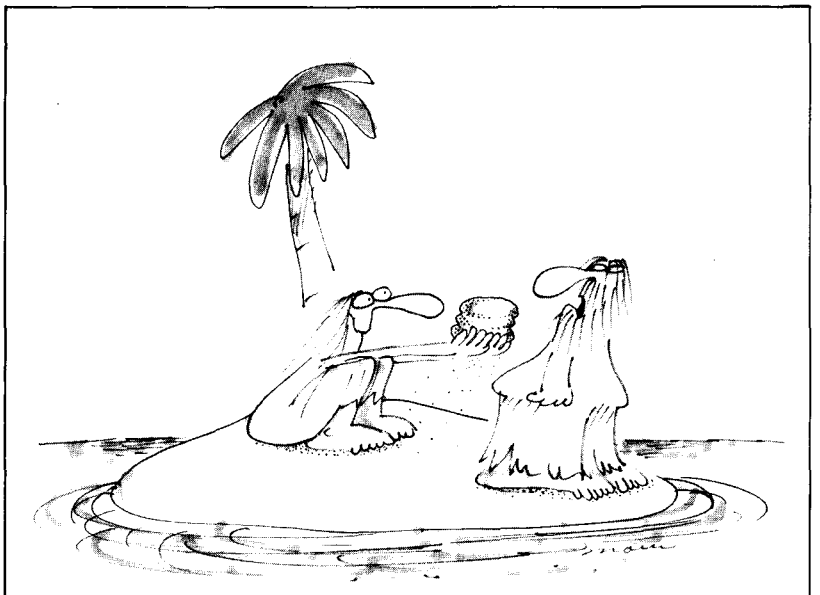
I came up with the horses and LaBouef took them into the stock shelter. Rooster poked the two men into the dugout with his rifle. They were young men in their twenties. The one called Moon was pale and frightened and looked no more dangerous than a fat puppy. He had been shot in the thigh and his trouser leg was bloody. The man Quincy had a long, thin face with eyes that were narrow and foreign-looking.

Rooster gave Moon a blue handkerchief to tie around his leg and then he bound the two men together with steel handcuffs and had them sit side by side on a bench. The only furniture in the place was a low table of adzed logs standing on pegs and a bench on either side of it. A pot of coffee had been thrown on the fire but there were still some live coals and I stirred them up into a blaze again.

There was another pot in the fireplace, too, a big one, a two-gallon pot, and it was filled with a mess that looked like hominy. Rooster tasted it with a spoon and said it was an Indian dish called sofky. He offered me some and said it was good. But it had trash in it and I declined.

"Was you boys looking for company?" he said.

"That is our supper and our breakfast both," said Quincy. "I like to eat a big breakfast."



"I'll give it to you straight, Mary . . . I detest sandburgers!"

"What are you boys up to outside of stealing stock and peddling spirits? You are way too jumpy."

"You said you didn't have no papers on us," replied Quincy.

"I don't have none on you by name," said Rooster. "I got some John Doe warrants on a few jobs I could tailor you up for. Resisting a federal officer, too. That's a year right there."

"We didn't know it was you. It might have been some crazy man out there. A night like this. We was drinking some and the weather had spooked us. Anybody can say he is a marshal."

"When was the last time you saw your old pard Ned Pepper?"

"Ned Pepper?" said the stock thief. "I don't know him. Who is he?"

"I think you know him," said Rooster. "I know you have heard of him."

"I never heard of him."

Rooster said, "I am surprised you don't remember Ned. He is a little feisty fellow, nervous and quick. His lip is all messed up."

"That don't bring anybody to mind."

"Now here is something else. There is a new boy running with Ned. He is short himself and he has got a powder mark on his face, a black place. He carries a Henry rifle. He calls himself Chaney or Chelmsford sometimes."

"That don't bring anybody to mind," said Quincy. "A black mark. I would remember something like that."

"Well, you think on it some, Quincy. You too, Moon."

Moon said, "I always try to help out the law if it won't harm my friends."

"If you don't help me I will take you back to Judge Isaac Parker," said Rooster. "By the time we get to Fort Smith that leg will be swelled up as tight as Dick's hatband. It will be mortified and they will cut it off. Then if you live I will get you two or three years in the federal house up in Detroit."

"You are trying to get at me," said Moon.

"You don't have to go to prison if you don't want to," said Rooster. "If you give me some good information on Ned I will see that you get that ball out of your leg. Then I will give you three days to clear the Territory. They have a lot of fat stock in Texas and you boys can do well there."

Moon said, "We can't go to Texas."

Quincy said, "Don't go flapping your mouth. Let me do the talking."

"I can't set still. My leg is giving me fits."

Rooster poured some whiskey in a cup for the young stock thief. "If you listen to Quincy, son, you will die or lose your leg," said he.

Quincy said, "Don't let him spook you, Moon. We will get clear of this."

LaBouef came in lugging our traps. He said, "There are six horses out there in that cave, Cogburn."

Rooster questioned the thieves about the horses, and Quincy claimed they had bought them at Fort Gibson and were taking them down to sell to the Indian police called the Choctaw Light Horse. Rooster did not believe the

Continued on following page

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PSORIASIS TREATMENT SUIT

ELIMINATES WRAPPING IN PLASTIC

Lightweight, non-toxic Vinyl two-piece suit. Elastic at all openings seals in body heat to *make medication penetrate deeper.* Eliminates wrapping in plastic. Eliminates staining clothes and sheets. Used at Duke University Hospital, many others. Washable. Lasts for months. At Your Druggist or order direct. Sizes: S 28-34, M 36-40, L 42-44, XL 46-48, XXL 50-56. $6.95 plus $1.00 Postage . . . **Slim-Ez Suit Co.** 157 6th Ave. N.E., Dept. SEP-11 St. Petersburg, Fla. 33701. **Dealers Invited**

RUPTURE AGONY

DISAPPEARS . . . WHEN you slip into a Brooks Appliance! Your reducible rupture will be held securely, yet gently, night and day. Send for our free booklet now.

BROOKS, Dept. 397A Marshall, Mich. 49068

FAMILY CREST RINGS

Ring #11
16x14mm top

Solid 14k Gold
$260.00

•

Sterling Silver
$115.00

WE WORK IN THREE BASIC WAYS

1. If you do have a coat of arms, just send us a photostat or picture of it and that is what we engrave.
2. If you do not have a coat of arms send us your name and we'll look it up for you at no extra cost, or you may check it against our list (see below).
3. If you wish you may design your own coat of arms.

SEND FOR OUR FREE COLOR CATALOGUE

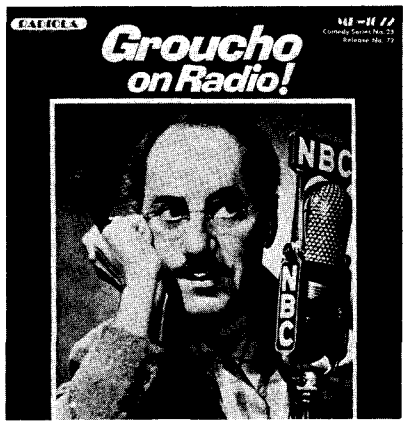
If, in addition to our free catalogue you wish to get our booklet containing over 20,000 names for which we have records of coats of arms and for which this jewelry is available, plus instructions on "how to design your own coat of arms". **SEND US $1.00.**

HERALDICA IMPORTS, INC. Dept. SE
21 WEST 46th ST. NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036

DOG PORTRAIT NOTE PAPER by Earl Sherwin

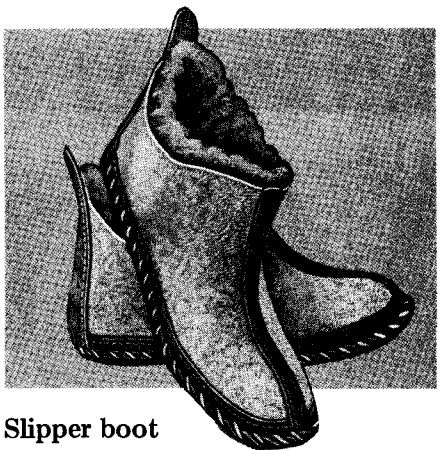
more than 90 breeds
$2.50 ppd. per box of 10 all-one-kind.
BREED SAMPLE 15¢
CATALOG 25¢
also, PRINTS & PLAQUES
WIS. RESIDENTS ADD 4% TAX.
Write, Dept. P : DEALERS INVITED

Lakeshore Artisans Inc.
BELGIUM • WISCONSIN • 53004



Groucho

The maddest Marx Brother on the radio! Groucho Marx presents some of his best broadcasts from 1938 to 1972 on a one-hour-long LP record. You bet your life it's funny! $4.95 plus 55¢ postage and handling. Radiola Company, Dept. 110, Sandy Hook, CT 06482.



Slipper boot

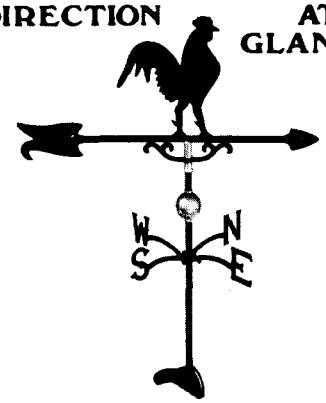
The SNOWBIRD returns for another foot-warming season. Soft suede deeply lined with fleecy plush Acrylic pile. Padded soles, easy-on heel tab, suede trim, and hand-lacing on beige. Ladies' full sizes 5-10M for $14. Add $1.95 p&h. Old Pueblo Traders, Dept. SANSB, 600 S. Country Club, Tucson, AZ 85716.

Enjoy new comfort with your back, shoulders and head gently raised and cushioned on this light buoyant foam wedge. Provides an even, gradual slope for more healthful, restful sleep. **Head Elevation** comforts diaphragm hernia, hypertension, acid regurgitation; breathing, bronchial and heart ailments. **Leg Elevation** eases varicose, circulatory and swelling leg discomforts. 27" long, 24" wide. Washable zipper cover. **FOAM-SLANT** is available in heights most often prescribed by doctors. Order 4" high for two pillow users **$16.00**; 7½" high for three pillow users **$19.00**; or choose extra high 10" at **$22.00** or 12½" at **$25.00**. Extra covers **$7.98** each. Order from this ad, we'll pay postage, ship promptly. NJ residents add 5% tax.

Send Check or Money Order to —
Better Sleep Inc.
Box N V, New Providence, NJ 07974

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE
QUALITY PRODUCTS SINCE 1951

WIND DIRECTION AT A GLANCE



Weather Vanes add the finishing touch to your country home! Perfect for your garage, farm or ranch too. Ornamental as well as useful. Precise wind direction at a glance. Balanced arrow on friction free bearing responds to slightest breeze! Made of aluminum with baked vinyl coating for rust free care with Gold ornamental ball. Complete with mounting bracket and screws. Arrow 23" long. Support 24" to 27" high.

Crowing Rooster $11.95 + $2.85 p&h
Galloping Horse $11.95 + $2.85 p&h

SAVE two for $23.90 + $2.85 p&h Great gifts. Send Check or M.O. 15 day money back guarantee.

HOLST, Inc.
Dept. SP-119, 1118 W. Lake
Box 370, Tawas City, Mich. 48763

MY FAMILY GENEALOGY RECORD

FAMILY TREASURE UNIQUE GIFT

At last, an inexpensive and simple guide for "discovering your roots." An attractive booklet for recording your family's important events children, parents, grandparents, great-grandparents Start an exciting hobby or just preserve special family memories for coming generations Certainly a thoughtful gift idea at a price you can afford for every family member

8½" x 11" Only $2 50 EACH (Add 50¢ post & hand.)

Make check or M.O. payable to:
BROTHERS PUBLICATIONS
P.O. BOX 139
WESTMINSTER, CALIF. 92683

LEG PROBLEMS? VARICOSE VEINS?

Our sale catalog lists elastic panty hose and surgical stockings by Bauer & Black, Futuro, Hanes and others. Save up to 50%. Send 25¢ to Surgical Products Box SP10, Needham, Mass. 02192

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

story, not at all.

Rooster made another pot of coffee. He put me to slicing up the salt meat and corn dodgers, and he directed Quincy to pick the feathers from the turkey and cut it up for frying. Quincy picked them with his free hand and held the bird steady with his manacled one. When the picking was done he cut the bird up into frying pieces with his big bowie knife and he showed his spite by doing a poor job of it.

Moon drank whiskey and whimpered from the pain in his leg. I felt sorry for him. Once he caught me stealing glances at him and he said, "Who are you? What is this girl doing here?"

I said, "I am Mattie Ross of near Dardanelle, Arkansas. The man Chaney, the man with the marked face, killed my father. He was a whiskey drinker like you. It led to killing in the end. If you will answer the marshal's questions he will help you. I have a good lawyer at home and he will help you, too."

"I am puzzled by this."

Quincy said, "Don't get to jawing with these people, Moon."

I said, "I don't like the way you look."

Quincy stopped his work. He said, "Are you talking to me, runt?"

I said, "Yes, and I will say it again. I don't like the way you look and I don't like the way you are cutting up that turkey. I hope you go to jail. My lawyer will not help you."

A few minutes later Moon leaned over to whisper a confidence into Quincy's ear. "None of that," said Rooster, raising his rifle. "If you have anything on your mind we will all hear it."

Moon said, "We seen Ned and Haze just two days ago."

"Don't act the fool!" said Quincy. "If you blow I will kill you."

But Moon went on. "I am played out," said he. "I am going to tell what I know."

With that, Quincy brought the bowie knife down on Moon's cuffed hand and chopped off four fingers, which flew up before my eyes like chips from a log. Moon screamed and a rifle ball shattered the lantern in front of me and struck Quincy in the neck, causing hot blood to spurt on my face. My thought was: *I am better out of this.* I tumbled backward from the bench and sought a place of safety on the dirt floor.

Rooster and LaBouef sprang to where I lay and when they ascertained that I was not hurt they went to the fallen thieves. Quincy was insensible and dead or dying and Moon was bleeding terribly from his hand and from a mortal puncture in the breast that Quincy gave him before they fell.

"Oh, Lord, I am dying!" said he.

Rooster struck a match for light and told me to fetch a pine knot from the fireplace. He removed the handcuff from the poor young man's wrist.

"Do something! Help me!" were Moon's cries.

"I can do nothing for you, son," said Rooster. "Your pard has killed you and I have done for him. You must tell me about Ned. Where did you see him?"

"We seen him and Haze two days ago at McAlester's. They are robbing the Katy Flyer at Wagoner's Switch tonight if the snow don't stop them. Then they are coming here to get remounts and supper."

"There is four of them?"

"They wanted four horses, that is all I know."

Rooster said, "Did you see a man with a black mark on his face?"

"I didn't see nobody but Ned and Haze."

"What time did they say they would be here?"

"I looked for them before now. My brother is George Garrett. He is a Methodist circuit rider in south Texas. I want you to sell my traps, Rooster, and send the money to him in care of the district superintendent in Austin."

I said, "Do you want us to tell your brother what happened to you?"

He said, "It don't matter about that. He knows I am on the scout. I will meet him later walking the streets of Glory."

Rooster said, "Don't be looking for Quincy."

"Quincy was always square with me," said Moon. "He never played me false until he killed me."

Moon talked a little more but in a rambling manner and to no sensible purpose. Here is what was in his eyes: *confusion*. Soon it was all up with him and he joined his friend in death.

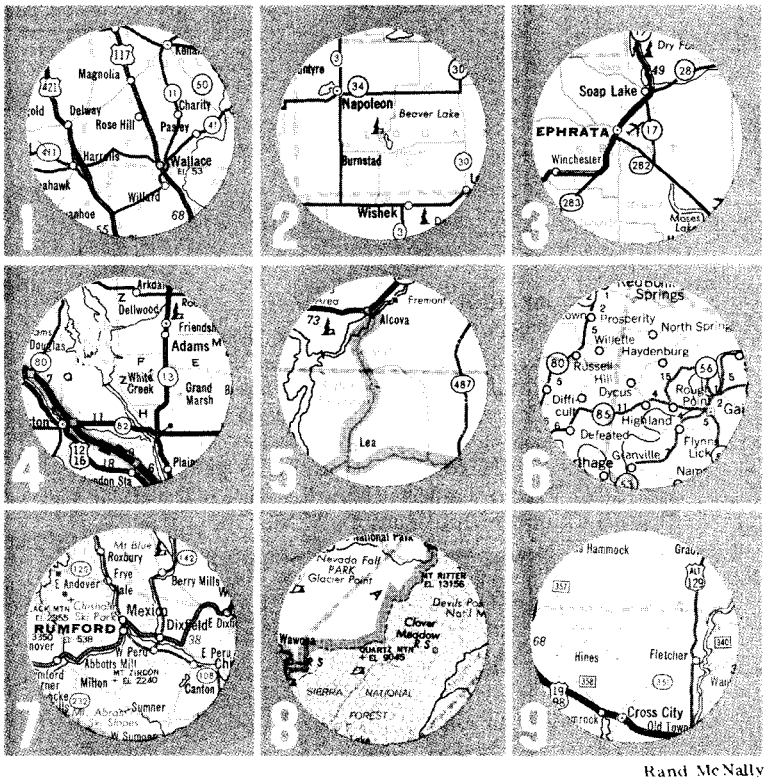
Rooster then went through the pockets of the dead thieves and put such oddments as they contained upon the table. He found a California gold piece in Quincy's vest pocket.

I fairly shouted when I saw it. "That is my father's gold piece!" I said.

It was not a round coin but a rectangular slug of gold that was minted in the Golden State and was worth $36 and some few cents. I said, "Grandfather Spurling gave Papa two of these when he married Mama. That scoundrel Chaney has still got the other one. We are on his trail for certain!"

"We are on Ned's trail anyhow," said Rooster. "I expect it is the same thing."

LaBouef said, "I reckon Ned has called



Rand McNally

Where Do You Think You Are?

East or West, North or South, each of the distinctive areas above appears on the road map of a single state. In terms of routes, state parks, mountains and memorials, there is, as the saying goes, "no place like it." Can you identify the states? If you or a friend find the game too easy (but you won't) add the requirement that you place the area north, south, east, west, or central in the designated state.

(Answers on page 124)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

off the robbery of the Katy Flyer if he is not here by now."

"Well, we won't count on that," said Rooster. "Saddle the horses and I will lug these boys out."

"Do you aim to run?" said LaBouef.

Rooster turned a glittering eye on him. "I aim to do what I come out here to do," said he. "Saddle the horses."

Rooster directed me to straighten up the inside of the dugout. He carried the bodies out and concealed them in the woods. He was planning an ambush.

Continued on page 124

Four Freedoms

continued from page 77

ley Stout, two rather young men were seated at the conference table. Both were in shirt sleeves, and they had their feet up on the table. One of them, a tall, lanky man with a serious, comfortable face, rose to greet me.

"Hello, Norman," he said. "I'm Ben Hibbs."

"How do you do, Mr. Hibbs."

"For heaven's sake," he said, "call me Ben."

"All right," I said, startled by this informality. In 21 years I'd never thought of calling Mr. Lorimer by his first name; to me the editor of the *Post* was *Mister*.

Ben introduced me to Bob Fuoss, the new managing editor. Then he asked what I had to show them. I laid my nine sketches on the desk and acted them out, rather lamely as I recall. My mind kept superimposing the image of Mr. Lorimer's massive head on Ben's shoulders, and since it wouldn't fit, I'd get confused and lose track of what I was saying. When I had finished, Ben said, "Those are fine."

"Which ones do you want me to do?" I said, thinking, *Now he'll reject a few like Mr. Lorimer.*

"Which ones do you like?" asked Ben.

"I like them all—uh—Ben," I said. "I like them all. You know, you're the new editor, and I really beat my brains out to get some good ideas."

"Well, why don't you do them all?" Ben asked.

When I got back to Arlington, I said to Mary, "They're awful nice, the new editors. Ben Hibbs is a wonderful fellow. He accepted all my sketches, all nine. He didn't turn down one. It's wonderful, but I don't think it's going to last. You can't run a magazine that way."

In his shirt sleeves, I thought, *the editor of the* Post *in his shirt sleeves!* I was flummoxed.

Several months after our first meeting Ben asked, "When are you going to invite some of us up to Arlington?"

"Oh," I said, "come up any time." And I thought no more about it. In my mind the editor of the *Post* was still some exalted type of superhuman being. I couldn't believe that Ben would come to Arlington, even if I asked him. But he mentioned it again, and then Jim Yates, the new art editor, said, "You know, Ben Hibbs and Bob Fuoss really want to come up. They feel sort of hurt that you haven't asked them."

So I extended an invitation to Ben, Bob, Jim, and their wives. It was accepted, and, bolstered by Mary, Schaef, and his wife Elizabeth, who didn't share my awe and foolish fears, I staggered, mumbled, and trembled my way through the weekend. By the time we put our guests on the southbound train in Arlington, I was a nervous wreck.

But I held myself together and waved good-bye, smiling cheerfully. When the train had disappeared around the bend, I went into the station house and lay on the floor, flat down on my back. "A-a-ah," I sighed, taking deep breaths. "A-a-ah. Whew!" I could feel my tense muscles relax, turning to warm jelly.

"Come on," said Schaef, "let's go."

"No," I said, stretching out my legs and arms luxuriously. "I'm recovering. Leave me alone." Then I heard the station-house door open. Rolling my eyes back, I saw upside down the startled faces of Ben Hibbs and Bob Fuoss. "Hello," said Ben. "The train was derailed so we came back."

I was too thunderstuck to say anything. I moaned softly.

"Norman!" said Mary sternly.

"Boy, gee," I said, still lying on my back. "You people are so darn nice and easy. I was trained under Mr. Lorimer. Entertaining the editor's been a strain. And here you are back again." And I laughed naturally for the first time in three days.

The change at the *Post* came just as I was wrestling with a new project. Schaef and I were too old to enlist, so we had decided to do war posters without a fee. I had a poster of a machine gunner and a couple of other ideas sketched out, but they didn't satisfy me. I wanted to do something bigger, make some statement about why the country was fighting the war.

In 1941, when Roosevelt and Churchill issued their Atlantic Charter with its freedoms proclamation, I had tried to read it, thinking that it might contain the idea I sought. But the language was so noble, platitudinous really, that it stuck in my throat. I juggled the Freedoms idea in my mind,

Continued on page 112

Our Free 76-Page Guide Will Keep Georgia Fun On Your Mind.

"This Way to Fun" is the most comprehensive vacation guide ever. It describes 333 different attractions, resorts, historical sites and vacation facilities. Complete with maps and directions. And charts on state parks, campgrounds, tennis, golf and fishing. Just for fun, why not send for your copy today?

Georgia Department of Industry & Trade
Tourist Division,
P.O. Box 1776, Dept. SE-021
Atlanta, Georgia 30301

Tell me where the Georgia fun is and include a Georgia highway map.

Name

Address

City, State, Zip

Georgia

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Can you name this photo?

...contest: $100 to the reader who sends us the winning caption for this photo. Your entry can be a "one-liner" or up to five lines of limerick copy. Photographs for next month's photo caption contest may be submitted by amateur or professional photographers. $100 will be paid to any photographer whose picture is published. Black and white photography is preferred. Send entries to Photo Contest, November, SatEvePost Editorial Offices, 1100 Waterway Blvd., Indianapolis, IN 46202. To be eligible, caption entries must be received by November 12, 1979.

Last Month's Contest Winner

Our congratulations and a check for $100 go to Archie H. Madden of Leverett, Massachusetts, for the winning entry in our September photo contest.

An agile young painter named Eggs
Found the ladder too short for his legs;
To the roof edge he clung
'Til he touched the top rung;
Then down to the ground scrambled Eggs.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

POST TRAVEL CENTER

It's just about the season for festive dinners, family get-togethers and gift exchanges. And snow. And ice. And sub-zero temperatures. Circle any number below and receive free information on how to plan your sunny escape.

Aeromexico: Wherever you go . . . whatever style you want to travel in . . . we've got the vacation for you. Please send me your beautiful brochures about your fabulous vacation in Mexico on Aeromexico, the airline of Mexico. 1

Steamboatin' on the legendary Delta Queen or luxurious Mississippi Queen offers a unique cruise vacation featuring delicious food, great entertainment and historic landmarks and brings Mark Twain's America back to life. Send for our free 1980 deluxe, full-color brochure. 2

Georgia: "This Way to Fun" is a comprehensive, full-color vacation book that describes all the family attractions, historical sites, parks and vacation facilities

in Georgia—333 in all. Complete with maps and directions to get you where you want to go. And factual information about what to expect when you get there. 3

Mexicana Airlines: Excellent service to Mexico from many U.S. cities; a wide choice of packages to 24 of the most popular resorts, including Mexico City, Puerto Vallarta, Mazatlán, Guadalajara, Cozumel, Cancun, Mérida, Ixtapa. Free brochure. 4

Palm Springs offers the best of California's sunny days and moonlit nights. Dine, dance, shop, swim, explore or relax. A variety of choices are yours in our colorful brochure. 5

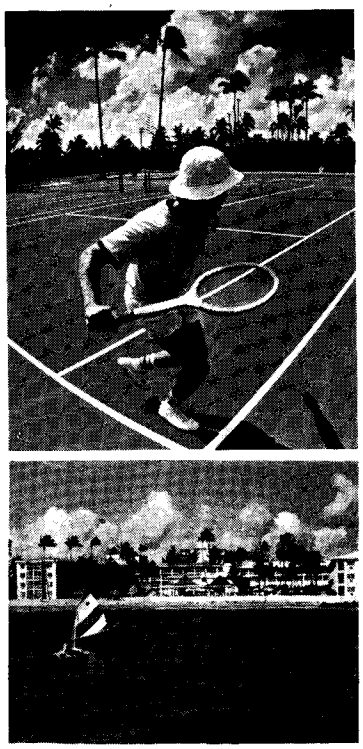
Beautiful **Royal Biscayne Beach Hotel and Racquet Club.** The Caribbean island in Florida—miles of beaches, blue seas, two swimming pools, tennis, golf, international cuisine—just 20 minutes outside Miami. Low summer rates thru December 15th. 6

Your guide to travel bargains: Send for information on **Traveler's Update.** Monthly tips on saving money on pleasure and business travel. News and up-to-date information for globe-trotters and adventurers. 7

TOTE-L DELIGHT

You'll be the envy of all who see you toting this neat SatEvePost bag (shades of yesteryear's "Post" boys!). What's more, it's not only an eye-catcher, but a ruff&tuff heavy-duty job, made of washable canvas measuring 21" x 14" x 5", imprinted with the world famous logo. For those who have everything, now you have a place to put it! Price: $5.98, plus 50¢ postage and handling. Write *Armchair Shopper*, P.O. Box 1144, Indianapolis, Indiana 46202.

THE CARIBBEAN ISLAND IN FLORIDA



A holiday setting of untamed beauty just 18 minutes by car from Miami Airport.

Beautiful Key Biscayne. As unspoiled a vacation island as you've ever seen. On its shore, a vacation resort as superb as its setting, at low summer rates now through December 16th. Far away in feeling, yet just a short causeway drive from Miami.

You'll find miles of wild beaches. White sands. Blue seas. Walking trails. Two swimming pools. Ten cushion-surface tennis courts. Championship golf five minutes away. International cuisine. Luxurious rooms with two double beds, private terraces, ocean views. And all the amusements of Miami close at hand whenever you want them.

See your travel agent. Or call toll-free **800-325-3535.**

ROYAL BISCAYNE
BEACH HOTEL & RACQUET CLUB • 555 OCEAN DRIVE, KEY BISCAYNE
A SHERATON RESORT HOTEL A WORLDWIDE SERVICE OF ITT

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Violent Eden

Lush vegetation, lethal fish and legends of golden cities cloak the Amazon basin, where beautiful dangers and dangerous beauty still astonish the courageous explorer.

By Joyce Maynard

Photography by Lana Kurtz

Gauzelike mist drapes the jungle—it has just rained—as our boat floats through a tangled quebrada, a quiet finger of the Amazon. It is as though we have sunk into immeasurable green. Green embraces us, 105-degree heat coils its lush, heavy arms around us as our spade-shaped paddles dip silently past trees bearded with ants' nests and vines dripping orchids.

Termites whose bodies are lighter than surface tension walk nimbly across sun-dappled water to a Victoria regia, a five-foot-round water lily, largest kind in the world. The air smells sweet with lilies, with the musky fragrance of jacaranda bark, from which the Indians extract perfume, and with Emperor's cane, waxy red flowers the size of saucers.

Parrots trailing two-foot coral tails screech overhead. Intermittently we hear the vibrating sounds of japos, prehistoric-looking woodpeckers whose nests hang like feedbags from 40-foot-tall ceiba trees.

My senses flood with the river. I long to touch its blue-mirrored surface, but heeding the dangers I don't dare. This rainy April the river is swollen 38 feet, higher than the stilts supporting Indians' thatched-roof huts, empty now as we pass. The Indians have left to escape what the flooding has brought: schools of electric eels whose lethal undulations shock you into spasms of disorientation before you drown.

"The dangers of the Amazon are exquisite," we were warned.

Yes. But to zoom upstream in a motorized canoe, your hair flying in the wind, your fingers drying sticky from pineapple macheted off shore; to carom around tree trunks foaming downstream; to race black batu ducks flapping low by your boat; to feel exhilarating freedom from responsibility and care; to see the whole world as water and your life as a green-gold reflection. . .this is why you come to this violent Eden. It expands your eyes and your lungs with its uninhibited proportions.

"The more you know about the river the more you respect it," says Anne Sharrar, our 26-year-old, California-born guide. "The piranhas are tame compared to caneros, small fish who digest you even as they bite; or piraibas, enormous fish which curl raspy jaws around your middle and instantly gut you."

Sweat drenches my heavy jeans and long-sleeved jacket, protection against huge and possibly malaria-laden mosquitoes. Here is my delicate city body, I think, six and a half degrees south of the Equator

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in the Torrid Zone, the world's most intensely hot place. Here a chaotic abundance of life comes armed with phantasmagorical modes of death. Exaggeration is superfluous, the imagination transcended by Nature.

I envision a postcard to my parents: *Dear folks, Am cruising just above countless gnashing teeth. Wish you were here.*

When the conquistadors came to the Amazon, they were seeking El Dorado, the fabled land of

The lush efflorescence of the jungle, blazing with sounds and smells as startlingly brilliant as its colors, surrounds steely Leticia, perched on the gushing waters of the Amazon at the southernmost tip of Colombia.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gold. Glittering legends had told of elaborate power rituals during which Indian chiefs rolled in gold dust and encrusted themselves with emeralds.

When photographer Lana Kurtz and I flew from New York City to Bogotá to Leticia, this southernmost tip of Colombia bordering Brazil, we found Indians encrusted not with gold but with mud. Torrential rains had mucked the unpaved streets of this friendly river town. Layers of bottle caps crunched underfoot, put there to aid locomotion.

La Rana Tours is the Bogotá-based travel agency that had brought us to Leticia. When we arrived, director Mario Abad escorted us into one of the decrepit taxis lined up at the Tabatinga airport. It charged a short way past ramshackle houses windowed with faces, then expired.

Lesson Number One: When planning an itinerary for Colombia, leave room for "More or Less," an English phrase widely used here. *More* shrugs of the shoulders at mechanical difficulties, habitually late planes—or even one that arbitrarily takes off two hours early. *Less* aggravation despite inconvenience. Colombians will always offer help and Aguardiente, licorice-flavored booze.

"But Leticia. It's the end of the world," Colombians from Bogotá had warned. On the contrary, it is the beginning. The jungle blankets half a continent and provides our planet with most of its oxygen. In Leticia the Amazon truly is jungle; just downstream in Brazil it is forest.

Here the jungle is almost impenetrable. Machete a path, turn around, and you find the foliage has closed behind you. So your movement from place to place must be on water, which alters your perception of space and time. Watery distances seem greater. And the Amazon River is a vast expanse of water, in some places 40 miles across. You cannot see the other shore. Motors shorten travel time, but to Indians paddling canoes the river is hours wide, towns are days apart.

Hearty tourists are rarely deterred by tales of deadly fish from making that daring boat trip on the legendary Amazon. The small craft, unlike their native Indian counterparts, carry motors, and take minutes instead of hours to cross the wide expanses of water between shores.

One day Lana and I, Anne, our guide, and Raimundo, our young Indian boatman, traveled 13 miles upstream to a Ticuna Indian village. There I saw a woman whose movements were so graceful she appeared to dance. She was enchanting and haunting and full of horror.

The woman was young. She sat in purple skirts, bare-legged on the floor of her wall-less hut, scraping the length of a plantain with a spoon. Her hair flowed like black water down her back. Her arm and hand danced, arced and dipped like the neck of a swan as she peeled yellow curls that would become cream of banana soup.

Blinding sunlight drowned her hut—one of 20—in its glare. Thick red mud sucked up the stilts of the huts; meat turtles dangled by their tails from support poles. Heat lay heavy on the village, on the flies and bony dogs which dozed near coals of smoking fish, on squatting chickens, on children asleep in hammocks, their hands clasped around a baby parrot or monkey.

From a far-off field came the yells of young boys kicking around a wad of rags and mud—a homemade soccer ball. Beyond that, in jungle so dense they could not see one another, armadillo hunters whistled their respective positions.

But in the village, deep in siesta, the only motion was the woman's hand, rhythmic and lulling, peeling plantain. It fed fruit to her baby, fat and brown by her side; it filled me with peace.

The absence of familiar pre-packaged foods isn't always an inconvenience. Fresh fruits and vegetables are in abundance in this torrid zone, making it easy to pack up a day's supply for a float down the river, a picnic in the jungle, or an easy siesta snack in the middle of the afternoon.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Just then the woman jerked, the plantain fell away. The woman hugged her chest as coughs convulsed her body. She angled with pain. Deep, wet hacking came in spasms. In between she wheezed for breath. The sound was thin and sharp-edged and so high it seemed inhuman.

A triangle of fear iced my back. The baby's face, smeared with banana, stared. Suddenly the woman jumped—up flung her skirts—ran to the hut's edge, retched. The phlegm was red and steamy on the mud. Wiping her hand across her mouth and then on her skirts, the woman returned to the plantain, spooned one stroke to her son, and the dance continued.

There is an illusion of immortality in the jungle because you see only life, moving and vivid. Dead things disappear fast into dank earth and buzzards. There is a heightened sense of fertility in the jungle: The equator's pull on a woman's body can cause her to menstruate twice in one month. I never felt the force of life so strongly as I did in the Amazon. But the abrupt tear in the Ticuna woman's dance, and the heat that pressed with almost human weight, acted strangely on my nerves. For one gigantic moment I felt that here at the center of the planet, at the center of a continent, in the midst of a dance, I witnessed the one iridescent point where life and death intersect.

Raimundo, sensitive one, knew to motor us to a beautiful cove for lunch. Lime foliage shimmered against ebony water; butterflies with stained-glass wings dazzled by. The only fresh water porpoises in the world swam and cavorted and soared by our boat. Life, like the roundness of the eggs we salted, seemed once again never-ending.

Unspeakable sadness, elation—both filled us. Beating our chests Lana and I released enormous Tarzan yells. They were immediately answered! We screamed and Raimundo burst out laughing. Our echoes were hunters hiding in the jungle watching us. We pounded our chests and bellowed back louder, and they responded, louder. When we left, Anne stood in the front of the boat holding up half a pineapple like a sun-crazed Statue of Liberty. We returned to Leticia at sunset, to La Rana's blessedly air-conditioned Anaconda Hotel. But even after we were long ashore and lying in bed, our bodies seemed to rise and fall like water beneath a boat.

"The Indians cured my malaria. They needed no treatment from me," smiled Jorge Juan Lopez-Flores, a full-bearded, green-eyed ebullient young doctor from Uruguay. Jorge had just returned from spending three years with Indian tribes deep in the jungle. Now he was stringing beads in a friend's shop in Leticia.

He explained that the Ticuna woman we saw suffered from proximity to Western culture. Her superstition prevented her from getting help. Deep in the jungle the Indians are healthy, Flores said. Moreover they have natural cures we would do well to learn.

I had made the ridiculous mistake of sunbathing on the Equator for 15 minutes. I'd burned badly. Following an Indian remedy, Jorge mixed a white paste of maizena (like cornstarch), milk and rubbing alcohol and painted my body. By the next day the heat had left the burn and I tanned without peeling.

To stop the symptoms of dysentery, as prevalent in Colombia as in Mexico, Jorge said the Indians chew five papaya seeds. To counteract binding, they eat the fruit.

At Jorge's recommendation we traveled to a Ticuna village deeper in the jungle. It was clean and its people healthy. Later we visited the Yagua tribe, ten o'clock Indians because they wear Levi's all day except at ten when the tourist boats arrive. Then they pose, naked. This bow to commercialism seems to increase sales of their necklaces made of berries and bones, alligator teeth and feathers. You can also buy paintings, but be sure the pounded palm they're painted on is brown and not white. White paintings are hastily done for "gringoes" and portray transistor radios among more esoteric tribal symbols. Brown paintings are more often the work of real artisans and worth their price.

In the Amazon you can fish for golden bass, 600-pound catfish or fanged dogfish; birdwatch for 1,500 species of birds (among them 120 varieties of hummingbirds); see monkeys, sloths and many other animals. You can swim in safe indigo lakes and enjoy fish stews steamed for you beneath the rock-jumbled shore. Do also spend a night in the jungle, preferably aboard one of Mario Abad's "boatels," private, floating, screened-in porches complete with bunkbeds, hammocks,

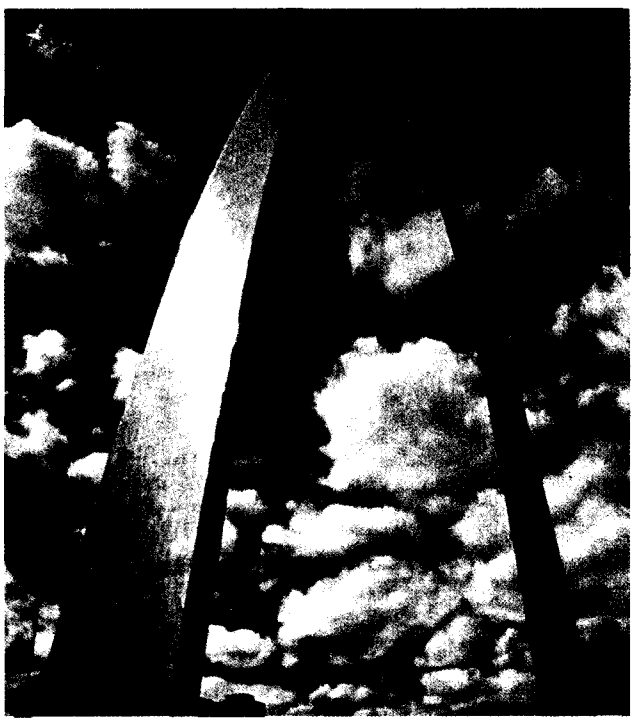
Continued on page 120

Cartagena, miles away from the river, is the grande dame of 14th-century classic Spanish architecture and a good place to recover equilibrium after a grueling boat trip through the jungle.

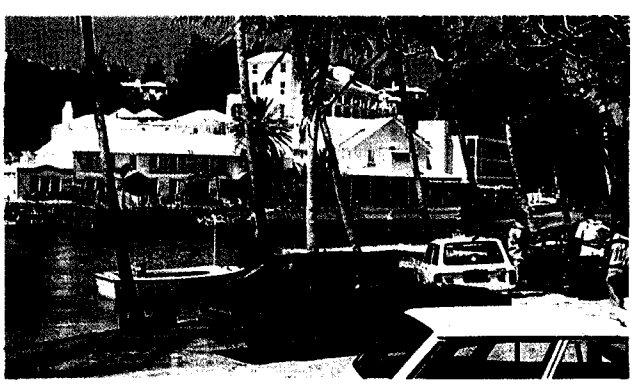
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHERE IN THE WORLD?

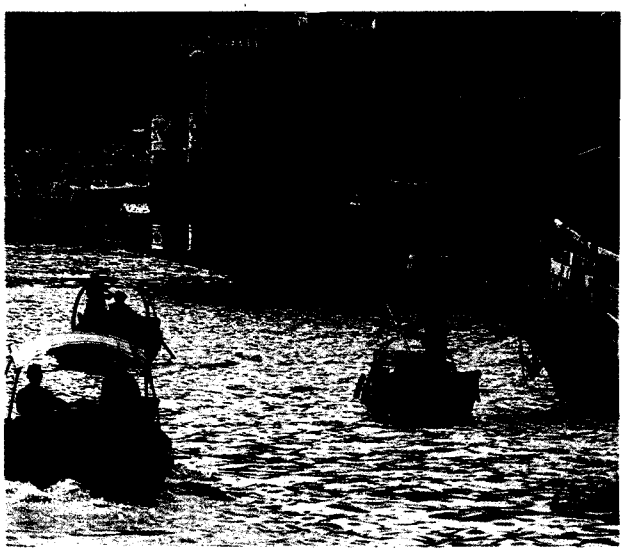
Island-hoppers and monument-gazers have the best chance of guessing the right answers to this month's quiz.



1 ☐ Baton Rouge ☐ St. Louis ☐ Charleston
A certain fast food chain served its first burger three years before the completion of this famous arch, America's tallest monument and the culmination of 30 years of planning and financing. Visitors ride the passenger car up through the hollow legs to enjoy a bird's-eye view of the city named for the French "crusader king."



3 ☐ Bermuda ☐ Bahamas ☐ Grand Cayman Islands
Precipitation is the only source of fresh water on this fishhook-shaped island chain in the western North Atlantic, so every building has a white stepped limestone roof to catch the rainfall, which is then stored underground. Accidentally settled in 1609 by shipwrecked Britons sailing to America on the *Sea Venture*, these islands originally had no native mammals (including the human kind) and only one species of reptile—a lizard.



2 ☐ Malaysia ☐ Singapore ☐ Hong Kong
Many of the inhabitants of this 398¼-square-mile island are born, raised and die on rickety boats that crowd one of the most beautiful harbors in the world, once a shelter for ships of the opium trade and a notorious haunt of pirates. Though this colony has managed to balance its budget every year since 1947, often with a surplus, its financial stability is now threatened by the veritable flood of refugees fleeing Southeast Asia.

4 ☐ Cleveland ☐ St. Petersburg ☐ New Orleans
By one of those quixotic strokes of fate St. Louis cathedral (background) was one of the few buildings spared when fire razed this city in 1794. This was not, however, the original cathedral: An earlier version burned to the ground on Good Friday, March 21, 1788. In yet another dubious claim to fame, the statue in the foreground commemorates an American war hero who won his most impressive victory two weeks after the War of 1812 had ended.

(Answers on page 124)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EXCLUSIVE ART OFFER
NOT AVAILABLE IN STORES

DRAMATIC FULL COLOR ART PRINT MEASURES 2 FEET WIDE BY 3 FEET TALL

THE DRAMATIC SCULPTURE OF JOHN WAYNE "THE MARSHAL" HAS JUST BEEN PUBLISHED AS A SPECTACULARLY COLORFUL, IMPRESSIVELY LARGE, FINE ART PRINT FOR THE HOME

In 1969 Harry Jackson, The Master Artist of The American West, created a dramatic polychrome sculpture of John Wayne as Rooster Cogburn in "True Grit." Emblazoned with vibrant colors, this fabulous art masterpiece not only captured the dynamic spirit of John Wayne but also immortalized, once and for all, the undying, true glory of the Old West.

When John Wayne saw Harry Jackson's original sculpture, he expressed himself as only John Wayne could... "HARRY CAUGHT ME AND THAT HAMMER-HEADED HORSE OF MINE JUST RIGHT!"

Appropriately, the sculpture was entitled "The Marshal." In 1971 John Wayne acquired Harry Jackson's polychrome bronze sculpture for his own private collection. Today the sculpture of "the Marshal" by Harry Jackson is valued at well over $50,000.

THIS DYNAMIC AND COLORFUL ART MASTERPIECE IS NOW AVAILABLE AS A DRAMATIC ART PRINT FOR YOUR HOME

As a very personal tribute to his friend John Wayne, Harry Jackson has given his permission to have this famous sculpture reproduced as a beautiful art print, so that Americans everywhere can share in the splendor and excitement of this spectacular western commemoration to John Wayne.

"The Marshal" is meticulously reproduced on fine art stock in vivid, true-to-life colors. The miracle of modern lithography captures the subtle nuances of the original textured sculpture as well as the incredible colorations that breathe life into this truly American western masterpiece.

EXCLUSIVE OFFER! NOT AVAILABLE IN STORES

If you would like to be among the first to display this thrilling art print in your home, mail coupon today. "The Marshal" is now available as a breathtakingly beautiful, full color art print measuring 2 feet wide by 3 feet tall. You and your family must be absolutely thrilled with the impressive size and dynamic beauty of this fine art print, or your money will be refunded.

"THE MARSHAL"

UNFRAMED in sturdy, protective shipping tube. $10.00 plus $1.00 shipping and handling.

FRAMED professionally in a handsome Walnut finished hardwood frame that enhances the natural beauty of the dramatic art print. Ready to hang. $35.00 plus $4.50 shipping and handling.

©1979 ART PORTFOLIO, Division of International Treasures, Ltd.
Yacht Haven East, 10 Wallace Street, Stamford, Conn. 06902

ART PORTFOLIO, Dept. WSF-7
10 Wallace Street, Stamford, Conn. 06902

Gentlemen:
Please send_____unframed "The Marshal" art prints @ $10.00 each plus $1.00 handling and shipping.

Please send_____framed "The Marshal" art prints @ $35.00 each plus $4.50 handling and shipping.

Enclosed is $_____ (Conn. Residents add 7% sales tax)

Charge My: ☐ Visa ☐ Master Charge
☐ American Express

Credit Card No._____ Exp. Date_____

Signature _____

NAME _____
(Please Print Clearly)

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP_____

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Four Freedoms

continued from page 103

mind, trying to find a picture. But I couldn't get my mind around it.

I did a *Post* cover and an illustration, went to town meeting, attended a Grange supper, struggling all the while with my idea, or rather, the lack of it. One night I suddenly remembered how Jim Edgerton had stood up in town meeting and said something that everybody disagreed with. But they had let him have his say. No one had shouted him down.

There it was: Freedom of Speech. I could illustrate the Four Freedoms, using my Vermont neighbors as models and expressing the ideas in simple, everyday scenes. Freedom of Speech—a New England town meeting. Freedom From Want—a Thanksgiving dinner.

In the next couple of days I made rough sketches of the Four Freedoms, and Schaef worked up some posters. Then we set out for Washington. We saw a great many government officials, but none could help us. The war was going badly; nobody had time for posters. Robert Patterson, the Under Secretary of War, said, "We'd love to print your Four Freedoms, but we can't. I think they'd be a fine contribution. We'd be delighted if *someone* would publish them."

Schaef and I became more and more discouraged as we were turned down by one official after another. Finally we took the train back to New York. I got off at Philadelphia to show some cover sketches to Ben Hibbs. As I was discussing them, I happened to mention that I'd just been in Washington. "Schaef and I were offering our services to the government," I said. "He had some posters, and I had a series I wanted to do called *The Four Freedoms*. No one was interested, though."

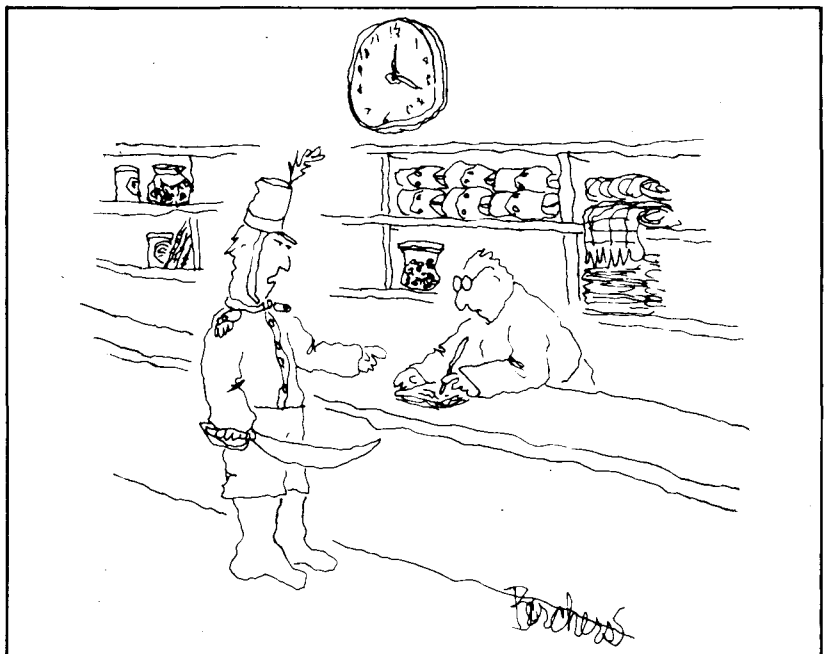
"Let's see it," said Ben.

I hauled out the sketches and showed them to him, explaining rather listlessly what I'd been trying to do. Ben broke in, "Norman, you've got to do them for us. Drop everything else—just do *The Four Freedoms*. Don't bother with *Post* covers or illustrations."

I finally spent six months painting *The Four Freedoms*, and it was a struggle. I started *Freedom of Speech* over four times, and I wrestled with *Freedom of Worship* for two months. I wanted *Freedom of Worship* to make the statement that no man should be discriminated against for his race or religion. My first sketch was of a country barbershop; a Jew in the barber chair being shaved by a lanky New England barber—obviously a Protestant—while a Catholic priest and a Negro waited their turns, all of them laughing and getting on well together.

When I'd just about completed the picture, I found the situation bordered on the ridiculous. Catholics who came into the studio said, "Priests don't look like that." Negroes thought the Negro's skin should be lighter, or darker. Jews didn't like my portrayal of the Jew.

So I discarded the picture and started another—and junked it, too. One day the art editor of the *Post*, who at that time was Jim Yates, appeared at the door.



"It's for the Light Brigade—put it on our charge."

Where were *The Four Freedoms*?

"I'm doing them as fast as I can," I snarled politely.

Then I wrenched the sketch of the final version of *Freedom of Worship* out of my head, and painted it. There is a mystery about the phrase I lettered across the top of the painting—EACH ACCORDING TO THE DICTATES OF HIS OWN CONSCIENCE. I know I've read it somewhere, but no one has been able to find it in any book or document.

With *Freedom From Want* and *Freedom From Fear* I had little trouble. I painted the turkey in *Freedom From Want* on Thanksgiving Day, 1942. Our cook, Mrs. Wheaton, roasted it, I painted it, and we ate it.

Freedom From Fear was based on a rather smug idea. Painted during the bombing of London, it was supposed to say: "Thank God we can put our children to bed with a feeling of security, knowing they will not be killed in the night." I never liked *Freedom From Fear* or, for that matter, *Freedom From Want*. Neither of them has any wallop. *Freedom From Want* was not popular overseas. The Europeans sort of resented it because it wasn't freedom from want, it was overabundance; the table was loaded down with food. I think the two I had the most trouble with—*Freedom of Speech* and *Freedom of Worship*—are better.

The pictures were published by the *Post* early in 1943, not as covers but as inside features accompanied by short essays by four distinguished writers. For the sequel I quote a letter Ben Hibbs sent me recently:

"Requests to reprint flooded in from other publications. Various government agencies and private organizations made millions of reprints and distributed them all over the world. Those four pictures quickly became the best known and most appreciated paintings of that era.

"Subsequently, the Treasury Department took the original paintings on a tour of the nation to sell war bonds. They were viewed by 1,222,000 people in 16 leading cities and were instrumental in selling $132,992,539 worth of bonds.

"Following the war, the original paintings were hung in our offices, and I love them. They are a daily source of inspiration to me—in the same way that the clock tower of old Independence Hall, which I can see from my office window, inspires me.

"Visitors who come into my office almost always exclaim over the paintings. The originals have been borrowed countless times for art exhibits, and even today we still receive many requests to reprint. Many people have asked me whether I regard Norman's favorites, *Freedom of Worship* and *Freedom of Speech*, as great art. I do. A great picture, I think, is one which moves and inspires millions of people. *The Four Freedoms* did—and still do."

To start the war-bond drive I went to Washington. At the banquet that night I sat beside a woman who tried to make small talk. "Where do you live, Mr. Kent?" (She thought I was Rockwell Kent, the left wing artist and author.)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"I live in Vermont," I said.

"Oh, Thurman," she said, turning to Assistant Attorney General Thurman Arnold, "Mr. Kent says he lives in Vermont."

Mr. Arnold turned a cold crime-buster eye on her and said nothing. She turned back to me. "What is it like in Vermont?"

"It's pretty cold," I said.

In desperation I passed a note down the table to Ben Hibbs: "I'm terrified, and besides, she keeps calling me Rockwell Kent. What'll I do?" Ben didn't reply, and I endured celebrity alone.

The next morning, seated on a dais in the midst of a churning sea of people, I autographed reprints of *The Four Freedoms* at a Washington department store. Late that afternoon I was asked to travel with *The Four Freedoms* show, which was to tour the country, selling bonds. I was too worn out to make an answer. But Ben, bless him, said, "No. Norman's going to stay home and do *Post* covers." ℵ

(To be continued)

Amway Dream

continued from page 63

sional Sponsoring Step by Step.

Rich and Jay point out in an introduction what this can mean:

"When we built our own personally sponsored sales organization, we secured prospect names, interviewed, accepted applications and sold the initial sales material. Jay was responsible for recruiting, while Rich held local sales meetings and trained the new people to be successful sales people.

"Based on our experience, the procedure described herein developed over 1,000 prospect leads, all of which were qualified and interviewed by Jay. We started approximately 200 of them as distributors, and held weekly sales meetings with them for some years.

"The groups of distributors resulting from these original 200, in one 10-month period a few years later, accounted for over eleven million dollars worth of Amway Business Volume.

"If you apply the principles outlined in this manual, you, too, can develop a successful business venture."

And then they lay down the principle which has brought Amway to its present sales peak, and which apparently is not going to cease causing growth in the foreseeable future:

"Through sponsoring, you are able to turn that great key to success—duplication of your own efforts. Selling Amway products at retail to homes and small industries is a lucrative and rewarding business. There are, however, certain practical limits to how much total dollar volume you can produce by yourself, but when you sponsor others as distributors, who in turn sell products and sponsor other distributors, you can greatly expand the potential sales volume generated by your efforts. You grow by sharing with others the opportunity you have—and, in sharing, you add to what you already have.

"Sponsoring can be profitable, whether you limit your approaches only to those people within your circle of acquaintances, or whether you move more widely, if you follow some of the programs set forth in this booklet. Sponsoring can increase your income in two ways:

"1. Since the Performance Bonus percentage you earn on the combined BV of your group is usually greater than the Performance Bonus which any one of your distributors will earn, there is a margin of earnings for you on the BV of the distributors you sponsor. In other words, the total Performance Bonus percentage you receive which is based on the combined BV generated by you and your distributors is usually greater than the percentage you pay out to your distributors. The difference is income for you.

"2. Since the Business Volume (BV) of the distributors whom you sponsor is added to your own regular retail BV, you reach a higher percentage in the Performance Bonus schedule and thereby earn a higher percentage of income on the products which you sell at retail to your customers."

Translated into individual terms, there is a point where a distributor can generate income from his established repeat customers and also earn the percentages he is accruing from the distributors he has sponsored. This can amount to an estate. If a distributor remains with Amway, for example, and brings in his grown children also as distributors, he is entitled to pass on to them what he has built from his sponsored cadre. And that cadre can amount to a sizable group of producers. Many Amway distributors earn incomes comparable to those of the presidents of major American corporations and live like landed gentry.

Here are the opening moves recommended in the manual:

"Suppose your big goal is to become a Direct Distributor with a personal group BV of at least $10,000 a month. Intermediate goals which you establish to reach your ultimate goal might look something like this:

"1. Develop Personal Retail Sales Volume of $400 a month with 25 or more customers.

"2. Sponsor one distributor from among your existing personal contacts.

"3. Sponsor five more distributors from among your existing personal contacts.

"4. Teach your six distributors how to make personal retail sales retailing $200 a month. At the same time, maintain your own personal retail sales at $300 a month.

"5. Train and motivate each of your six distributors to sponsor four new distributors.

"6. Encourage each of your six distributors to teach their four distributors how to develop a personal retail sales volume of $200 a month.

"7. Show each of your six distributors how they can train each of their four distributors to sponsor two new distributors.

"8. Continue yourself to sponsor at least one new distributor a week."

The manual goes into detail on ways of finding prospects, even to providing 72 prepared classified ads, a 32-page sponsoring presentation, audio/visual aids, give-away literature for personal

Continued on page 116

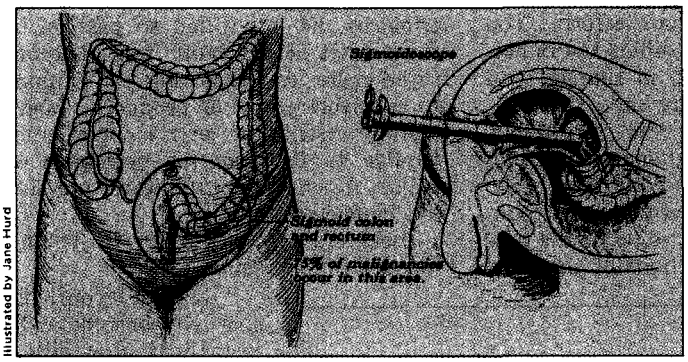
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MEDICAL MAILBOX

By Cory SerVaas, M.D.

Men's lives are chains of chances, but chance fights ever on the side of the prudent.— Euripides

Give a Sigmoidoscopy for Birthdays



Illustrated by Jane Hurd

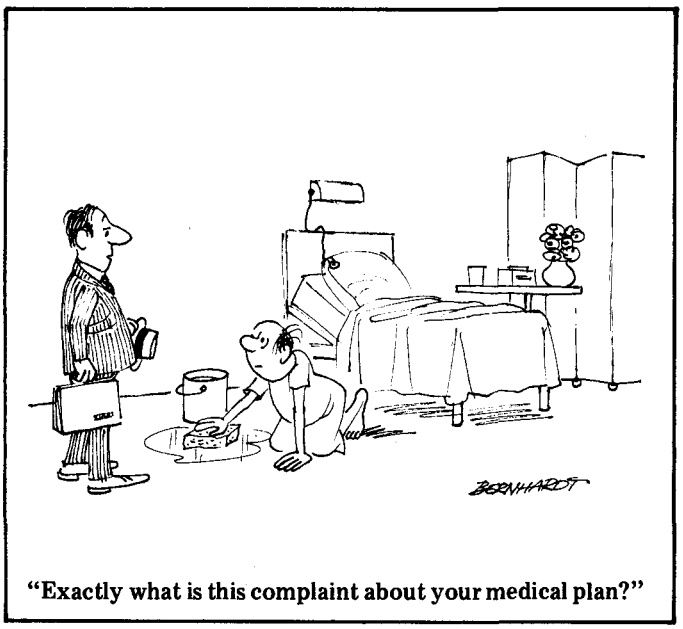
This procedure should be sought yearly by everyone who has passed the 40 to 45 years-of-age bracket. The electrically-lighted tube enables a viewer to inspect the lining of the rectum and sigmoid colon where many cancers occur.

I sent my sister a prescription for a sigmoidoscopy for her birthday and told her from now on she'd have a yearly gift certificate from me to have a prepaid visit to a proctologist for this important look into her colon.

She takes meticulous care of her husband, children and all living things on their farm in Iowa, but she'd never had a colonoscopy or sigmoidoscopy. She is always too busy.

Letting a small cancer of the colon grow is like sitting on a powder keg. Better defuse it. Better to know it is there while it's removable.

Do you know anyone who has been too busy for this important checkup?



"Exactly what is this complaint about your medical plan?"

A Do-It-Yourself Abortion Pill

From England comes what could be the latest trend in contraception—a do-it-yourself abortion pill.

According to medical researchers, the new drug, a vaginal suppository that will abort a fetus in the first few weeks of pregnancy with a 90 percent success rate, could be on the market in two to three years.

It's based on a class of natural compounds, called prostaglandins, used by doctors in recent times to induce abortions in women more than 12 weeks pregnant when surgery might prove dangerous.

Unlike the high-priced natural product, the pseudo-prostaglandin pill has no side effects, can be mass-produced for a cost within the consumer's budget, and could prove safer than present abortion techniques.

Suicide by Sodium

Taking *more* than two tablespoons of salt to a glass of water for use as an emetic has caused accidental death in several instances. Drinking salt water was used as a method of suicide in ancient China.

Bring the Bottle With You

A colleague who practices emergency medicine asked us to print a reminder to *bring your medicines with you when you go to a hospital for emergency treatment.* He cited the many cases of allergic reactions he has had recently where patients didn't know the name of the drug they had been taking.

Chinese Wear Magnets for Pain

A letter from Edith Kermit Roosevelt (Teddy's granddaughter) told of a Chinese scientific paper about magnets being worn to treat arthritic pain. Magnetic chairs and magnetic beds are popular for treating "whole body" arthritic conditions.

Net Reduction in Blood Pressure

This month's mail includes a number of readers who have reduced their blood pressure considerably by playing three or more sets of tennis regularly. . .or by other strenuous exercise.

Some have surprised their doctors by the drop. More physicians are giving their patients blood pressure cuffs to monitor their pressure at home to better understand what helps keep it low.

Buffer Against the Sun

To relieve sunburn, aspirin should be taken as soon as redness appears. "If you wait until the next day, there won't be any effect," according to the most recent dermatology research by Dr. Harvey Blank. Dr. Blank also reported that aspirin can reduce the effects of cold sores caused by herpes simplex: "It might be

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that these fever blisters caused by ultraviolet light are inhibited by aspirin." Dr. Blank says he often recommends aspirin to people who have frequent fever blisters, suggesting that they take it when they start feeling a tingling sensation and before there is any inflammation.

Pinpointing Heart Surgery

The New China News Agency reports that 230 patients have undergone open heart surgery with acupuncture anesthesia since 1972, and 70 percent of the operations had good or excellent results. The report says that there were fewer complications or respiratory problems when acupuncture was used than with general anesthesia.

A Urine Test to Predict Breast Cancer Risk?

It has been shown that women who have a family history of breast cancer may excrete urinary estrogens in a way that is significantly different from estrogen excretions by women without breast cancer history.

Artificial Corpuscles

"Synthetic blood" has saved a human life in Tokyo. After more than ten years of animal research, the Japanese have come up with an emulsion of oxygen-engulfing fluorocarbons which was given to a 65-year-old man after prostate surgery. He was kept alive for 40 minutes on this organic oxygen solvent, until his rare bloodtype could be replaced. He suffered no ill effects from this unprecedented treatment.

Alfalfa for the Heart

Researchers at Oregon's Regional Primate Center have observed that when monkeys were fed a high cholesterol and fat diet they ordinarily developed atherosclerotic plaques in their aortas and coronary arteries. But when alfalfa meal was added to their diet, the atherosclerotic plaques regressed, autopsies revealed. It may be possible to eat food high in cholesterol and fat and still have atherosclerosis-free arteries if the menu contains a protective factor from alfalfa.

Over-the-Counter Drug Warning

If you're in the habit of taking cold tablets frequently, do tell your doctor. It is feared that some cases of chronic renal (kidney) failure may be caused by too frequent consumption of non-prescription cold analgesics. Phenacetin-containing products have been particularly implicated. A drug that is non-prescription is not necessarily harmless if taken in excess.

Stretch to Relieve Leg Cramps

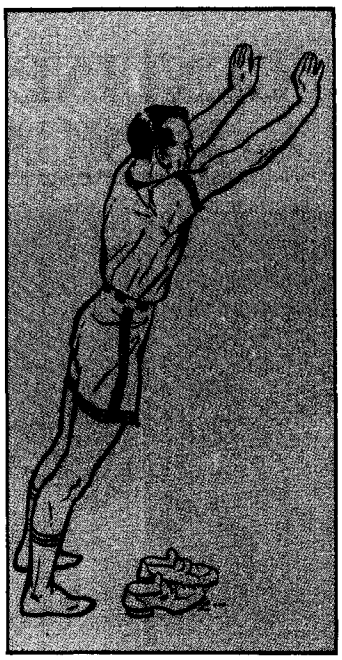
Q. I am troubled by leg cramps at night, sometimes so severe that it bothers my sleep. Is there anything new for this old problem?

A. This remedy, which comes highly recommended by a California physician, is both inexpensive and safe to try. If it works, would you please thank him with a letter to this column?

His instructions were as follows: Stand with your shoes off, facing a wall two or three feet away.

Lean forward, using the hands and arms to support your body against the wall and to regulate your forward tilt. Keep your heels in contact with the floor, until you feel a moderately intense, but not painful, "pulling sensation" developing in your calf muscles.

Hold the stretching position for 10 seconds, then repeat after a five-second period of relaxation. Repeat the sequence three times daily until all leg cramps are gone, then use with whatever frequency is necessary to maintain a cramp-free state. Please let me know if it works for you.



A simple exercise for curing painful nocturnal leg cramps

Abrasive Habit

Q. My husband grinds his teeth at night. He doesn't believe it, but the noise wakes me. What would stop it?

A. Cut off his drinks for starters. If he drinks alcohol at night, you might check to see if the grinding lessens if he abstains.

Marlboro Menopause

From Sweden comes news that women who smoke are more likely to have early menopause.

"Me? Work for Xerox? No. . .why do you ask? . . ."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

round and round she goes . . .
Here is the turning point of your collection!
EXQUISITELY DETAILED
GENUINE BISQUE ENAMEL
MUSICAL NURSE DOLL

The perfect addition to any doll, music box, or curio collection! Meticulously detailed little "Florence Nightingale," carries a tray with medicine, spoon, thermometer—each a tiny masterpiece of care and craftsmanship! Pretty nurse is impeccably dressed in her very own "starched" blue and white uniform. Watch her revolve to the beautiful melody of "You Light Up My Life."

In genuine bisque enamel with soft matte finish, measures 4½ beautiful inches tall!

A rare treasure, the kind you'd expect to find in exclusive boutiques or private estate sales! Display this charming figurine proudly in your china cabinet, dressing table, or mantel. Truly a collector's dream, one you'd be prepared to pay twice as much for!

What a wonderful gift for those who appreciate the unusual! (And wouldn't it be especially welcome to your favorite nurse, doctor, or to cheer someone up)

Musical Nurse (Z480574)

YOUR HANOVER HOUSE GUARANTEE OF SATISFACTION Our merchandise is unconditionally guaranteed to please you in every way. If you don't agree that this adorable Musical Nurse Doll is just what the doctor ordered, then return it for a full refund of purchase price . . . no questions asked. Now, that's a guarantee in writing!

HANOVER HOUSE 340 Poplar St., Hanover, PA 17331

MAIL THIS NO-RISK COUPON TODAY!

HANOVER HOUSE, Dept. HZ-4038
340 Poplar St., Hanover, PA 17331

Please send ____ Musical Nurse Dolls (Z492256) @ $9.95 plus $1.00 postage and handling. I must be absolutely delighted or I may return it for a full refund of my purchase price.

☐ GIFT SAVINGS! Order TWO (2) Dolls (one as a superb gift), only $18.95 plus $1.90 postage and handling.

Enclosed is $_____ (PA res. add sales tax)

CHARGE IT:
☐ American Express ☐ Carte Blanche
☐ VISA/BankAmericard ☐ Diners Club
☐ Master Charge Interbank No._____

Acc't No._____ Exp. Date_____

PRINT NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____ ZIP_____

☐ Check here and send 50¢ for a year's subscription to our full-color catalog of fine gifts. (Z389932X). We ship within forty-eight hours; delays notified promptly. Delivery guaranteed within sixty days or your purchase price refunded.

© Hanover House 1979

Amway Dream

continued from page 113

presentations, and even answers to predictable objections—"I've never sold anything." . . . "I don't want to impose on my friends." . . . "Pyramid selling schemes are all rackets." . . . etc. Amway has even developed in connection with its Leadership Dynamics Workshop a selection of recommended inspirational books, a library of nine volumes currently, including Robert H. Schuller's *You Can Be the Person You Want to Be* and Richard Bach's *Jonathan Livingston Seagull*. Motivational cassettes include speeches recorded live and on the scene by Rich and Jay and leading direct distributors.

From time to time the media have written about Amway, and occasionally in a sort of reverse English. An article in *Forbes* magazine reports a meeting of 5,000 Amway distributors and their reaction to the entrance of Rich DeVos:

"The young crowd, mostly couples, is clean-cut, middle-class and enthusiastic. An organist pumps out an upbeat version of *This is My Country*. Minutes before 8 p.m., a tanned, 49-year-old man . . . makes his way up the aisle.

"Moving those few hundred feet isn't easy. People crush to shake his hand. Ladies kiss his cheek . . . Admirers press for autographs of *Believe*, his best-selling personal testimony (50,000 copies at $4.95 each in the first three months). The rally begins with the Pledge of Allegiance.

"A charismatic politician? A revivalist? A movie star? No. The meeting is being conducted by Amway Products, whose husband-and-wife teams have come—some of them hundreds of miles—to be spellbound as Richard DeVos, one of Amway's co-founders, extolls the virtues of patriotism, free enterprise and positive thinking."

My own introduction into the reverence in which the Amway founders are held took place in Ada, where one might expect humble folk living in the shadow of the monster headquarters to harbor some rebellious impulses toward it, an echo of the well-known town-&-gown animosity which prevails in college communities.

I was lunching in a local restaurant and had Rich's book handy when my comely waitress noticed it. She started to coo. When it came out that I was to meet Rich and Jay after lunch, she almost swooned at the thought of my sharing the atmosphere with such godlike characters. My hamburger and milk suddenly turned into Bouef Bourguignon and Pouilly Fuissé in her eyes, and she leaned close to breathe in my ear in the husky, sultry whisper of a Marilyn

Continued on following page

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Christmas Book

More than 100 full color plates and illustrations

Probably the most wonderful collection of Christmas stories, songs, paintings, poems, sketches, and holiday crafts and recipes you've ever laid eyes on. A beautifully useful book that no parent or grandparent should approach Christmas without. It will enrich your holiday seasons for generations and provide treasured hours you'll share with your children and grandchildren.

Actual size: 9"x 12". Hard bound cover with Norman Rockwell print on outer binding. More than 100 full color illustrations.

The Christmas Book—A Partial List of Contents

THE MIRACLE
In Bethlehem, St. Luke — *The Coming of Three Kings,* St. Matthew — *Angels Come Down,* Reverend Billy Graham — *What Was the Christmas Star?* Arthur C. Clarke — *Winter Wonder,* Donald Culross Peattie — *A Christmas Prayer,* Robert Louis Stevenson

STORIES
A Christmas Carol, Charles Dickens — *The Fir Tree,* Hans Christian Andersen — *The Gift of the Magi,* O. Henry — *The Child Who is King,* George Horace Lorimer — *Kidnapped Santa Claus,* L. Frank Baum — *Christmas on the Prairie,* Laura Ingalls Wilder — *The Christmas Tree in Brooklyn,* Betty Smith

TREASURES
Poem from the King's Prayerbook, author unknown — *The Christmas Coach,* Washington Irving — *A Visit From St. Nicholas,* Clement C. Moore — *Susie's Letter From Santa,* Mark Twain — *Yes, Virginia, There Is a Santa,* Francis P. Church — *Christmas Gifts, Giving and Getting,* Irvin S. Cobb

CELEBRATION
The Feast of Christmas, Silas Spitzer and Charlotte Turgeon, with recipes from the *All-American Cookbook* — The Songs of Christmas including: *"O, Little Town of Bethlehem," "God, Rest Ye Merry, Gentlemen," "Silent Night," "O, Come All Ye Faithful"* — The Decorations of Christmas, things to make and to do.

The CHRISTMAS BOOK is also available in your local book store.

MAIL TO: The Saturday Evening Post Book Division
P.O. Box 528B
Indianapolis, Indiana 46206

☐ YES! Please rush, in time for Christmas, _____ volumes of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST CHRISTMAS BOOK, for which I've enclosed $11.95 each, plus $1.25 each for postage and handling, a total of $13.20. I understand that if I'm not delighted with this beautifully illustrated book, featuring more than two dozen Norman Rockwell paintings, I may return it for a full money-back refund. (Please allow 3 weeks for delivery.)

☐ Check or money order enclosed. Credit Card No. _____
☐ VISA ☐ Master Charge Expiration Date _____

Signature _____
Print Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Indiana residents add 4% sales tax.

9H

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Monroe that six close members of her family worked at Amway and simply *adored* it. My coffee was served to me as if I were a Mongolian warlord drinking rose tea in the pavilion of one of his concubines. That's the way Jay and Rich turn 'em on.

Well, I couldn't interview 300,000 distributors of Amway, but I did contact one of them, Frank Cook of Indianapolis, who has been with Amway 15 years now, and whose wife Nell, along with her two sisters and mother, not to overlook a daughter who devotes part time to Amway after a daily stint at a top regional advertising outfit, constitute a selling team which is the classic, irresistible force, all charm and persuasion. Frank is a trim, well-set-up, mid-40ish guy who took an engineering degree in college, went on to become a prominent publishing and then advertising executive, and still found that his life was strangely wanting, that he was wearing himself out running in the same place to keep up in the rat race. "I was losing money every day I went to work."

Amway changed all that. Frank has a handsome country spread on a lake near Indy, plenty of land, and not much is lacking there, inside or out, for an enviable family life. By any standards, he is obviously successful financially. And he is one of the best adjusted men I have ever encountered. In my opinion, he could succeed in anything he tackles, but Amway seems to be just his cup of tea.

Frank decided that the best way to explain Amway was not to talk about himself, but to involve me in some of his activities.

The first was a whizzer. On his own, he imported for a weekend a couple of behavioral psychologists from Alabama, and invited some 100 Amway distributors to a seminar which occupied from 12:00 noon to 6:00 p.m. of their time on both a Saturday and succeeding Sunday afternoon. He hired a clubhouse in a residential complex for the occasion, brought along a box lunch for the gang, and set them down in the clubhouse lounge for what should have been an ordeal.

Don't you believe it. They had a whopping good time. The air was filled with friendly gabble and laughter. And at 6:00 p.m. they were still asking questions of the lecturers, and had to be shooed home.

During a break, while we were "taking five" during the lecture, Frank ticked off the background of some of those present. A banker from Michigan. An interior decorator from a famous department store in the East. Pharmacist, basketball coach, manufacturer's rep. (owns three retail clothing stores). Teacher, social worker, veterinarian (owns hospital). Attorney who heads own firm. Greeting card supplier, deputy sheriff, chef of his own restaurant. Doctor of chemistry, federal government employee, hairdresser, nurses, housewives. And on and on. Frank: "Some of these people reached an income of $100,000 a year in a period from six to eighteen months."

I talked to them. Like it says here in the manual, they are happy, dedicated, proud of what they do.

Question: "Aren't you people a little bit scared of this direct selling business? *I* would be."

Man & Wife: "We were. But not any more. Selling for Amway brings you out of yourself. You're not afraid because you have good products, attractively priced, and a money-back guarantee. You can't beat it. Your customers become your friends."

Former secretary: "Life is more fun selling for Amway than it used to be on my old job. I'm my own boss. I enjoy everything more."

One young man who had been a merchandise manager in a big retail chain and his wife, a nurse at the time, told me of their joy in being together on their Amway distributorships now. "We have our holidays together at last—I used to travel as far as China in my buying, and she'd almost always have calls on weekends and holidays."

I asked him point blank what he found so good about Amway. He answered very thoughtfully: "The integrity at the top. And getting my orders filled fast at all times." This attractive young couple are already sponsoring some distributors in western Canada. Some day, they think, they'll be moving out there. Right now, he's happy where he is, away from the chain gang at the store.

Former teacher: "There's no thrill in the world like teaching. It's one-on-one. It's the same at Amway, only better. I have the thrill of bringing out character and happiness and success in the people I sponsor. It happens over and over again, and every time I become happier myself. I love it."

Finally I asked Frank Cook himself, the super trouper, the virtually unshakable. He's been 15 years with Amway.

"Tell me, Frank, what's *wrong* with Amway?"

He laughs.

"I've been looking for years, and I give up," he says. "There's nothing wrong with Amway."

I wonder what's the long-range future for the

The Perfect Squelch

Enormously proud of her membership in an expensive country club, young Mrs. Hudson invited some friends for a round of golf. As they played the course, she described the club's advantages—its wonderful pool, its marvelous tennis courts, its perfectly manicured greens. She named the club's most impressive members, then went on to glow verbally over such details as the thickness of the club's carpets and the spaciousness of its ballroom.

Finally, in a burst of appreciation of all these blessings of wealth, Mrs. Hudson voiced the startling query, "I wonder what the poor people do on a beautiful day like this?"

In the embarrassed silence that followed, a young voice behind her said, "We caddie."

—*Mrs. Floyd Bentley*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Amway idea. Obviously, the U.S.A. is still a mighty big country and the growth possibilities for Amway—more distributors, more sponsors, more sales—have lots of room from sea to shining sea.

The answer could probably be in the foreign markets, where 75,000 distributorships are already hard at work for the old school.

I asked Jay about this. Can a business system like Amway fit into a foreign culture, say, like Indonesia or some of the emerging Third World countries?

His answer is not in terms of dollars, but in philosophy.

"It's quite reasonable to expect what would happen when we went to Canada, which has essentially the same culture as ours. But we wondered what would happen when we went to Hong Kong or Japan or Malaysia. But the answer, strangely, is exactly the same as here, only perhaps even more so. These people take quickly to the concept of being in business for themselves. It is free enterprise at work, as they see it. The medium is the message. Yes, they see a chance to make money. But mostly they see a chance for individuals to advance themselves by their own efforts."

The Amway idea, then, seems to be universal.

The best recital of the Amway essence I found in Charles Paul Conn's book *The Possible Dream:*

"Jay Van Andel says Amway's special quality is that it says to an individual, 'Okay, work as hard as you want, live where you want to live. The opportunity to move up is here, now you do what you want with it.' That is a powerful challenge. For Amway, or any other company, to extend it to a person is to offer him a rare and valuable thing.

"The dream of Rich DeVos and Jay Van Andel was to build a company that would offer all persons who seek it a chance to change their lives. Their dream was to offer those who would work for it a chance to build their own business, set their own goals, make their own future. That, they said, was the American way. And that is the dream they offer—a possible dream, not a fantasy of a hopeless illusion—but a dream that is anchored in the reality of a solid record of corporate growth."

The wheel of my Amway visit turns back to little Ada once more, where I started out. Why did they settle here with this enormous enterprise?

Rich: "Well, when Jay and I were starting out, we always thought of Ada as the place we'd like to live some day. So, when we came to the decision as to where we'd put down the base of the Amway business, we came here."

As I leave Ada and head back for Grand Rapids, I choose the longer route—I follow the winding Thornapple for a few miles. I understand how far a youthful dream can take a man, if he stays with it long enough.

Far enough, it would seem, to be doing what he'd like to do, where he'd like to do it.

And there's not much wrong with that, is there, when you put it all together in The Big Picture? ☒

Maurice Stans

continued from page 36

completely exonerated on all counts. As an interesting side issue, although Connally was not, a number of other politicians were found badly stained with milk money—among them Hubert Humphrey.

There will be those who will say: "This is all Maurice Stans' version; how can we believe it to be true?" There's an answer to that. Millions were spent, thousands of files were collected. Zealous and vicious young prosecutors tried for years. Yet none could find one instance of perjury by Maurice Stans.

The pity is that this is just another Watergate book. The book tries but nobody can really give Maurice Stans back his good name. Luckily he has his rock-ribbed self-respect and a loyal family to sustain him. ☒

Karen Silkwood

continued from page 35

ial in his next job, that of the key staffer in congressional investigations of K-M.

In the months immediately following Karen's death, the activists dominated the media, while steely-eyed Dean McGee pursed his mouth, disbelieving that the great corporation he helped build would be so defamed. ☒

This is Part I of a two-part article on The Silkwood Tragedy. Part II will run in the December issue of SatEvePost.

Did You Know?

The word *shrink*, from *head shrinker*, became popular in the 1960s. Did you know that the word first appeared, according to the *Dictionary of American Slang*, in a short story, "High-Pressure Girl," by Steve McNeil, which was published in *The Saturday Evening Post* of August 10, 1957? In "High-Pressure Girl," a character remarked, "You talk like one of those head shrinkers—a psychiatrist."

Now you know.

Gifts of Nature's Finest Fruit-Paks

Give a Smile this holiday with beautiful gift boxes and baskets of juicy Crown Comice pears, giant Oranges, crunchy Apples, Avocados and Kiwifruit — plus dried and glaceed fruit favorites; fruit cakes, and hickory smoked meats. Write or phone today for your Free 22-page color catalog.

Mission Orchards, 2296 Senter Road, Box 6947-J, San Jose, CA 95150, Toll-Free: 800-648-5600, Op. 54.

FREE! 22 PAGE CATALOG OF SMILES. SEND FOR IT TODAY!

Mission Orchards

Text Credits

Page 42, reproduced by permission of Coward, McCann & Geoghegan, Inc., from the book *The Yoga Way to Release Tension* by Rachel Carr, illustrations by Lee Eriquezzo, copyright© 1974 by Rachel Carr.

Photo & Illustration Credits

Page 14, 69, Black Star; 18, 20, 22, 24 and 26, Ted Wise; 28, *Daily Oklahoman*; 36, Everest House; 42-46, 48, Lucian Lupinski, reworked from originals by Lee Eriquezzo; 51, 52 (bottom) and 53 (bottom right), Alpha; 50, 52 (top), 53 (top, left and right), Professional Color Services; 58-60, 61, 62, Amway Corporation; 67 and 68 (top), United Artists; 66, 68 (bottom), Transworld Feature Syndicate; 78, 79 (left), St. Jude Children's Research Hospital; 79 (right) and 80 (left and right), Peter C. Borsari; 89 (top right), Alfred A. Knopf; (bottom right), *Washington Star*; (center), University of Capetown Medical School; 90, 91, National Turkey Federation; 104, Pat Crowe, 110 (top right), Nick Longworth; (bottom left), Jenine Howard; (bottom right), Greater New Orleans Tourist & Convention Commission; 115 (top), Lucian Lupinski.

WITHIN 2 OR 3 YEARS OF RETIREMENT?

ENJOY an Arizona Vacation in a lovely apartment in

Sun City West

STANDARD OF THE WORLD IN RESORT-RETIREMENT LIVING

A FABULOUS RESORT VACATION FOR ONE OR TWO PEOPLE JUST $150 *

Golf, tennis, swimming and special parties are just a few of the things you'll be invited to enjoy. Plus you'll stay in a beautiful air conditioned apartment with a completely equipped kitchen, color TV, attached carport and private patio. Just 15 miles from exciting Phoenix. Easy drive to the Grand Canyon, Mexico or Las Vegas.

*INTRODUCTORY RATE:
For 1 week: Oct. 16, 1979-May 31, 1980
For 2 weeks: June 1, 1980-Oct. 15, 1980
Rates subject to change without notice

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

DEL E. WEBB DEVELOPMENT CO. DEPT. SV-119
P.O. BOX 1725, SUN CITY, ARIZONA 85372

Send all details on the $150 Vacation Special plus full-color brochure to:

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

*One guest to be 50 or over, none under 18. Reservations limited to available dates. Return visit Rate: $200
13601 Meeker Blvd., Sun City West, AZ
Equal Housing Opportunity Employer
Sun City West is not a lot sales development

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Release Tension

continued from page 48

work your way out of it. The surest way to do this is to take a few of the most urgent tasks and pitch into them, one at a time, setting aside all the rest for the time being. Once you dispose of these you'll see that the remainder is not such a "horrible mess" after all. You'll be in the swing of things, and the rest of the tasks will go much more easily. If you feel you can't set anything aside to tackle things this sensible way, reflect: Are you sure you aren't overestimating the importance of the things you do?

7. *Shun the "superman" urge.* Some people expect too much from themselves, and get into a constant state of worry and anxiety because they think they are not achieving as much as they should. They try for perfection in everything. Admirable as this ideal is, it is an open invitation to failure. No one can be perfect in everything. Decide which things you do well, and then put your major effort into these. They are apt to be the things you like to do and, hence, those that give you the most satisfaction. Give them the best of your effort and ability, but don't take yourself to task if you can't achieve the impossible.

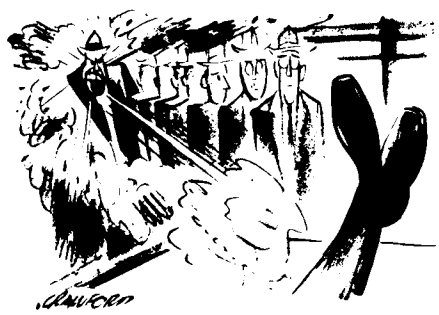
8. *Go easy with your criticism.* Some people expect too much of others, and then feel frustrated, let down, disappointed, even "trapped" when another person does not measure up. The "other person" may be a wife, a husband or a child whom we are trying to fit into a preconceived pattern—perhaps even trying to make over to suit ourselves. People who feel let down by the shortcomings (real or imagined) of their relatives are really let down about themselves. Instead of being critical about the other person's behavior, search out the good points and help him to develop them. This will give both of you satisfaction and help you to gain a better perspective on yourself as well.

9. *Give the other fellow a break.* When people are under emotional tension, they often feel that they have to "get there first"—to edge out the other person, no matter if the goal is as trivial as getting ahead on the highway. If enough of us feel that way—and many of us do—then everything becomes a race in which somebody is bound to get injured—physically, as on the highway, or emotionally and mentally, in the endeavor to live a full life. It need not be this way. Competition is contagious, but so is cooperation. When you give the other fellow a break, you very often make things easier for yourself; if he no longer feels you are a threat to him, he stops being a threat to you.

10. *Make yourself "available."* Many of us have the feeling that we are being "left out," slighted, rejected. Often, we just imagine that other people feel this way about us, when in reality they are eager for us to make the first move. It may be we, not the others, who are depreciating ourselves. Instead of shrinking away and withdrawing, it is much healthier, as well as more practical, to continue to "make yourself available"—to make some of the overtures instead of always waiting to be asked. ☒

You be the Judge

By William Donaldson



Mr. Bangs dutifully obeyed a summons to appear in police court to pay two dollars for a parking violation. At the court, he waited patiently behind a long line of fellow traffic violators. Suddenly he realized the line was halted at the desk of a clerk who sat with his feet up on the desk reading the morning paper.

"I'm a busy man!" Bangs called from the rear of the line. "Will you please take my two dollars so I can get back to work?"

The clerk lowered his paper, stared at Bangs with all the animation of a dead codfish, and replied: "Your ticket says report at ten. It's only nine-fifty. Wait a while."

At that display of petty bureaucracy, Bangs exploded. "You big muttonhead," he yelled, "get to work! Do you think you're the tsar around here?" That time, Bangs got action. The clerk had him arrested and charged with disorderly conduct. In due course, the case came to trial.

"The law," the clerk stated, "says that anyone who utters 'loud and offensive language in a public place' is guilty of disorderly conduct, and that is certainly what Bangs did."

"The law was never intended to apply to relatively mild terms like *muttonhead*," Bangs replied. "I didn't really curse him. I just described him."

If you were the judge, would you turn Bangs loose?

Bangs won. The state supreme court pointed out that muttonhead, *according to the dictionary, merely means a "dull, heavy and uninteresting person." It ruled that the disorderly-conduct law never meant to apply to "so trivial a phrase."*

(Based upon a 1929 New Jersey decision)

Colombia

continued from page 109

modern plumbing and—best of all—the absence of any human sound.

There was stillness the evening I stood on the prow of my boatel. Darkness filled my ears and eyes. The river sleeps at night. Winds that push the current cease at sunset. Day water faceted like hand-hammered copper now lies oil-smooth.

It is said the manatee and deer are lovers. The manatee swims the stag on her moonlit back as the night breathes softly. After they tell this story, the Indians put a small violin-shaped instrument into their mouths and resonate it against their palates. No one, except the player, can hear this music. A similar, longer instrument can be heard, but only by those who are very far away.

I climb into my hammock and rock in its womb and wake with the wind at dawn. Now the jungle is glazed with a marmalade light. Each minute something new comes down the current. Lilies trailing delicate tendrils hula in the backwash, cluster into dancing wreathes, swirl downstream. Big bubbles follow. They tell of underwater whirlpools, of vacuums created by submerged crisscrossed trees.

Water sweeps into the vacuum with force and surges out again in a convex shape that appears on the surface as a bubble. "If you're ever caught in one," our guide warned, "hold your breath and hope the hole is big enough to fit through. If it is, you'll shoot to the surface like a fountain."

Dolphins appear next, heralding canoes of Indian women in pink and yellow dresses going to Leticia's market. The river is a friendly freeway. We wave. Now sweetness scents the air: The morning-glories have opened, attracting hairy bees the size of thumbs and birds, a kaleidoscope of birds hooting, screeching, gonging, warbling while

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a voice on a radio deep in the jungle intones the daily Mass.

This voice hovers, too, above the market in Leticia where vendors hawk corn and crackers, sticks of soap, guava fudge and severed hoofs of pigs. The voice threads through the sun-blackened dock where mestizoes trade salted fish for oil. It rests on the shoulders of men wearing sackcloth pushing tripe carts from butcher to restaurant. *"Y llamo Dios a la luz Dia y a las tinieblas llamo Noche. Y fue la tarde y la manana un Dia. . ."*

The Indians arrive. They dock their longboats below the market, walk barefoot up to and upon the white tile floors and bargain along the walls. Bargain while sudden rain beats on the tin roofs and music throbs from record players. Bargain while growling dogs rip shreds of fat from discarded hides and stews spit over the sides of braziers. Then the Indians gulp orange juice laced with raw eggs, load live turkeys and provisions into their canoes and steal quietly upstream before the sun melts the air above the river, beginning a new day. ☒

Thanksgiving

continued from page 91

6 minutes.

Spoon the rice on a nonmetal serving platter. Cover with the turkey steaks.

Stir the cornstarch into the water and add to the remaining broth. Microwave 1 minute. Whisk and pour over the turkey. Cool, cover with aluminum foil and then refrigerate.

To reheat in microwave oven: Allow the turkey dish to come to room temperature. Microwave on High 5 to 7 minutes giving the dish a quarter turn after 3 minutes.

Stuffed Acorn Squash

1 acorn squash (¾-1 pound)
2 tablespoons butter or margarine, melted
2 tablespoons chopped walnuts
2 tablespoons sweet sherry
¼ teaspoon salt
1/8 teaspoon pepper

Wash the squash and split it in half.

Microwave oven: Wrap each half in plastic and place on a dish. Microwave on High for 5 minutes, giving the dish a quarter turn after the first 3 minutes. Test to be sure the squash is cooked. Remove from the oven and turn upside down on a small nonmetal serving dish.

Conventional oven: Place the squash on a rack in a small roasting pan containing water. Bake 40 minutes at 350 degrees F., or until tender. Remove from the oven and turn upside down on a small oven-serving platter.

Combine the butter or margarine, walnuts, sherry, salt and pepper and di-

Continued on following page

...on keeping things "spiffy."

Any antiques? Got a bathroom? Copperware? How about dishes? Lots of enamelware? Plenty of fabrics? One car, two cars? Garage? When it comes to the old shining and cleaning game ***Bar Keepers Friend*** is a consistent winner. *"Plenty of other cleansers just as good?"* Don't you believe it. This tireless workhorse is in a class all of its own. When shopping, look for the bright golden can in the cleanser section.

(If not available, use our get-acquainted offer below.)

The Country Store P.O. Box 1144 Indianapolis, IN 46206

Please send me two 12 ounce cans of Bar Keepers Friend. $1.50 plus 25¢ for postage and handling enclosed. ☐Check ☐Money order.

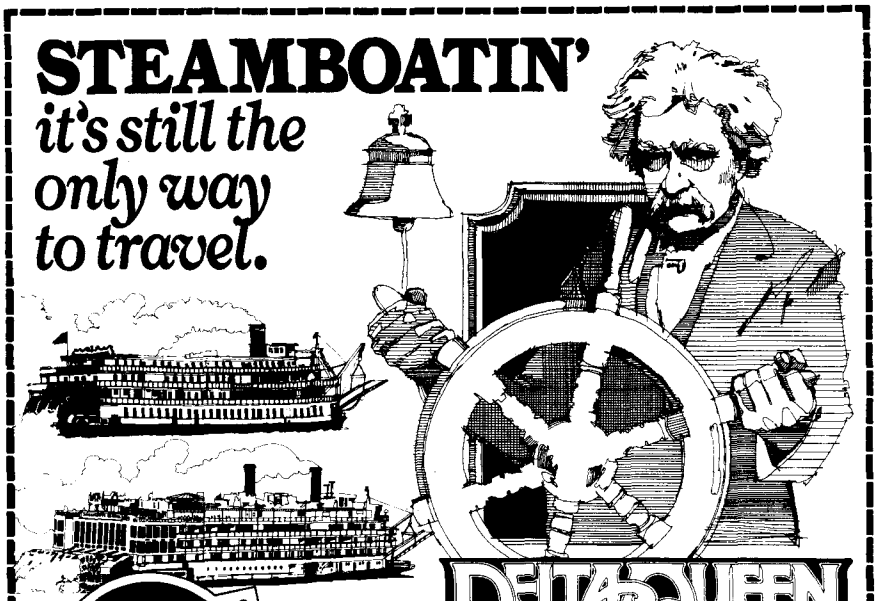
Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State ..... Zip .....

9H

STEAMBOATIN'
it's still the only way to travel.



NOW SAVE UP TO $400 PER COUPLE
On a steamboat cruise to the deep south, November through February. Money saving Fly/cruise options also available.

Cruises from 2 to 14 nights.

DELTA QUEEN STEAMBOAT CO.
DELTA QUEEN
MISSISSIPPI QUEEN

Free Full-Color Brochures
Distribution Department, Box EP01
The Delta Queen Steamboat Co., 511 Main Street,
Cincinnati, Ohio 45202
☐ Please send me your 1980 deluxe, full-color brochures.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State ..... Zip .....

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

vide the mixture between the two halves. Cover with aluminum foil or plastic according to which oven is to be used for reheating.

Before serving:

Microwave oven: Microwave on High for 2 minutes. Give the dish a quarter turn and microwave 2 minutes longer. Remove the plastic cover and let stand 4 minutes before serving.

Conventional oven: Bake the squash 20 minutes at 350 degrees F. Remove the foil and bake 5 minutes longer.

Succotash Pudding

1 package frozen succotash
1 tablespoon butter or margarine
2 teaspoons unbleached flour
1 cup chicken broth
1 egg yolk
½ beaten egg (For ¼ beaten egg, beat the whole egg and divide by the tablespoon. One large egg measures 4 tablespoonfuls.)
1/8 teaspoon white pepper

In advance:

Cook the succotash in 1 cup of water in a covered saucepan for 5 minutes after the water comes to a boil. Drain and measure out 1 cup, reserving the rest for future use in soup or croquettes.

Heat the butter or margarine in a small saucepan and stir in the flour. When they are blended together, add the broth and stir until lightly thickened. Remove from the heat and whisk in the egg yolk and 2 tablespoons of beaten egg, saving the leftover egg for the cookies. Add the succotash and pepper and divide between two lightly buttered ramekins or custard cups. Cover and refrigerate.

Before serving:

Conventional oven: Allow the ramekins to come to room temperature. Put the ramekins in a pan of hot water and bake for 45 minutes at 350 degrees F.

Microwave oven: Microwave on Low for 6 to 7 minutes, placing the dishes 6 inches apart and giving each a quarter turn halfway through the process.

Cranberry Timbales

1 cup (8 ounces) cranberry sauce
2 tablespoons water
1 teaspoon grated orange rind
1 tablespoon Grand Marnier or Cointreau
Orange peel

Heat the sauce with the water and orange rind, whisking until smooth. Remove from the heat and stir in the liqueur. Place a strip or round of thin orange peel in the bottom of small muffin tins. Spoon a tablespoon of sauce in each tin. Chill.

Serve on a small platter intertwined with watercress, or use as a garnish for the turkey.

Celery Curls

Make the celery curls in this way: Cut the tender stalks into narrow strips and then soak them in a dish of ice water. Serve in a glass dish with some small ice cubes.

Pumpkin Whip

1 egg
2 tablespoons brown sugar
¾ cup cooked, mashed pumpkin
3 tablespoons milk
¼ teaspoon nutmeg
¼ teaspoon cinnamon
2 teaspoons plain gelatin
2 tablespoons water
2 tablespoons white sugar
¼ cup whipping cream or dairy topping
2 tablespoons diced candied ginger

Separate the yolk from the white, putting the yolk in the top part of a double boiler and the white into a bowl. Beat the egg yolk and brown sugar with a whisk until frothy. Add the pumpkin, milk and spices. Cook over boiling water, whisking until the mixture thickens. Remove from the heat and stir in the gelatin softened in the water. Mix well and pour into a bowl. Chill in the refrigerator until almost firm.

Beat the egg white until almost stiff. Continue beating, adding the white sugar gradually. Fold into the pumpkin mixture and spoon into tulip wine glasses or parfait dishes. Chill well.

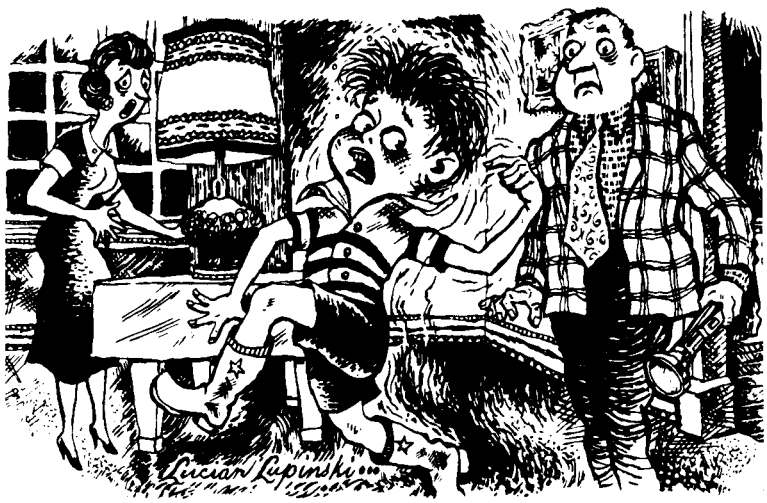
Before serving: Top with unsweetened whipped cream or dairy topping and sprinkle with candied ginger.

Thanksgiving Oatmeal Giant Cookies

(4 large cookies)

4 tablespoons butter or margarine
5 tablespoons maple sugar
2 tablespoons beaten egg (see succotash pudding)
1 tablespoon orange juice
1 cup Old Fashioned Quaker Oats
½ teaspoon vanilla
5 tablespoons unbleached flour
¼ teaspoon soda
1/8 teaspoon salt
½ cup chopped walnuts

Cream the butter and sugar using a food processor or rotary beater. Stir in the egg, orange juice, oat flakes, vanilla, flour, soda, salt if desired, and walnuts. Mix briefly and drop by large tablespoonfuls on an oil-sprayed nonstick baking sheet. Bake 12 minutes at 350 degrees F.



WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE DONE?

One hot summer night, our small children were playing in the yard by the porch light. Suddenly, our six-year-old son ran into the house screaming and crying, "I've got a bug in my ear!" We could see nothing, but the boy would almost go into hysterics when the bug moved around.

The hour was late and we were miles from a doctor or a hospital; however, we solved the problem without leaving our home. Have you already guessed the simple solution?

Remembering that insects swarm to light, I got a flashlight and shined the beam across the opening of my son's ear. Instantly, a small black beetle came crawling out to the light!

—Doris Johnson

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Slip into pretty, ***perfect-warmth*** this winter!

cozy... cuddly...

the Body Bundler™

THE NEW, *MODERN* COMFORTER CONCEPT EVERYBODY'S RAVING ABOUT!

- Great For After-Bath To Avoid Chills & Cold (Especially Children)!
- Perfect For Sitting, Lounging, Late-Night TV Viewing— Even Catnapping!

You'll really warm-up to this terrific new comforter idea. Cozy'n cuddly 'Body Bundler'™ is a lightweight, insulated 'envelope' that simply invites you to ***slip inside*** its welcome warmth. Has all those fine old quilt qualities—but ***BETTER!*** More than just a cover-up, 'Body Bundler'™ ***surrounds*** you in puffy, quilted luxury to keep out drafts . . . keep in body heat. Velvety soft, brushed velour lining. Warmer than any common robe. Great for after-bath to avoid chills and cold (especially children). Really roomy, so you can move your legs and wiggle your toasty toes. Perfect for sitting, lounging, late-night TV viewing, even catnapping. Oversized sleeves leave arms and hands free for reading, knitting, snacking, etc. Bright, quality-built old fashioned-style patchwork print reminds you of the comforters grandmother used to make. Colorfast, tear-resistant cotton and polyester cover with 100% polyester fiberfill . . . durable nylon stitching and no-snag zipper. Easy machine washable . . . dryer safe. Choice of Sizes: STANDARD (30" x 63"); LARGE (31" x 77"); EXTRA LARGE (34" x 84"); 'Body Bundler'™ is sure to be a favorite with the whole family, so you'd better get two . . . or more! Sizes to fit everyone. See coupon for special two-of-a-kind discount prices that will save you money. Order NOW!!

NEW HAMPTON GENERAL STORE'S MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

You must be delighted with your 'Body Bundler'™. You must agree it is a quality product that provides warmth beyond compare. If not, simply return it for a full refund of purchase price . . . no questions asked. Now, that's a guarantee in writing!

New Hampton General Store
340 Poplar St., Hanover, Pa. 17331

NOTE: 'Body Bundler'™ is economical . . . can easily pay for itself in fuel savings the very first winter! So, turn down your thermostat and conserve energy. (It's healthier, too!)

Satisfaction Guaranteed . . . Mail Coupon NOW!

NEW HAMPTON GENERAL STORE, Dept. BZ-7842
340 Poplar St., Hanover PA 17331

Please rush ____ 'Body Bundler(s)'™ as indicated below on **FULL MONEY BACK GUARANTEE.**
ORDER TWO-OF-A-KIND AND SAVE MONEY!

SIZE	QTY.	PRICES	SHIPPING
STANDARD Z492165 (30" x 63")		One @ $18.88	$2.00
		Two @ $36.00	$3.50
LARGE Z492173 (31" x 77")		One @ $24.88	$2.50
		Two @ $47.00	$4.50
EXTRA-LARGE Z492181 (34" x 84")		One @ $29.88	$3.00
		Two @ $55.00	$5.00

Enclosed is $_____ (PA residents add sales tax)
CHARGE IT:
☐ American Express ☐ Carte Blanche
☐ VISA/BankAmericard ☐ Diners Club
☐ Master Charge Interbank No. _____
Acc't No. _____ Exp. Date _____

PRINT NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

Sub-Total . . . . . $_____
Shipping Total . . . . . $_____
Tax (PA res.) . . . . . $_____
TOTAL . . . . . $_____

☐ Check here and send 50c for year's subscription to our full-color catalog of exciting gifts, (Z618314X). We ship within forty-eight hours; delays notified promptly. Delivery guaranteed within sixty days or your purchase price refunded.

©New Hampton General Store 1979

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHERE IN THE WORLD?

(Answers from page 110)

1 King Louis IX's crusaders headed east to the promised land, but the Gateway Arch at St. Louis marks the settlers' gateway to the American West.

2 The British crown colony of Hong Kong was acquired on a 99-year lease from China, due to expire in 1997.

3 An account of the *Sea Venture*'s wreck on Bermuda became a source for Shakespeare's play *The Tempest.*

4 It was here at New Orleans' Jackson Square that the Louisiana Purchase was signed in 1803.

Where Do You Think You Are?

from page 102

1. N. Carolina
2. N. Dakota
3. Washington
4. Wisconsin
5. Wyoming
6. Tennessee
7. Maine
8. California
9. Florida

Bahia Mar. Ft. Lauderdale's private island resort.

On a 40-acre island in Ft. Lauderdale, you'll find one of the most unique resorts in the country. Bahia Mar Hotel & Yachting Center. With a towering 300-room luxury hotel and a magnificent 350-slip marina. Plus fine restaurants, lounges and shops. All on the Intracoastal and Lauderdale's famous 7-mile beach and minutes from great fishing, diving and sailing in the Atlantic.

Bahia Mar. Florida's popular marina resort.

BAHIA MAR

HOTEL & YACHTING CENTER

Ft. Lauderdale, Florida 33316
Toll-free
(in Florida, 1-800-432-3746)

True Grit

continued from page 103

When he came back from his second trip to the woods he brought a load of limbs for the fireplace. He built up a big fire so there would be light and smoke and indicate that the cabin was occupied. Then he went out and joined LaBoeuf and the horses in the brush arbor. The dugout, as I have said, was set back in a hollow where two slopes pinched together in a kind of V. It was a good place for what Rooster had in mind. He directed LaBoeuf to take his horse and find a position up on the north slope about midway along one stroke of the V, and explained that he would take a corresponding position on the south slope. Nothing at all was said about me, and I elected to stay with Rooster.

He said to LaBoeuf, "Find you a good place up yonder and then don't move about. Don't shoot unless you hear me shoot. What we want is to get them all in the dugout. I will kill the last one to go in to give them to know our intentions is serious. After my first shot I will call down and see if they will be taken alive. If they won't we will shoot them as they come out."

"There is nothing in this plan but a lot of killing," said LaBoeuf. "We want Chelmsford alive, don't we? Why don't I try to wing him before he gets inside?"

"I don't like that," said Rooster. "If there is any shooting before they get in that dugout we are likely to come up with an empty sack."

"All right," said LaBoeuf. "But if they do break I am going for Chelmsford."

"You are liable to kill him with that big Sharps no matter where you hit him. You go for Ned and I will try to nick this Chaney in the legs. Now get on up there. Don't go to sleep and don't get the jimjams."

Rooster took a cedar bough and brushed around over all our tracks in front of the dugout. Then we took our horses and led them up the hill in a roundabout route along a rocky stream bed. We went over the crest and Rooster posted me there with the horses and left to go for his ambush position.

I said, "I cannot see anything from here."

He said, "This is where I want you to stay."

"I am going with you."

We started back over the ridge together. He found us a place behind a big log that offered a good view of the hollow and the dugout. Rooster loaded his rifle from a sack of cartridges and placed the sack on the log, where he would have it ready at hand. He got out his revolver and put a cartridge into the one chamber that he kept empty under the hammer. I bunched myself up inside the slicker and rested my head against the log. I tried to sleep but it was too cold. I asked Rooster what he had done before he became a federal marshal.

"I done everything but keep school," said he.

"Did you fight in the war?"

"Yes, I did."

"Did you lose your eye in the war?"

"I lost it in the fight at Lone Jack out of Kansas City. My horse was down, too, and I was all but blind. Cole Younger crawled out under a hail of fire and pulled me back."

"Do you know Jesse James?"

"I don't remember him. Potter told me he was with us at Centralia and killed a Yankee major there."

"Now you are working for the Yankees."

"Well, the times has changed."

"Do you like being a marshal?"

"I believe I like it better than anything I done since the war. Nothing I like to do pays well."

Rooster talked all night. I would doze off and wake up and he would still be talking. I did not give credence to everything he said.

I was asleep when the bandits arrived. Rooster shook me awake and said, "Here they come." It was false dawn and you could see broad shapes and outlines but you could not make out details. I counted six riders. Six armed men against two! They exercised no caution at all and my thought was: *Rooster's plan is working fine.* But when they were about 50 yards from the dugout they stopped.

Rooster whispered to me, "Do you see your man?"

I said, "I cannot see their faces."

He said, "That little one without the hat is Ned Pepper."

One of the bandits made a sound like a turkey gobbling. He waited and gobbled again and then another time, but of course there was no reply from the vacant dugout. Two of the bandits then rode up to the dugout and dismounted. One of them called out several times for Quincy. Rooster said, "That is Haze." The two men then entered the cabin with their arms ready. In a minute or so they came out and searched around outside. Then the man Haze called back to the bandits who had remained mounted, saying, "The horses are here. It looks like Moon and Quincy have stepped out."

Lucky Ned Pepper said, "Quincy would not leave a warm fire to go track a rabbit at night. That is no answer."

Rooster identified the man with Haze as a Mexican gambler from Fort Worth, Texas, who called himself The Original Greaser Bob. I looked hard at

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the mounted bandits but mere effort was not enough to pierce the shadows and make out faces.

Lucky Ned Pepper pulled one of his revolvers and fired it rapidly three times in the air. There followed an expectant silence.

In a moment there came a loud report from the opposite ridge and Lucky Ned Pepper's horse was felled as though from a poleax. Then more shots from the ridge and the bandits were seized with panic and confusion. It was LaBoeuf over there firing his heavy rifle as fast as he could load it.

Rooster cursed and rose to his feet and commenced firing and pumping his Winchester repeating rifle. He shot Haze and The Original Greaser before they could mount their horses. Haze was killed where he stood. When Rooster turned to direct his fire on the other bandits, The Original Greaser, who was only wounded, got to his feet and caught his horse and rode out behind the others. I was mesmerized and proved to be of no help.

Now I will back up and tell of the others. Lucky Ned Pepper was bowled over with his horse but he quickly crawled from under the dead beast and cut his saddle wallets free with a knife. The other three bandits had already spurred their horses away from the deadly "cockpit," as I may call it, and they were firing their rifles and revolvers at LaBoeuf on the run.

Lucky Ned Pepper shouted after the riders and pursued them on foot in a zigzag manner. Rooster could not hit him. The bandit was well named Lucky, and his luck was not through running yet. In all the booming and smoke and confusion, one of his men chanced to hear his cries and he wheeled his horse about and made a dash back to pick up his boss. Just as the man reached Lucky Ned Pepper he was knocked clean from the saddle by a well-placed shot from LaBoeuf's powerful rifle. Lucky Ned Pepper expertly swung aboard in the man's place without so much as a word or a parting glance at the fallen friend who had dared to come back and save him. He rode low, and the Mexican gambler followed him out and they were gone. The scrap did not last as long as it has taken me to describe it.

Rooster told me to get the horses. He ran down the hill on foot.

The bandits had left two of their number behind and we had forced the others to continue their flight on jaded ponies, but I thought we had little reason to congratulate ourselves. The bandits in the snow were dead men and could tell no tales. We had not identified Chaney among those who escaped. Was he with them? Also, we found that Lucky Ned Pepper had made off with the greater part of the "loot" from the train robbery.

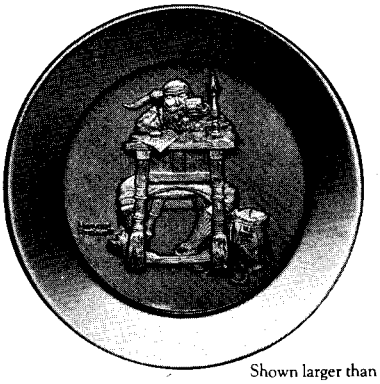
The thing might have fallen out more to our advantage had LaBoeuf not started the fight prematurely. But I cannot be sure. I think Lucky Ned Pepper had no intention of entering that dugout when he discovered the two stock thieves unaccountably missing. So our plan had miscarried. Rooster was disposed to place all the blame on LaBoeuf.

When I reached the bottom of the hill with the horses he was cursing the Texan to his face. I am certain the two must have come to blows if LaBoeuf had not been distracted by a painful wound. A ball had struck his rifle stock, and splinters of wood and lead had torn the soft flesh of his upper arm. He said he had not been able to see well from his position and was moving to a better place when he heard the three signal shots fired by Lucky Ned Pepper. He thought the fight was joined and he stood up from a crouch and threw a quick shot down at the man he had rightly sized up as the bandit chieftain. Rooster called it a likely story and charged that LaBoeuf had fallen asleep and had started shooting from panic when the signal shots awakened him. I grew impatient with their wrangling over the point.

Continued on page 127

The fascination of miniatures...the beloved art of Norman Rockwell...the joy of Christmas—all combined on

The First Annual Nutmeg Collection Miniature Copper Christmas Plate "SANTA'S MAILBAG"



Shown larger than actual ¾" diameter.

- **Each ¾" round, authentically scaled collector plate meticulously crafted in pure gleaming copper.**
- **The original art of Norman Rockwell rendered in bas-relief.**
- **Each plate placed within a beautiful crystalline presentation case and attractively gift boxed.**
- **Edition limited to orders postmarked by December 31, 1979 ...and guaranteed shipment for Christmas delivery on orders received by December 5.**

The closer you look, the more you see! There's Santa holding his quill pen in one hand, a letter in the other. There's his inkwell, the mail sack on the floor, with the words "U.S. Mail." You can even see the texture of the wood on Santa's desk.

What a marvelous miniature plate this is! We're sure Norman Rockwell would have loved it—with the way he lavished such attention on details. We know you'll love it, too—for the warm and wonderful memories it evokes of the time you wrote to Santa! The plate will make a treasured addition to a miniature setting—or display it on its own, for all to admire. (What a lovely gift for a special friend or favorite relative!)

Since this is the very first Nutmeg Collection Miniature Christmas Plate—and since it bears Norman Rockwell's beloved art (and signature!)—it is certain to be sought by collectors and miniature enthusiasts all across the land. To reserve your plate in time, simply complete the form below and return it with your remittance today.

Order Application

The Nutmeg Collection, 210 N. Main Street, Jacksonville, Florida 32202

Please accept my order for *Santa's Mailbag* as follows:

_____ Santa's Mailbag plate(s) @ $9.95 $_____*
Quantity

Shipping and handling @ $1.00 per plate $_____

Total amount enclosed $_____

☐ Please charge the above to my credit card as follows:

☐ Master Charge ☐ Visa

_____
Credit Card Number Expiration Date

Signature_____

Name_____

Address_____

City/State_____ Zip_____

Make check or money order payable to: The Nutmeg Collection.

*Connecticut residents pay $10.65 per plate to include state sales tax.

*Florida residents pay $10.35 per plate to include state sales tax.

SEP

All applications are subject to acceptance by The Nutmeg Collection. N10079

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Muppets

continued from page 53

blonde wig and sang, in dubious tones, "I've Grown Accustomed to Your Face" to a purple monster, which promptly tried to make a meal of Kermit.

Later, another Henson creation, Rowlf the Dog, was seen regularly on country singer Jimmy Dean's ABC music-variety show. Through the '60s, the Muppets appeared regularly on the "Ed Sullivan Show." Sullivan was never known as a master of ceremonies with a gift for precision in his introductions. As Henson recalls, "The first time we were on his show, Ed introduced us as 'Jim Jensen and the Moffits.' "

But not until the Muppets became a part of the variegated troupe on public television's "Sesame Street" were they elevated into the exalted company of household words. Pre-school children—and presumably a number of parents—were their primary audience. In 1974 and again in '76, "The Muppets of Sesame Street" won Emmy awards and a Muppets children's record hit a million dollars in sales.

Ironically, these triumphs negated Henson's concept of the Muppets as entertainment for all ages. He was being pigeonholed as a performer whose appeal was only to children. "It's something I've always faced, this slight condescension toward puppets. I think of Edgar Bergen, a very sophisticated man, who always worked to an adult audience—in theaters, vaudeville, nightclubs, radio, movies, TV. But it's always been practically impossible to talk the networks into any kind of puppet show for adults. We're never thought of for prime time. It's always a vehicle for kids."

When the three major networks turned their collective backs on the Muppets, Henson was terribly frustrated until Lord Lew Grade, England's master showman, invited him to London. There, at Lord Grade's studios, "The Muppets" was produced for showing in Britain and sold for syndication in America in what is known as "prime-time access," the half-hour at 7:30 p.m. which had been taken away from the networks by the Federal Communications Commission in its prime-time access rule.

The British went crackers over "The Muppets." As Les Brown, an astute observer of the television scene, noted in the *New York Times*: "It may be that the British see in the Muppet world a humorous reflection of their own world. The melting-pot character of the show—a commingling of animals, monsters and humans enjoying an equality of the species—is especially relevant to the English situation, where society is changing with the influx of other races. All attempts at Muppet civility (the ballroom dancing sequences, for example) are foiled, as often civility is in England today, by the brash and earthy manners of hairy rock-generation creatures. . . . Pomposity invariably gets blown up, and tradition—symbolized by the squaresville Wayne & Wanda Muppet singing team—sits in a leaky boat."

Your Merriest Christmas of All in THE DECEMBER POST

A visit with Jeannie C. Riley
"Life Sentence" by Charles W. Colson
Jimmy Stewart remembers his friend, John Wayne
Christmas art of the masters
Bethlehem revisited
Christmas trees of many nations
(You can make them!)
Festive foods for family fitness
The amazing astronomical facts behind "The Christmas Star"
Racquetball, the new "in" sport
Terry Bradshaw (man of steel) tells about his religion
The continuing autobiography of Norman Rockwell

Over the years, Henson has judiciously expanded his team, tracking down expert puppeteers in the manner of a major league baseball scout. In 1961, as an example, Henson attended the National Puppetry Convention in Carmel, California, where he spotted Jerry Juhl and Frank Oz working in tandem. With Jane Henson pregnant with their first child, Jim promptly hired Juhl, who was 23, to take her place with the Muppets—but Frank Oz, a prodigy among puppeteers, was barely 17.

Henson exercised patience and waited for Oz to come close to his majority; in 1964, he signed him as a puppeteer, thereby freeing Juhl to concentrate on writing Muppet scripts. Henson's instincts were on the button. A Muppets script co-authored by Juhl would later win a Writers Guild award for the year's best-written television variety show. And Oz earned a reputation as the funniest of all the Muppeteers.

"Frank Oz," says Henson with characteristic respect for a gifted colleague, "is probably the one person most responsible for the wild humor of the Muppets." It was Oz who helped develop Miss Piggy, the show's *femme fatale*, from a minor character into a principal in the cast—gowned in satin and blessed with a pulverizing left hook.

And it is Miss Piggy who does her mightiest to make off with scene-stealing honors in *The Muppet Movie* which has won critical acclaim (one critic enthused: "*The Muppet Movie* is funnier than *Manhattan*, more romantic than *Hurricane* and more sophisticated than *Last Year at Marienbad*") and ample rewards at the box office, as summed up in the following headline in *Daily Variety*: " 'Muppet Movie' Mops Up Moppet Money."

The $8 million production includes a complement of guest performers, all of them avowed Muppet fans, such as Mel Brooks, who expressed his affection with this statement: "I love the Muppets. Their comedy and what they mean stand for one thing—the meek shall inherit the Earth."

In addition to Charles Durning and Austin Pendleton in major roles, the cast includes Bob Hope, Milton Berle, Richard Pryor, Steve Martin, Telly Savalas, Elliott Gould, Carol Kane and, majestic as always, Orson Welles as a mogul named Lew Lord in honor, more or less, of Lord Lew Grade, who financed *The Muppet Movie*.

Welles has a deep fondness for the magic of the Muppets. "Once," says Henson, "I mentioned to Orson that puppetry was a limited form and he shook his head and said, 'The further you get from reality, the closer you get to poetry.' "

The late Edgar Bergen, with Charlie McCarthy perched on his knee, filled a cameo role and the movie is dedicated to his memory. "Edgar," says Henson, "considered our work as taking up where he left off. Edgar once said something to me that I'll never forget. He said, 'Kermit the Frog is Charlie McCarthy's first cousin.' "

Jim Henson pauses in remembrance. Then he says, wistfully: "Were nicer, warmer words ever spoken?"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

True Grit

continued from page 125

The two officers made no move to give pursuit to the robber band and I suggested that we had better make such a move. Rooster said he knew where they were going to earth and he did not wish to risk riding into an ambush along the way. He wanted to take the stolen horses and the dead bandits down to McAlester's and establish a claim to any reward the M. K. & T. Railroad might offer.

LaBoeuf was rubbing snow on the torn places of his arm to check the bleeding. He took off his neckcloth for use as a bandage but he could not manage it with one hand and I helped him.

I heated up the sofky and picked the trash from it and boiled some coffee in the fireplace. LaBoeuf joined Rooster in the stock cave and they strung the six horses together with halters and a long Manila rope and lashed the dead bodies across their backs like sacks of corn.

Rooster could not identify the man who had returned to rescue Lucky Ned Pepper. I say "man." He was really only a boy, not much older than I. His mouth was open and I could not bear to look at him. The man Haze was old with a sallow, wrinkled face.

The two officers found Haze's horse in the woods nearby. He was not injured. Right behind the saddle the horse was carrying two tow sacks, and in these sacks were about 35 watches, some ladies' rings, some pistols, and around $600 in notes and coin. Loot from the passengers of the Katy Flyer! While searching over the ground where the bandits had made their fight, LaBouef turned up some copper cartridge cases. He showed them to Rooster. I said, "What are they?" Rooster said, "This one is a .44 rim-fire from a Henry rifle." Thus we had another clue that Chaney was a member of this outlaw band. But we did not have Chaney.

We took a hasty breakfast and departed the scene of our "scrap" with Lucky Ned Pepper and his band. Our destination was McAlester's store on the M. K. &T. Railroad tracks. As we rode along LaBoeuf commenced whistling tunes, perhaps to take his mind off his arm. Rooster said, "God damn a man that whistles!" It was the wrong thing to say if he wished it to stop. LaBoeuf then had to keep it up to show that he cared little for Rooster's opinion.

We reached J. J. McAlester's store about 10:00 that morning.

There was no real doctor there but there was a young Indian who had some medical training and was competent to set broken bones and dress gunshot wounds. LaBoeuf sought him out.

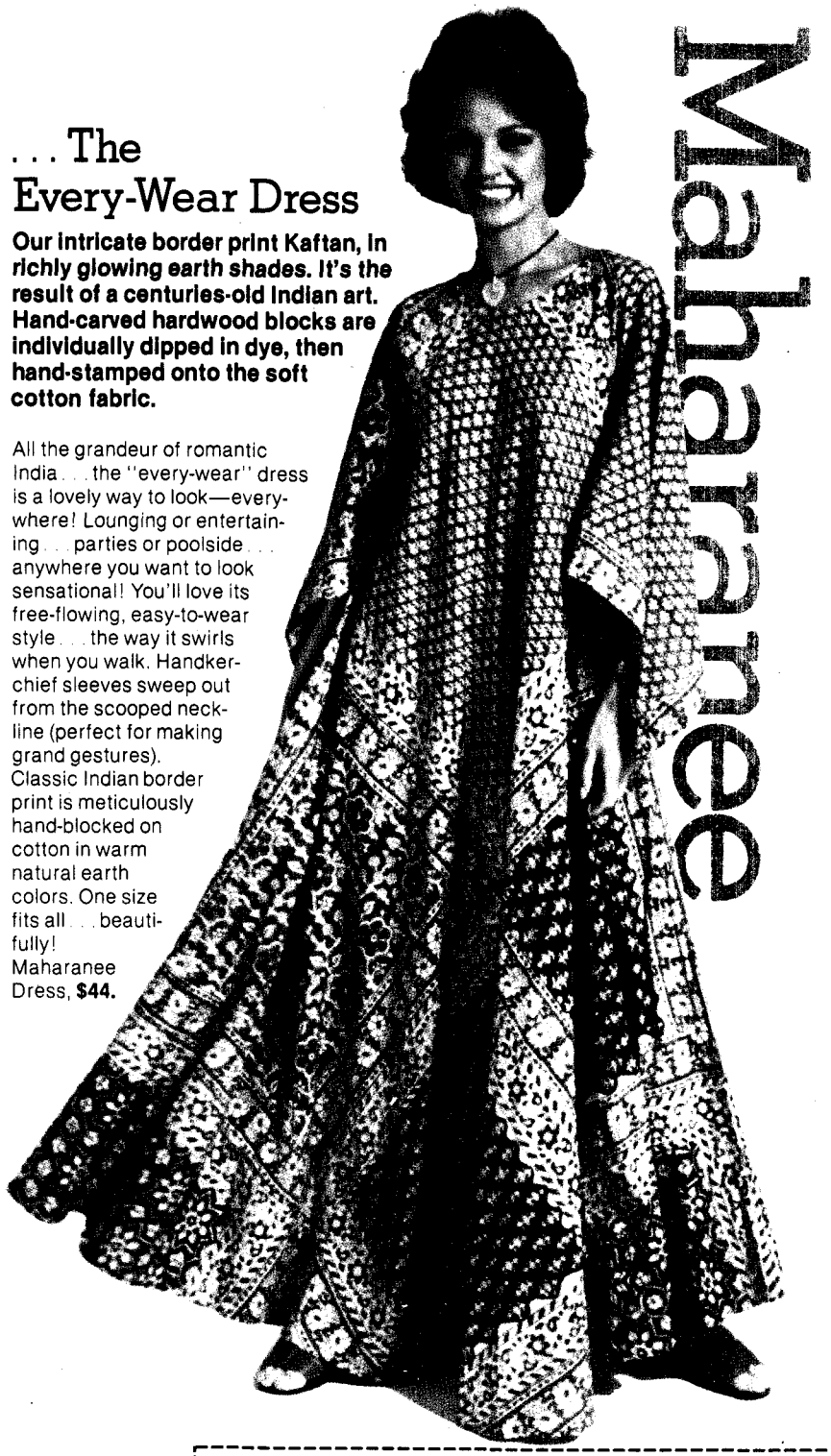
Continued on following page

Maharanee

. . . The Every-Wear Dress

Our intricate border print Kaftan, in richly glowing earth shades. It's the result of a centuries-old Indian art. Hand-carved hardwood blocks are individually dipped in dye, then hand-stamped onto the soft cotton fabric.

All the grandeur of romantic India . . . the "every-wear" dress is a lovely way to look—everywhere! Lounging or entertaining . . . parties or poolside . . . anywhere you want to look sensational! You'll love its free-flowing, easy-to-wear style . . . the way it swirls when you walk. Handkerchief sleeves sweep out from the scooped neckline (perfect for making grand gestures). Classic Indian border print is meticulously hand-blocked on cotton in warm natural earth colors. One size fits all . . . beautifully! Maharanee Dress, **$44.**



The ADAM YORK/ UNIQUE GUARANTEE

Unique ideas. Unique quality. Unique value—accurately described and promptly shipped. Plus a promise: you must be pleased with your purchase **always** (a month from now or a year from now) or your money back fast. That's Adam York's UNIQUE guarantee.

ADAM YORK/UNIQUE PRODUCTS CO., Dept. UZ-5601
340 Poplar Street, Hanover, Pa. 17331

Please send _____ (Qty.) **Maharanee "Every-Wear" Dresses** (#Z906313) @ $44.00 plus $2.00 shipping and handling each.

Enclosed is check or money order (payable to UNIQUE PRODUCTS CO.)

CHARGE MY:

☐ American Express ☐ Carte Blanche ☐ Diners Club
☐ VISA/BankAmericard ☐ Master Charge Interbank # _____

Account # _____ Expiration Date _____

SIGNATURE _____

NAME _____
(please print)

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ **STATE** _____ **ZIP** _____

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I went with Rooster, who searched out an Indian policeman of his acquaintance, a Captain Boots Finch of the Choctaw Light Horse. These police handled Indian crimes only, and where white men were involved the Light Horse had no authority. We found the captain in a small log house, getting his hair cut. He said, "You must have traveled fast if you are here on that train-robbery business."

"That is the business right enough."

"It was little Ned Pepper and five others. I suppose you know that."

"Yes. How much did they get?"

"The railroad agent says they got $17,000 cash and a packet of registered mail from the safe. He has not got a total on the claims of passengers."

"When did you last see Ned?"

"I am told he passed through here two days ago. He and Haze and a Mexican on a round-bellied calico pony."

"I am looking for another man. I think he is with Ned. He is short and has a black mark on his face and he carries a Henry rifle."

Captain Finch thought about it. He said, "No, the way I got it, there was only Haze and the Mexican with Ned. We are watching his woman's house. It is a waste of time and none of my business but I have sent a man out there."

Rooster said, "It is a waste of time all right. I know about where Ned is."

"Yes, I know, too, but it will take 100 marshals to smoke him out."

"It won't take that many. I am running this game. But right now I have got Haze and some youngster out there, along with Emmett Quincy and Moon Garrett. I am after being in a hurry and I wanted to see if you would not bury them boys for me."

Captain Finch pulled the barber's cloth from his neck. He and the barber went with us back to where the horses were tied and Rooster told them about our scrap.

The captain grasped each dead man by the hair of the head and when he recognized a face he grunted and spoke the name. The man Haze had no hair to speak of and Captain Finch lifted his head by the ears. We learned that the boy was called Billy. His father ran a sawmill on the South Canadian River.

Rooster said, "All right, you hold Billy for the family and bury these others. I will post their names in Fort Smith and if anybody wants them they can come dig them up." Then he went along behind the horses, slapping their rumps. He said, "This horse right here belongs to Haze. These others Quincy and Moon stole from somewhere. Hold them for a few days, and if there is no claim on them, get what you can for them and sell the saddles and guns and coats and I will split it with you. Is that fair enough?"

I said, "You told Moon you would send his brother the money owing to him from his traps."

Rooster said, "I forgot where he said to send it."

I said, "It is the district superintendent of the Methodist Church in Austin, Texas. His brother is a preacher named George Garrett."

"All right then, write it down for the captain. Send this man $10, Boots, and tell him his brother got cut and is buried here."

The railroad agent was an older man named Smallwood. He praised us for our pluck and he was very much pleased to see the sacks of cash and valuables we recovered. He assured Rooster that the railroad would do right by him, providing he "clean up" Lucky Ned Pepper's band and recover the rest of the stolen money.

Mr. McAlester, who kept the store, also commended us for our actions. His wife served us a good country dinner with fresh buttermilk. LaBoeuf joined us for the hearty meal. The medical-trained Indian had been able to remove the splinters and lead fragments and he had bound the arm tightly. Naturally the limb remained stiff and sore, yet the Texan enjoyed a limited use of it.

Rooster was not disposed to linger in the settlement. He wished to stay ahead of the posse of marshals that he knew was even then scouring the brush for Lucky Ned Pepper and his band.

We departed the place around noon, traveling east and slightly south, toward the Winding Stair Mountains, where Rooster suspected the bandits had gone to earth. He called the turn when he said "hard riding." We rode like the very "dickens" for about 40 minutes and then dismounted and walked for a spell, giving the horses a rest. We kept up our fast pace until it grew dark, riding hard for 40 or 50 minutes and then going on foot for a piece.

I thought we would never stop, and must be nearing Montgomery, Alabama. When at last we did stop, Rooster said only, "I reckon this will do." It was well after midnight. We were on a more or less level place in a pine forest up in the reaches of the Winding Stair Mountains and that was all I could determine. I was so tired and stiff I could not think straight.

Rooster said he calculated we had come about 50 miles —*50 miles!*—from McAlester's store and were now some four miles from Lucky Ned Pepper's bandit stronghold. Then he wrapped himself up in his buffalo robe and retired without ceremony, leaving LaBoeuf to see to the horses.

Rooster was stirring about the next morning before the sun had cleared the higher mountains to the east. He seemed little worse for the wear. I felt as though I had only just closed my eyes. The water in the canteens was low and they would not let me have any for washing. I got the canvas bucket and put my revolver in it and set off down the hill, looking for a spring or a stream.

The slope was gentle at first and then it fell off rather sharply. The brush grew thicker and I checked my descent by grabbing bushes. As I neared the bottom, I heard splashing and blowing noises. My thought was: *What on earth!* Then I came into the open on a creek bank. On the other side there was a man watering some horses.

The man was none other than Tom Chaney! ☒

(To be continued)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHEN COMET CAN'T BAR KEEPERS FRIEND CAN!

We take the other cleaners to the cleaners.

The market's No. 1 cleanser is a good one. But Bar Keepers Friend has been proven superior in getting out tough stains in test after test.

Bar Keepers Friend is a non-abrasive, talcum-smooth powder with superior cleaning *and polishing* power on most every surface in your home. It's so effective, yet safe, that it's recommended by Tappan, Admiral, and Montgomery Ward for their glass-ceramic cook tops. A sample is even packed in every new range they make.

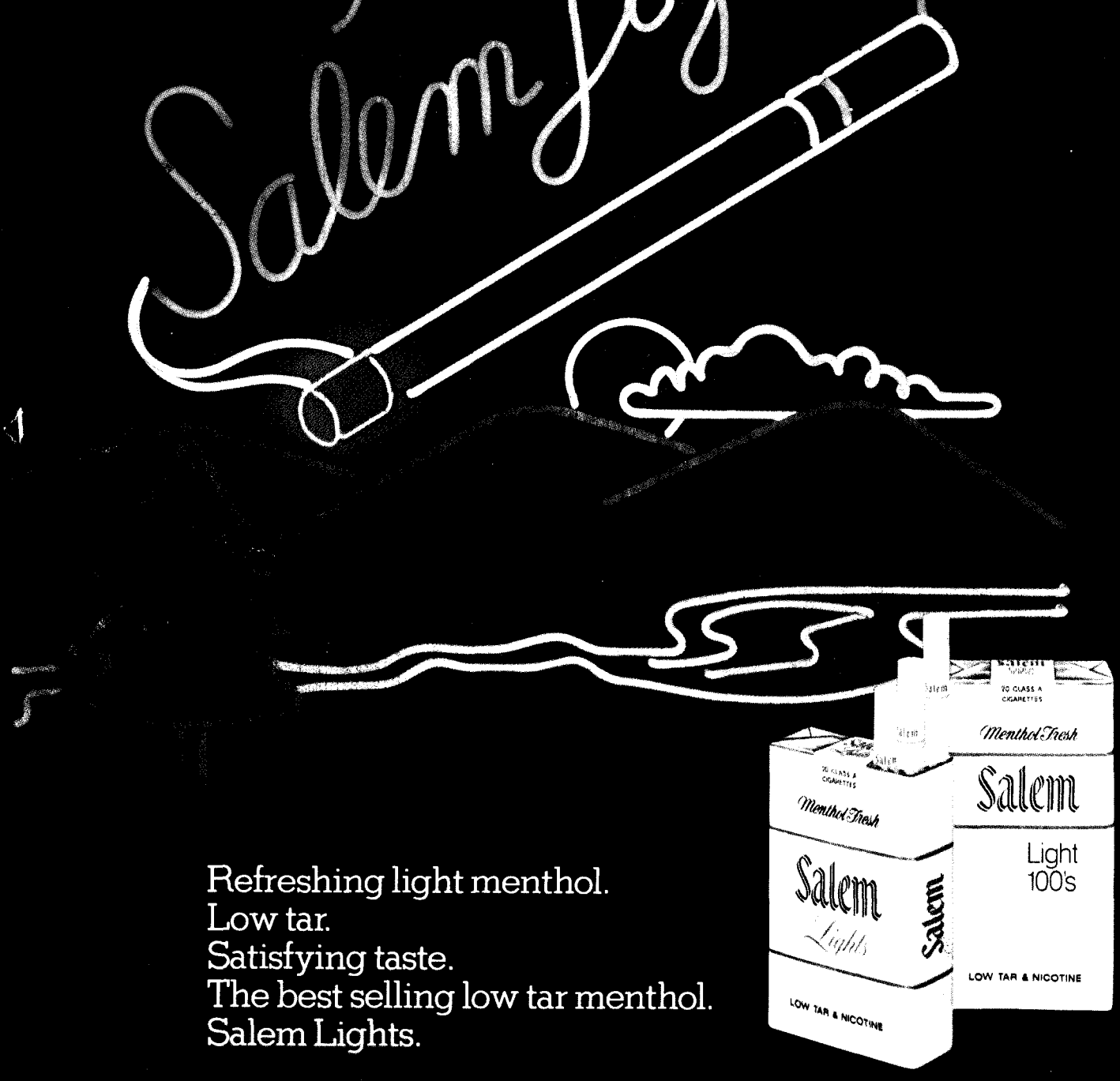
True, this magic formula costs a little more, but it lasts far longer than the other leading cleansers. Try it just *once*. And you'll probably buy it for the rest of your life!

The Non-order blank order blank! If you can't find BFK in the cleanser section of your favorite store as yet, don't hesitate—take advantage of this get-acquainted offer without having to cut up this page. Just send us your name and address with a check or money order for $1.50 plus 25¢ for postage and handling and we will return two 12 oz. cans of BAR KEEPERS FRIEND. Armchair Shopper, P.O. Box 1144, Indianapolis, IN 46202.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

© 1979 R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.

Taste Salem Lights



Refreshing light menthol.
Low tar.
Satisfying taste.
The best selling low tar menthol.
Salem Lights.

The Best Of The Lights.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

10 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAY '78.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED